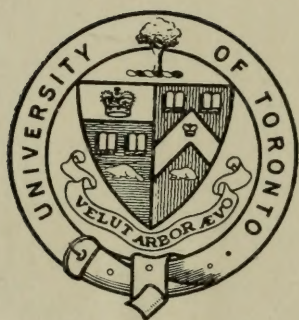


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THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY
by *William H. Judge, S.J.*



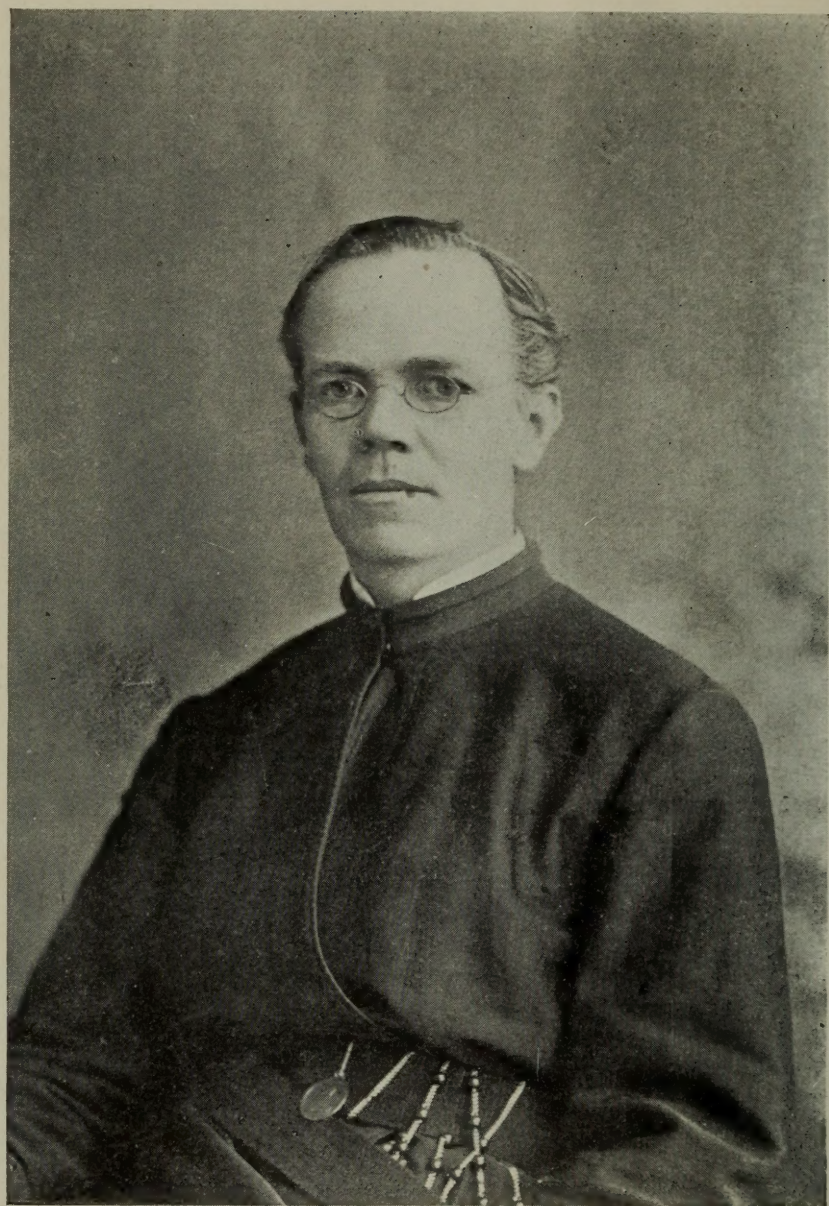


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An American Missionary

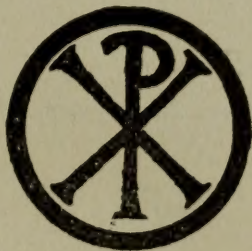
A RECORD OF THE WORK

OF

REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

BY

REV. CHARLES J. JUDGE, S. S.



INTRODUCTION BY

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS

ILLUSTRATED

FOURTH EDITION


CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

MARYKNOLL

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HIS MISSION.

'Twas not for gain of glittering gold, he **trod**
Alaska's frozen loam;
Nay, but the superscription of their God,
On colder hearts to coin.

JOHN B. TABB.

THE compiler of this book, Fr. Charles J. Judge, S. S., has gone to his eternal reward.

Those who knew this saintly Sulpician feel that he is now in the companionship of the apostolic brother whose life he revealed for the edification of so many appreciative readers, Catholic and non-Catholic, in this country.

Yet we beg a prayer for his soul, as he would have us do; for God alone is the searcher of hearts.

**THE DIRECTORS
CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.**

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION	IX
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION	XIII
PREFACE	XVII

CHAPTER I. Page.

THE PREPARATION	1
---------------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

THE PRIESTHOOD	8
--------------------------	---

CHAPTER III.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION	16
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR ALASKA	28
--------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

ON THE YUKON	47
------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

FORTY MILE POST AND CIRCLE CITY	128
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.

THE RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE	189
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

DAWSON CITY	200
-----------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL	255
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION	278
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Father Judge	Frontispiece.
	FACING PAGE
College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md.	4
Souvenir of the Rocky Mountain Missions	22
Unalaska	32
St. Michael, Alaska	48
Alaskan Missionary in Winter Costume	64
Anvik, Yukon River	77
Archbishop Charles J. Seghers, the Apostle of Alaska	95
Nulato, Yukon River	105
Yukon River in Winter	121
Forty Mile Post	128
Holy Cross Mission	145
An Eskimo and His Kyak	177
Dawson City in the Summer of 1898—Catholic Church and St. Mary's Hospital	200
The First Catholic Church in Dawson	203
Summer Work at the Mines	214
Front Street, Dawson	217
Bird's-eye View of Dawson City—Catholic Church in right foreground	240
Captain Jack Crawford	251
Interior of St. Mary's Church—Tomb of Father Judge	277
Map of Alaska, showing Yukon River Missions and the Klondike	At end.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS biography, from the pen of one who is in complete sympathy with his subject, will prove to be, it is hoped, for the young Levite into whose hands it may fall, an incentive to Apostolic zeal.

Reared in a family in which the Christian virtues were, in all patience and meekness, daily practised as a matter of course, what to others might have appeared unusual, William H. Judge deemed not extraordinary; what to others might have had the appearance of the heroic, he aspired to as but a step above the ordinary. Whatever duties he was assigned to he fulfilled to the best of his powers, but throughout his life there was the undercurrent of the missionary's zeal. Truly he might say, "*Zelus domus tue comedit me.*"*

Nothing daunted by the hardships that a life in the far Northwest most certainly had in store for the venturesome soul that entered its icy confines, he hailed with delight

* "*The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.*"—*Ps. lxxviii, 10.*

the command to go and preach. The story of his work, its sufferings, its privations, its disappointments, its consolations and joys, is here told by one eminently fitted for the labor of love.

What I would particularly ask the reader to note is the tone of cheerfulness which characterizes the letters of Father Judge. These, we may believe, reflect the spirit of joy which illumined his soul ever, in spite of the dark days of hardship and privation through which he passed. In this we find a lesson. The true missionary's life is not one of sadness and brooding over what, to the world, would seem a sad lot. His life is hidden in God. Is he successful, God be praised; is he unsuccessful, God be praised none the less. This joyful spirit in the midst of what is calculated to produce the opposite effect is characteristic of those generous, holy souls whose life reads "per Ipsum, et cum Ipso, et in Ipso est Tibi Deo Patri Omnipotenti in unitate Spiritus Sancti, omnis honor et gloria."*

He who would follow in the footsteps of Father Judge, in the like spirit of patience and meekness, may confidently expect, even in this life, peace and tranquility of soul oc-

*Through Him, and with Him, and in Him is to Thee God the Father Omnipotent in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory.—*Canon of the Mass.*

casionally brightened by the sweetest consolation, according to the promises of our Lord, of a hundredfold even in this life.

May this biography inspire other generous souls to take up the burden from which God has called Father Judge to his reward. This, I think, is the main purpose of this book—" Ut Ecclesia Dei aedificationem accipiat."*

J. Card. Gibbons.

Baltimore, June 10th, 1904.

* "That the Church may receive edification."—*I. Cor. xiv*, 5.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE kindly reception accorded "An American Missionary" has cheered and encouraged the editor. The little volume has given pleasure and edification even beyond his expectations. That this pleasure and edification may be extended to others and perpetuated is sufficient reason for offering to the public this second edition.

We take this opportunity to thank Arnold F. George, of Dawson, J. W. Crawford (Capt. Jack)—the well-known Lecturer—C. H. Higgins of Steelton, Pa., and E. C. Gerow of Seattle, for their assistance in filling out the narrative, and E. A. Hegg of Seattle, for permission to use photographs. A happy result of the publication of Father Judge's letters, has been to bring us into communication with some of his old Klondike friends, and to elicit further expressions of their love and admiration for the Missionary.

These and other communications have given us the comforting assurance that our effort to tell the simple truth without fraternal bias has been successful. The following

words of the editor of the Dawson Daily News show that, if we have erred, it has been on the right side: "I fancy . . . from the tenor of your whole letter, that you are being made a convert. I mean that your correspondence with those like myself, who had the felicity of a personal acquaintance with your brother in the last years of his life, has not been without its effect You are now reaching the point of view of someone outside of the family. The love and admiration of a brother or sister is a beautiful thing, but altogether a different thing from the sentiment of love Father Judge inspired in the thousands here It was of the nature of reverence, and those who knew him most intimately experienced the most of this reverence.

So I fancy in future editions of the book I shall see more of the same spirit as my own, and less of the brotherly diffidence noticeable in the first edition. I realize, after all, that though a brother's touch may be most truly loving, there are curbs, checks, and bounds. So let me suggest that brotherly apprehension lest too much be said, while indicating family modesty, is not necessary in the case of Father Judge. The most that family and personal love could dictate in affectionate adulation, would yet come far short of the general estimate here."

There is then reason to hope that it will now do the work no injury, for the public to know that it is edited by "my brother's brother." A source of great satisfaction is the fact that this edition is published by and for the benefit of the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau of Boston. Thus, Father Judge will still be working for the Missions; the usefulness of his words and labors will not have ended with his short missionary career.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, MD.

Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1907.

PREFACE.

“God speaks to us still, as He spoke to our forefathers.”
—*Fr. Caussade.*

TO the youth of America, who feel themselves called to the Priesthood or the religious life, this narrative is dedicated, in the hope that it may cheer them on their way, and encourage them in times of difficulty. It is the simple story of one like themselves, born in the same circumstances, living for years in the same everyday world, and encountering the same difficulties that they may encounter in corresponding to the call of God. Yet, with all this absence of the extraordinary, there is evidence in this life, of a call from God, of a heavenly vocation, and of the divine assistance for its perfect accomplishment.

Is it not a happiness to think that, in the midst of this work-a-day world of ours, amidst the bustle of city life or the humble occupations of an ordinary home, “God speaks to us still, as He spoke to our forefathers”? Yes, He speaks to us as He spoke to the Saints whose lives we read with awe and admiration.

If we look around us, as we pass through the crowded street, or enter the busy store or the trolley-car, we see youths or maidens who, to all appearance, are occupied with temporal business or intent on pleasure; but could we look into some of those hearts, how our impressions would change! We would find that there is One, Who is omnipotent, Who is divinely benignant, knocking at the door, and calling to those souls to give themselves to Him, and His knocking is not always disregarded, His call is not always rejected. There may be clouds of doubt, there may be obstacles innumerable, but the voice of God is potent in its goodness, and in its patient condescension. The Word of God that thus speaks to a soul is light and life, as St. John says: "In the beginning was the Word In him was life and the life was the light of men." *

Little by little the light enters the soul of a youth, and gradually new vistas open, paths to him untrodden, which lead to great and good things, to God and heaven. Then with the light come strength and courage; and, after a time, his young heart feels that no prospect of difficulty or sacrifice can deter it from following the gracious call of the Lord; no temporal pleasure, no earthly happiness can have any weight, when

* St. John i, 1, 4.

balanced against the joy of doing the will of God.

Hence we see the young man or the young woman quitting gladly what others may look upon as bright prospects, but which these favored souls consider only as ligaments, which would bind them too closely to this lower world, and from which they are glad to be free. They feel in greater or less degree the noble sentiment which the Church attributes to St. Henry, Emperor of Germany, when she says of him, "Not content with the narrow limits of a temporal kingdom, he sedulously served the Eternal King, in order to obtain the crown of immortality," and that other, expressed by St. Stanislaus Kostka in these words: "I was not born for temporal things, but for eternal."

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, MD. '1

Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 10th, 1904.

CHAPTER I.

THE PREPARATION.

“Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.”—*I Kings, iii, 10.*

I WAS in Paris, in 1875, when I received a letter from the subject of this sketch, in which he informed me that permission had been given him to go to the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md. “It was the happiest day of my life,” he wrote, “for you know that ever since the time of my First Communion, I have wished to enter the Society.” “I knew no such thing,” I said to myself; for I had not been aware that he thought of the priesthood, or of entering the Society of Jesus. However, I was pleased to hear that he was thus able to take the first step towards realizing his long-cherished desire. One element in his joy was the fact that he had found he was not, as he had supposed, too old to begin the preparation.

Born in Baltimore, April 28th, 1850, William Henry Judge was twenty-five years old when he was admitted to the Novitiate. About ten years before, he had begun to study at Loyola College, Baltimore; but, after one year, he was obliged to quit his

studies for an occupation better suited to the state of his health. For ten years he was an active clerk in one of the largest planing-mills of Baltimore. Here he gained a practical knowledge of woodwork and of building, which afterwards in his missionary career he found vastly useful.

What was going on in his soul during those years of business life appears in some lines which he wrote to one of his brothers in March, 1874. "You spoke of the thoughts and feelings which you experienced in church the Saturday evening following the reception of A's letter and mine, both of which contained much concerning N's reception and my intention of soon following her example. This naturally made you think as you did; and I do not know any better time or place for serious reflection, than Saturday night in church. There in the stillness of the night, by the dim light of the Sanctuary lamp, we see our intentions, as well as the pride and ambition of the world, much more clearly than at almost any other time. I have often, when in the Cathedral or the College (St. Ignatius Church) at that time, thought: 'Here another week has passed, and now that it is gone what difference does it make whether it has passed pleasantly, or I have had many trials and much worry and trouble, if my conscience does not reproach

me with having misspent it': and I judge that we shall feel very much the same, when we come to look back on our whole life, for the last time." The reception spoken of in his letter was that of one of his sisters, who entered the convent of the Sisters of Mercy on the same day that another sister made her profession as a religious of the Good Shepherd.

As time wore on, he resumed his studies, as far as his duties at the office would permit.

No wonder that after ten years of longing and suspense, his heart bounded with joy and gratitude when, on August 23, 1875, he was admitted into the Novitiate at Frederick. The years of prayer and study which followed, were happy ones for him; indeed, from that time, he was always joyous: for we shall see that, even amid the hardships of the Alaskan Mission, he usually ended his letters with the expression, "I am well and happy." In truth, what happiness can compare with that of being in the way of one's vocation, of feeling sure that he is doing God's will, and that consequently he is on the road to peace and usefulness in this life, and eternal happiness in the next:—"Qui facit voluntatem Dei manet in aeternum."* He said to one of his brothers, that he had for

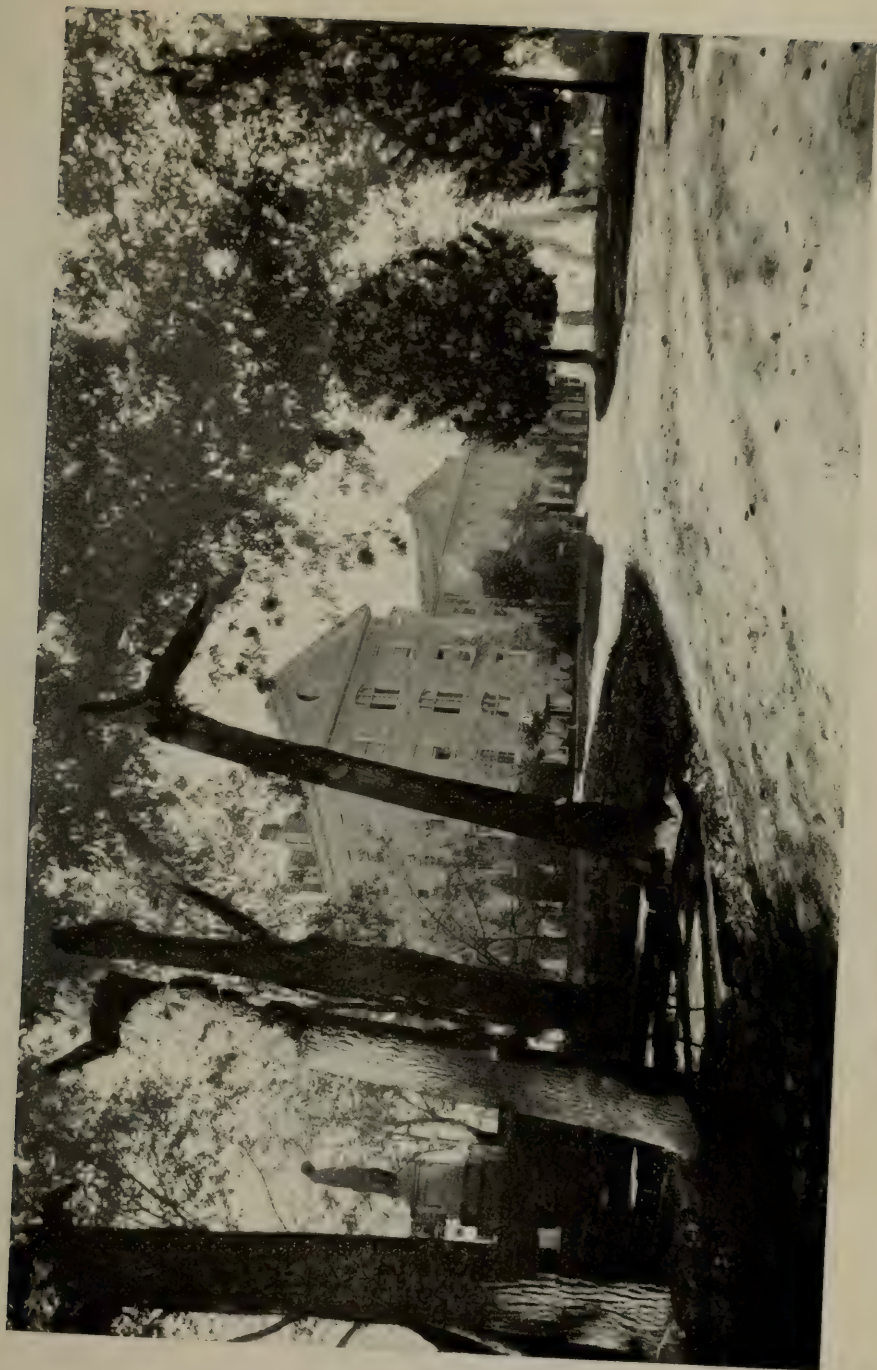
* "He that doeth the will of God, abideth forever."—*I John, ii, 17.*

years pictured to himself the happiness of the Novitiate, but that he had never thought it was so great as he found it to be.

His novitiate and juniorate over, the young Jesuit taught for three years in Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; gave a year to the study of philosophy at Woodstock; acted as prefect and teacher in Georgetown College, for a year; and then, in 1883, returned, for the study of theology, to the great House of Studies, the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Woodstock, Md.

Here, again, his heart must have been filled with gratitude to God for his vocation, and for the privilege of studying in a place so well fitted to foster the spirit of so high a calling. Even a casual visitor to Woodstock would pronounce it an ideal place for study, elevated as it is high above the winding Patapsco and the railroad, and separated thus from the ordinary world. The student is aided by his very surroundings to raise his mind to heaven; and yet, as he casts his eye, from time to time, far down to the river, the little village, and the rushing trains, he is reminded that, as a priest of God, he is to live not for himself alone, but for the uplifting, and the salvation of his neighbor.

In September, 1883, William Judge wrote:



COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, WOODSTOCK, MD.

“I am glad to be back at Woodstock again, and if all goes well, I hope to be ordained two years from next Easter. We have a very large community this year, a splendid body of young men, and I expect a very happy time.” Later in the same year, he shows how he was beginning to combine fraternal affection with zeal for a brother’s spiritual good. “I cannot tell you how glad it makes me to find you so comfortable and happy, but especially to see you, while you are enjoying these blessings, laying up for yourself an eternal reward by the faithful practice of your religious duties. At the same time, by your good example, you are forming the hearts and minds of your little ones to the love and esteem of virtue; thus giving them a treasure as much greater than the goods of this world, as heaven is above earth.”

Busy years were those of the scholasticate; the time wisely divided between study and prayer, with hours of recreation and rest interspersed. Although some may wonder how so long a preparation is required to fit the scholastic or the seminarian for his work, the initiated find, as did the future missionary at Woodstock, that the days of twenty-four hours, are only too short.

Finally the great day of ordination to the Holy Priesthood arrived. On August 28th,

1886, William H. Judge, with a number of his fellow scholastics, received the sacred order of the Priesthood from the hands of Archbishop Gibbons, in the beautiful chapel of the College at Woodstock.

Thus, after eleven years of prayer and study, the young Jesuit found himself clothed with the character and blessed with the powers and the graces of the Priesthood. He would have been content to be even a Brother in the Society of Jesus, but he found his good-will rewarded with that supereminent gift which raises a mortal man so near to God, his Savior. Jesus says to all His priests, as He did to His Apostles: "I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth. But I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard from my Father, I have made known to you."*

The young priest feels the truth of these words of St. Ephrem: "O tremendous mystery of the Priesthood, spiritual and holy, venerable and blameless, which Christ, coming into this world, has bestowed even upon the unworthy ! On bended knee, with tears and sighs, I beg that we consider this treasure of the Priesthood. A treasure it is for those who worthily and holily guard it. It is a bright and incomparable shield, a firm

* St. John xv, 15.

tower, an impregnable wall, a solid and stable structure reaching from earth to the heights of heaven.”†

† Sermon of St. Ephrem the Deacon—De Sacerdotio.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

"If I were to meet a priest and an angel, I would salute the priest before the angel; for the angel is the friend of God, but the priest holds His place."—*Curé of Ars*.

THE reception of the Holy Priesthood was a joy not only for the young levite, but also for his relatives. One of his brothers was present on the solemn occasion, but others who could not enjoy that favor, awaited his coming to receive his blessing and assist at his Mass. It must have been especially consoling for him to visit his sisters in their convent homes and to offer the Holy Sacrifice in those sanctuaries, where faith and love spare no pains to render the altar and its surroundings worthy of the Divine Visitor, who comes at the consecration.

After a few days passed in holy joy and thanksgiving, Father Judge took up his appointed work as Minister at Woodstock.

No doubt, in selecting Father Judge for this important office, his superiors wished to utilize his experience in the world; and in this, they were not disappointed. The young

Minister threw his whole heart into the work of superintending the great House of Studies, and of ministering to the wants of his brethren, with earnest zeal and cheerful alacrity.

Any one acquainted with such Institutions knows how heavy is the task of the Minister, or, as he is called in some places, the Procurator or Treasurer; what patience and benignity he needs to meet properly the thousand and one demands of perhaps two or three hundred persons. Yet this active life of business, charity, and zeal seemed to have a charm for the young priest. He thought he had found his life-work in the fruitful labors of a "Minister"; but he was not to stay long amid the charming scenes and studious associations of the College of the Sacred Heart.

However, the years that he spent there as Minister, were no bad apprenticeship to the life of active charity and zeal which he was later to lead as a Missionary.

As an instance of the cheerfulness with which Father Judge gave himself up to this labor of love, we may mention an excursion of the vacation time. According to custom, a number of Novices, or Juniors, from the house in Frederick, were spending their weeks of relaxation at Woodstock. To vary their recreation, an excursion to the grounds

of St. Charles' College, some five miles off, was arranged for them. The Father Minister accompanied the young men, and spent the day with them joyously and obligingly. To the west of the College campus is a fine wood of oak, chestnut, and hickory. Here the excursionists established themselves and, as noon approached, prepared their rustic dinner. A two-horse team had brought all that was necessary, even down to the pepper and salt for the soup, and the sauce for the slapjacks. Little stone furnaces were improvised, and soon soup was simmering, potatoes boiling, and beefsteak frying. It was a pleasant sight to see the Rev. Minister moving among the impromptu cooks, cheering them with his joyous activity, and taking a generous share in the work. One of the faculty of St. Charles', who was invited to join the company, declared that he had never before eaten such slapjacks as those cooked on that occasion by Father Judge. This was a prelude to the good work that he did later on for the inmates of his hospital in Dawson.

After two years, Father Judge was sent to the Novitiate at Frederick, there to exercise the same useful functions that had claimed all his devotion at Woodstock.

About this time he wrote to his youngest sister, who was not yet settled in her vocation. The letter discloses his love for the

religious life, and also his desire to go to the Western Missions.

Woodstock College,

Woodstock, Howard Co., Md., July 3, 1888.

Dear Sister,

Pax Christi !

I received your letter of June 24th a few days ago, but I have been so very busy that it was impossible to answer sooner. I think you overlooked one clause in my last letter, for I think I said "if you were once settled in the cloister, I would be less anxious about writing to you," because then you would not need my letters. But while you are in your present state, I shall do my best to repair my past want of regularity in writing to you, especially as you tell me my letters encourage you to go on more courageously in the service of our dear Lord, and therefore any time I can steal from my work for that purpose, will be well spent.

Since receiving your letter, I have redoubled my prayers in your behalf, and I shall not rest until I see you safe in the cloister, or perfectly happy, as far as one can be happy in this land of exile. Why do you hesitate? Do as I did at the time of ordination. With good reason, I was unwilling to take the re-

sponsibility on myself, so I left it entirely to my superiors to say what I should do, and they said, "Go ahead, we take the responsibility." Now, no matter how unfit I find myself, I have no anxiety, for I feel sure that in following their advice, I did what God wished and that He will turn all to His own glory, and my good. I shall say Mass for you to-morrow, and again next Sunday, which will be the 8th, and after that, I shall say it for you every Friday, until we obtain from the Sacred Heart for you that peace which can come from It alone.

I shall also make a novena to St. John Berchmans, who, you know, was canonized at the time of the Pope's Jubilee, hoping the Sacred Heart will grant our petition more readily when presented by one whom He has been pleased to raise so lately to the honors of the Altar. We should derive great consolation from the canonization of St. Berchmans, because all his sanctity consisted in doing his ordinary actions with great purity of intention, which is so easy, and adds nothing to the burden of life, but rather lightens it very much, since nothing seems hard to do for one we love.

Our Provincial has lately been changed, and I have renewed my request for the Rocky Mountain Missions, and it has been more favorably received than by the late Provin-

cial, but I have not received a positive answer yet. If I am allowed to go, I may pass your way; and, if possible, I shall get permission to see you. I expect an answer within a few weeks, and I shall let you know the result as soon as I hear.

In concluding, I beg you to put yourself entirely in the hands of your superiors, receiving as the certain will of God whatever they determine.

I must stop, it is now eleven P. M., and my alarm goes off at a quarter before four. I need not tell you that I am very happy, thanks to the goodness of God; not that I have nothing to trouble me — for I have had no end of causes of worry and vexation in the management of a big community like this — but I know that no matter what happens, it is God's will it should be so, and therefore I would not wish it to be otherwise on any account.

Begging you to pray often for me, and to thank our dear Lord for all his goodness to one so unworthy, I must say good-by.

Your loving Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

Another year passed before he obtained leave to go to the Missions, and that year he spent as Minister at Frederick.

May 12th, 1889, he wrote to one of his

sisters: "I intend to start for the West on Monday, May 20th, and, if agreeable to Rev. Mother and yourself, I would like to say Mass for you on that morning at the Convent."

Then came the farewell visits to his relatives, before setting out for the Rocky Mountain Missions. These partings were not sad, for all expected to see him again. After leaving Baltimore, he stopped in St. Louis and spent a pleasant evening with his eldest brother, and again in Denver, to pay the promised visit to his sister in the Good Shepherd Convent, where he said Mass, on the feast of the Ascension, May 30th. Although this last adieu must have been, naturally speaking, a trial, it was no doubt with a heart full of spiritual joy and consolation, that Father Judge started on the trip through the Rockies.

It is a delightful experience to journey, as he did, through such scenes at the end of May. The gorges and canyons between Denver and northern Idaho are always grand and inspiring, but how lovely they must be in the spring season, when the resurrection of nature clothes forest and plain in verdure, awakens to new life the animal kingdom on the earth and in the air, and whispers to the heart of man that this earth of ours has not been wholly corrupted. And yet, much as

our traveller must have enjoyed the novelty and the beauty of this trip, we are inclined to think that he took the same generous view of the matter that we have heard expressed by a Missionary in Oceania, who said: "The scenery along the way is superb, but as I am not a tourist but a Missionary, I will leave it to others to describe. What is picturesque from my point of view is that the valley is well populated and that there are plenty of young people fresh from school, so that our services are carried on with enthusiasm."*

We may well suppose that Father Judge said to himself: "This is sublime indeed, and blessed be God who grants us such joys, in this our exile; but what is most joyful to me is that this swift-moving train is bearing me to the scene of a labor of love, to the Missions established by Marquette and De Smet."

* Annals of Prop. of the Faith. May and June, 1902. p. 132.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION.

"Forgetting the things that are behind . . . I press towards the mark, to the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus."—*Philip, iii. 13, 14.*

IT would seem that our Missionary went first to Spokane, Washington, where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have a College and a church; and there or at Walla Walla, he helped in the parish work at Christmas and in Lent. The year however was to be chiefly spent by him in making his "Tertianship," or third year of probation, as a Jesuit, at the De Smet Mission in Idaho. He went there on August 28th, the third anniversary of his ordination to the holy Priesthood.

He gives us an idea of the Mission and of his Tertianship in a letter, under date of September 15th, 1889:

"This Mission is in the Coeur D'Alene Reservation in the northern part of Idaho, and is a delightful place. The Reservation is about thirty miles long and twenty wide. We are in the southern part of it, about six miles from the Washington line.

“ I have never enjoyed so good health anywhere else as I have here; nor do I think that I have been so completely happy even in my noviceship; for then there was always the fear of not being received, to mar my happiness; and besides, I now have the Priesthood with its joys, which I had not then. But this is the last resting-place, so you must pray hard for me this year, that I may lay in a good store of piety and solid virtue, so that I may be able hereafter to do something for God, in return for all that he has done, and is doing for me.

“ Do not think that I am leaving you behind; for, although I came to the Mission with the desire of suffering something for our Lord, as yet I have had no opportunity, nor do I hope for any this year. What may be in store for me when I leave here I do not know, but God’s will be done! We must always remember that perfection consists not in this or that, but in doing God’s holy will. Let us pray for each other that we may never have any other intention in all we do than that of fulfilling His holy will.”

In another letter, written towards the end of the year, April 20th, 1890, he tells us what was expected to be the fruit of this last year of probation and spiritual exercises. “ By a special permission of Very Rev. Father General, I am to take my last vows on the

Feast of the Ascension, May 15th. I shall begin my retreat, on the 6th. Pray for me especially during this retreat, that God may give me the true spirit of the Society, to which, in His great mercy, He has called me. When we make these vows, we are expected to be perfect Jesuits, men who are crucified to the world, and to whom the world is crucified, men who have but one object in life, namely, to promote God's greater glory."

And now we have an example of how the grace of God leads men of good will and of generous love to do with ease and joy, what less faithful spirits would deem impossible; nay, what they themselves, earlier in their course, would have thought a romantic fancy or a pious dream.

We have seen how the grace of his vocation had enabled William Judge to quit the busy world, to sever himself from the scenes of his youth, and to bid adieu to his friends and relatives in the East. He is now in the Rocky Mountain Mission, happy in the thought that he is soon to do something for God and souls.

But the spirit of charity and zeal urges him to go still further. He has heard that volunteers are needed for the distant and arduous mission of Alaska, and promptly he offers himself for the work. Writing to Woodstock about this time, he says: "I

am going to Alaska on the next steamer. I offered myself when I first came; but, as there are so many who would be happy to be sent, I hardly hoped to be selected this year." In a letter to one of his sisters, he speaks of the intended step in these terms: "You may have heard, by this time, that I am going to Alaska. Much to my joy, I have been appointed to join the five Fathers already there, and I shall leave about the middle of May for San Francisco, where I shall take the steamer for St. Michael."

The buoyancy and strength of the missionary spirit which now animated the young Jesuit, are shown in a letter written to console his younger sister, in the grief that she naturally felt at the thought of his departure for so distant a field of labor.

De Smet Mission, April 27th, 1890.

Dear Sister:

Pax Christi !

The promptness with which you answered my last letter, urges me to write at once, that I may thus in some sort allay the sorrow that the news of my going to Alaska has caused you. Your letter came to me, as mine did to you, late in the evening, so that I could not read it until this morning. It has edified me very much; for, while I understand fully the tears you shed, your spirit of perfect resigna-

tion makes me thank God exceedingly. It shows me that your sorrow is that true Christian sorrow, which our Lord has promised will be turned into joy, and which, so far from robbing you of the merit of the sacrifice that God demands of you, only increases its value.

Is it not a coincidence that the Gospel of the day,* and my meditation, should be on the joy that our Lord promises to those who suffer here for his sake? We make this sacrifice because we believe it is pleasing to Him; and therefore we may be sure He will keep His word and give us a joy that no man shall take from us. I am sure neither of us would refuse our Lord anything He might ask from us, no matter how hard it might be to nature. I like very much what you say about prayer being our telephone and the Sacred Heart the main office. How great should be our love and gratitude towards God for His great goodness to us! This thought affects me very much and makes me feel an intense and personal love for God, and makes me realize how personal is his love for us. He has ever been a most sweet,

* Gospel of the third Sunday after Easter, St. John xvi, in which occur these words of our Lord: "Amen, amen, I say to you that you shall lament and weep, but the world will rejoice; and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy . . . and your joy no man shall take from you."

bountiful, and indulgent Father to us, so we must try our best to prove ourselves most loving children.

Remember above all that it is our love He wants, our hearts, and nothing else. He stands not in need of our goods or our labor; He can do all things by an act of His will, but He will not force us to love Him; and yet it is that alone that He cares for, "Son, give me thy heart." Let us not refuse it to Him, but let us cast ourselves into His arms, and tell Him to do with us whatever is most pleasing to Him, and to grant that henceforth we may never have any will but to do His holy will. From my childhood, I have always found an intense pleasure in the accomplishment of God's holy will, and my favorite ejaculation has been: "Lord, only be it Thy divine will, and be it done unto me a sinner, even unto death!"

Such were the sentiments with which Father Judge made his retreat at De Smet, and took his last vows on the feast of the Ascension, May 15th, 1890.

Though we have no account of the ceremony of that day, we can easily imagine the fervor and the joy of soul with which the would-be apostle received his Lord in Holy Communion, and offered himself once more to be all for God. "Laetus obtuli universa."*

* "I have joyfully offered all."—*I Par. xxiv, 17.*

That must have been a day of joy in the humble Mission-house of the Fathers at De Smet.

The little souvenir reproduced on the opposite page is of interest as it gives us autographs of Father Judge and other Missionaries of the North West. According to Father Barnum, it was Father Joset, the second on the list, that composed the prayer, adapting it to the use of the Sons of St. Ignatius from the prayer used by the Church for the octave of St. Lawrence, August 17th. In English it would run thus: "Stir up, O Lord Jesus, in thy Society, the spirit which animated our Blessed Father Ignatius, that we being replenished with the same, may strive to love what he loved, and to practise what he taught."

Almost immediately, on May 17th, our Missionary bade farewell to his fellow priests and started for the Pacific coast. Fifteen days after the feast of the Ascension, he wrote from San Francisco. Distance seemed only to render stronger the bonds of affection for his brothers and sisters, and religious devotion elevated and purified that affection. In spite of the absorbing duties of preparation for the long voyage, he found time to write several letters. We may quote from these some passages which show

A. M. D. G.

Excita, Domine Jesu, in tua Societate spiritum, cui Beatus Ignatius Pater noster servivit, ut eodem nos repleti, studeamus amare quod amavit et opere exercere quod docuit. Qui vivis..

Joseph M. Cataldo P.
Joseph Fayet P.
Sp. H. Judge S.J.
A. Laurey.
M. Maier M.
J. M. Boschi. S. J.

Oremus pro morientem

DESMET
INDIAN BOYS' PRESS.

SOUVENIR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION

Found in Father Judge's Breviary after his death

the gratitude and joy that animated him on the eve of his departure from San Francisco.

San Francisco, May 30, 1890.

Dear Brother:

Pax Christi!

Your last letter came this morning. The other I received on the day of my vows, together with the "Vade Mecum"; but, as I had only one day to pack up, it was impossible for me to write before starting. I know not how to acknowledge the many marks of kindness you are continually showing me. My breviaries have been a constant reminder of your affection, and now you send the "Vade Mecum," that I may have you with me not only while reciting the Office, but also when going to visit the sick. The boat I am going on — the St. Paul — is now in port, but the time of starting has been changed to the 10th, so I have a little more time. I am very glad of the delay; for otherwise, I could not answer all the kind letters that I have received from members of the family and others during the last few weeks. You need not envy me the happiness that God has been so good as to bestow on me by calling me to the Missions, for your mission is not less meritorious, and it may even be more trying to soul and body. Be-

sides, you know that all our perfection consists in doing God's holy will, and you have no reason to doubt that you are fulfilling it most perfectly.

On the same day he wrote to a younger brother: "When I read your letters, so full of affection, it is hard to keep back the tears; and yet they do not make me sad or unnerve me, for I know that by leaving you for our dear Lord's sake, I do far more for your happiness than I could by remaining with you. We cannot outdo Him in generosity. He always repays, a hundredfold, every little sacrifice we make for His sake. If men would only believe our Lord when He tells them 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light,' how much happier they would be both now and for all eternity! To me there is nothing so sad as to see men, created to know and love God here and to be happy with Him for all eternity, living like mere animals, with no higher aspirations than to eat, drink, and enjoy themselves. And yet how many thousands there are who live and die in these sentiments.

How thankful we ought to be for the gift of faith, and how careful not to lose it.

Try always to remember that God is our father, and heaven our true home, and that now we are as travellers, journeying towards home, and we must not be cast down if we

meet some difficulties and hardships on the way; for the more we suffer now for God's sake, the more happy we shall be for eternity."

On June 4th, he writes to one of his sisters, "I have been so busy preparing for my long journey, or rather providing for the time to come, that I have not been able to answer the many kind letters I have received from all sides, wishing me 'God speed!' Now my time is so limited, I shall have to be much shorter than I would wish. I find that distance cannot separate us from our friends, for it seems to me that the farther I withdraw from you, the nearer I feel; and this is especially the case with those who have learned how sweet it is to leave all for Christ's sake, and to be united with their friends in the most loving Heart of Jesus. May we ever find a sweet home and a safe refuge in that Sacred Heart, and let us plead for each other at that throne of grace, until our term of exile is past and we meet again in Its sweet embraces never more to be separated."

While waiting for the day of departure, he paid a visit to the College of the Society in Santa Clara, a short distance south of San Francisco. No doubt he experienced in both places the happiness of being a member of a widely spread Order, as he found a home and

congenial surroundings in each place. Whilst in Santa Clara College, he wrote: "When I consider all that God has done for me, it fills me with a most ardent desire to do and suffer great things for His glory, and awakens in me a most childlike love and an unbounded confidence in Him. Let us then once for all resign ourselves into the hands of our loving Father, and take care never to desire anything but what He pleases to ordain both for ourselves and for our friends, and for all and in all things. Then all the changes of Superiors, companions, places of abode, etc., will have no power to disturb our peace of soul, but will rather make us happier, because we shall rejoice to see the will of our dear Father thus accomplished."

Returned to San Francisco, he wrote the night before his departure for Alaska: "I cannot tell you how happy I feel. I thank God exceedingly for His great goodness to me, and hope you will help me to make some return of gratitude for so many favors."

One day earlier, he wrote to his Superior: "We shall sail on the St. Paul on Tuesday, 10th, at 11 A. M. All here have been very kind, have given me many things, and helped me in many ways. I am sorry I have no word to take to Fr. Tosi about the Sisters. My health is good, and I was never happier in my life. May God grant me grace and

strength to do and suffer something for His glory." Thus it was with buoyant spirits and a joyful heart, that on June 10th, 1890, our missionary embarked for the distant Mission of Alaska, practically bidding adieu to his own country.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR ALASKA.

“Go ye therefore and teach all nations.”—*Matt. xxviii, 19.*

WE can imagine with what feelings of mingled joy and hope Father Judge stood upon the deck of the *St. Paul*, that June morning, and, with all the supplies and presents for the Mission safe on board, and the faithful Brother by his side, watched the deck hands casting off and hauling in the hawsers that held the steamer to her moorings. There was the usual feeling of relief and repose after a busy season of preparation and farewell; but there were also sentiments of joy and gratitude as he realized that now he was actually a Missionary, about to imitate in an humble way the Apostle whose name, by a happy coincidence, the vessel bore — *St. Paul*.

The voyage was to be a long one, lasting over a month, with one or two stops between San Francisco and St. Michael; the first stage being an uninterrupted run across the waters of the Pacific to Unalaska Island.

We have only one letter written during the thirteen days of this, Father Judge's first experience of ocean travel, and we give the greater part of it here.

On the Pacific, 2,000 miles from San Francisco,

June 22nd, 1890.

Dear Sister:

I have been listening to you for the last half-hour speaking through your letters.

My rule has been not to keep letters after I have answered them, but I have made an exception with regard to the six that you have written since you heard of my appointment to the Alaskan Mission. I have felt that they would be useful to me as spiritual reading during the year; for, I assure you that your letters have always had the effect of spurring me on to greater generosity in God's holy service.

This is the first attempt that I have made to write on the boat, so you must not wonder at the character of the writing, as the vessel is not over steady.

I do not remember whether I told you about my visit to Victoria, or not. From De Smet I went to Spokane Falls for a few days, then by rail to Tacoma, a fine growing City on Puget Sound, where I took a steamer for Victoria, Vancouver Island. Victoria is an

old town, with about forty thousand inhabitants. There I saw our Bishop, the Rt. Rev. J. N. Lemmens, and returned to Tacoma the next day.

Thence I went straight on to Portland, Oregon, where I arrived on Saturday afternoon (May 24th), the eve of Pentecost, and stopped at the Archbishop's in order to be able to say Mass on Sunday.*

Portland is a fine large city, with a Cathedral and four or five other churches. All these cities would surprise a person from the East. Though they have not the population of the great eastern cities, they have all the appearance of large cities, and no doubt they will soon be such. From Portland I came direct to San Francisco, a distance of about seven hundred miles. It takes two days to make the journey, on account of the heavy grades on the mountains. The scenery is the grandest that I have witnessed anywhere. The road winds up the mountains like a serpent, and at some points you can see below you three and even five sections of track, over which you have passed. In Oregon the weather was warm, but when

*The Most Rev. Wm. H. Gross was Archbishop of Portland at the time. If Father Judge found his Grace at home, he must have been encouraged by the genial manner and the earnest zeal of the good Prelate, who was himself full of the Apostolic devotion, and the energetic charity of a Missionary.

we reached San Francisco, to my surprise, overcoats were quite comfortable; and yet one sees palm-trees and vegetation of all kinds proper to a warm climate. It seems that although the sun is strong, the breeze from the water keeps it from ever being very hot, and besides there is a great deal of cloudy weather. The forenoons are generally warm and the afternoons cool during the whole year.

As I told you before, we left San Francisco on the 10th, a few minutes after eleven o'clock. The day was fine, but there was a strong breeze which made the sea a little rough. About one o'clock, I tried to take some dinner, but did not keep it long, and I did not make another attempt to eat until the evening of the second day. It was only on Saturday, the 14th, that I felt perfectly well again. After the first few days the sea was quite calm, and we enjoyed the voyage very much until the 18th, when it got very rough and I had to fast again until evening. When the vessel rolls very much, even some of the old hands feel it. We are expecting to see land this evening, and I hope to be at Unalaska Island, our first stopping place, in time to say Mass to-morrow — a happiness I have not had since we left San Francisco.

With the exception of a few days that I was sick, the time has passed very pleasantly.

I brought with me a flute and some music, which, with my Office and the reading of some books, have made the days seem short. I had not played any since I entered the Society; but, to my surprise, I find I can manage the flute very well. Music is useful on the Mission, as the Indians like to sing, and an instrument helps greatly to give them the air. We have only eight fellow passengers, and all of them are going up on business for the Fur Company, except one man, not a Minister, going to help at the Episcopalian Mission, not far from one of ours, and two young ladies sent out by the Moravian Church, which has several Missions some distance south of the Yukon.

The letter was continued, after landing, as follows:

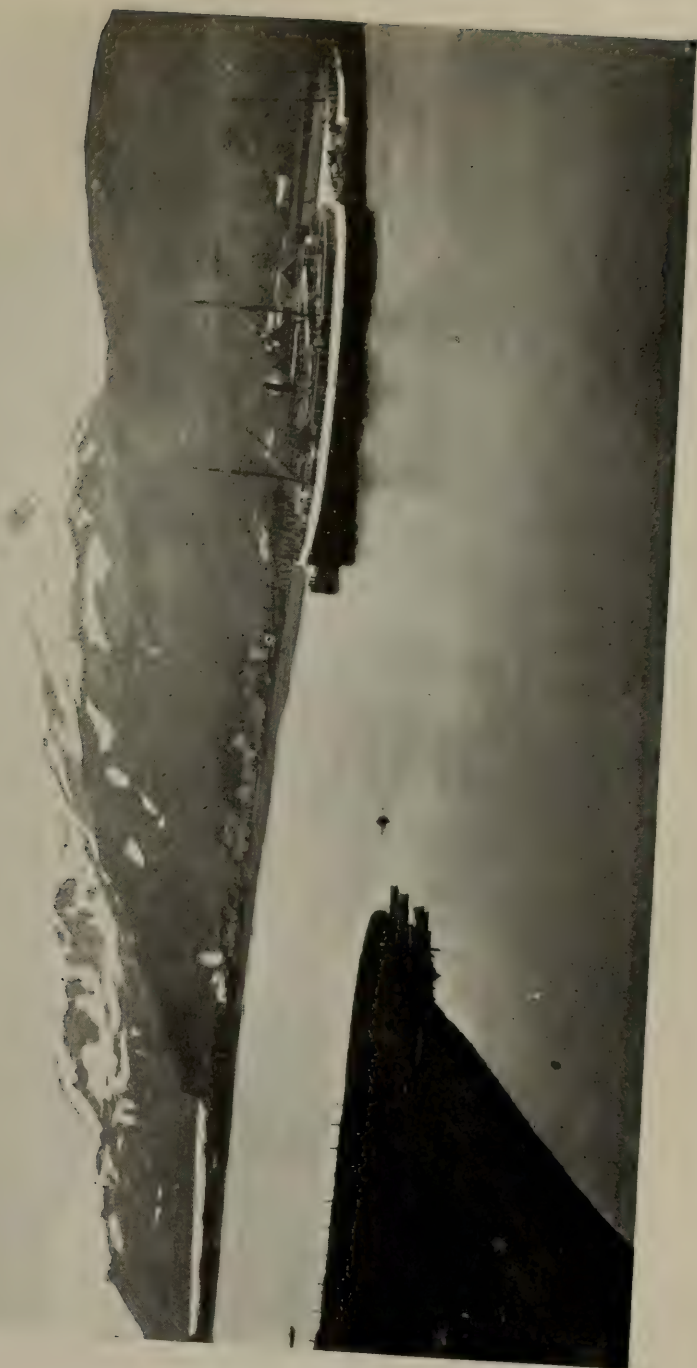
Unalaska Island,* June 24th, 1890.

We sighted land Sunday evening (22nd) but did not get into port until yesterday (Monday) morning, about six o'clock.

As soon as the boat was made fast, I said Mass in my stateroom for the first time since we left the continent. There is here a nice little settlement, with about 200 residents, whites and natives. All the former are em-

* See map at the end of this book.

UNALASKA



ployed by the Alaska Commercial Company, or by the United States Government, and the natives work for both.

The whites here have no doubt that the natives are of Japanese descent. There are many points of resemblance. Like the Japanese, these natives are very intelligent and extremely handy in making all kinds of carving and woven work. They say that a Japanese, who came to these islands not long ago, could understand the natives and be understood by them.

Both the Brother and myself are very well. Last evening I visited the Custom-house Officer, whose wife is a Catholic. I have promised to take tea with them this evening. They pride themselves here on their "Russian tea": even the natives, who are poor, have fine urns for making tea in Russian fashion. I have not tried it yet, but I expect to do so this evening. I feel exceedingly grateful to God for the fine voyage we have had thus far. St. Michael is about eight hundred miles from here; but we shall have to go two or three hundred miles out of our way to land one of the passengers. We shall very likely leave here to-morrow, and reach St. Michael before the Fourth of July. I must say "Good-by!" for the present. May God bless you and all your good Sisters in Religion.

I remember you all every day in my prayers and at Mass, when I can say it. Again "Good-by!" May the Divine Heart of Jesus ever grant you Its most abundant consolation!

Writing on the same day to his Superior, he says: "These Islands, as far as I have seen, are clumps of high mountains covered with grass and moss; no trees are visible. It is generally cloudy and it rains nearly every day. It is not cold now and, even in winter, the temperature, they say, is never below zero. There is here a Russian church which the natives attend. They keep the Czar's birthday as a holiday and know nothing about the United States. Fine coal-mines have been discovered on the peninsula between this and the mainland, and they expect to have a great coaling station for all Pacific steamers. It is still daylight here at 10 P. M., and yesterday morning I was up soon after 3 o'clock and it was already bright day. From what those who have been to St. Michael say, it seems the weather is quite mild there now. August is rainy, and the cold begins in September and October."

He found time that same day for another letter to one of his sisters, in which he says: "We arrived here safely yesterday, after thirteen days on the Pacific. We had an

unusually pleasant trip, they say, thanks no doubt to the prayers of my many friends. During the first two days I was very sick, but after that I got used to the motion and enjoyed the voyage. The greatest part of our journey is over; we have left the ocean and have now to cross Bering Sea, which, they say, is much calmer than the Pacific. They have very little sunshine in this part of the world; it is cloudy most of the time. The temperature was about 50° all the way out, and it is about the same now. They say it does not go below zero here in winter. I do not think I shall find it as bad in Alaska as is generally thought; but, whatever comes, I am sure that, with the help of your prayers and those of my other friends, it will all be sweet. I am very well and happy and anxious to get to work. I pray for you every day. Good-by! May God bless you all!"

The day after these letters were written was the feast of St. William, Father Judge's patron Saint; and the joy of saying Mass on that day must have been some compensation for the privation of Mass and Communion which he had to endure on the feast of St. Aloysius, the 21st of June, a day so dear to all the members of the Society of Jesus.

The party evidently remained at Unalaska until the evening of the 26th or the morning

of the 27th. Then the St. Paul, weighing anchor once more, headed her course north-east along the Alaskan Peninsula to Bristol Bay. As intimated above, this departure from the direct route to St. Michael was necessary in order to land a lady passenger at the Moravian Mission on the Nushagak River. Our voyager did not find Bering Sea so calm as he might have expected, as we shall see from the following letter which he wrote after the steamer made land.

Nushagak, Alaska, July 4th, 1890.

Dear Sister:

I know you are anxious to hear from me now that I am so far away; so I take the occasion offered by a sailing vessel, which we have met here and which will start soon for San Francisco, to let you know that I have arrived thus far without accident. This place is only about three hundred miles from where I wrote last; but, on account of a storm that made it too rough to come in, we were just seven days getting here instead of three. We have yet at least eight hundred miles to go before we reach St. Michael. I thought we would be there to-day, but now we cannot make it before the 11th or 12th.

God has been so good to me at all times, but especially during the past year, that I

am convinced that He has heard your prayers for your little brother; and I am encouraged to hope that He will be pleased to use so unworthy an instrument to help these poor souls so dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Always remember that you can save souls as well in the convent as on the Mission, for prayer is the most powerful of all the means of salvation. May God bless you always !

It was a novel way to spend the Fourth of July, moored in an Alaskan harbor. The thought of the "Fourth" inspires a page that he wrote to his youngest brother. "As I am so fortunate as to fall in with another vessel bound for San Francisco, I must give you the benefit of it and spend a little while with you on this great day, imagining I see you sending off fireworks for the children; for, although it is only two o'clock here, it is eight o'clock with you. This would be a bad place for fireworks, as it seems never to get dark at this season. One can read at ten o'clock at night, and I cannot say how much later; and it seems impossible to get up before the sun.

This place (Nushagak) is on a river of the same name, which empties into Bering Sea north of the Peninsula. There are four salmon canneries on the river. A gentleman

who came on board this morning from one of them, said they caught thirty thousand salmon yesterday. . . . My health is very good. I believe the voyage is making me fat. God grant I may use all the strength He gives me for His glory!"

We have no record of the seven or eight days spent in going from Nushagak to St. Michael. The St. Paul had to retrace her course and take up again the route from Unalaska to St. Michael. It would seem to the uninitiated, that the natural course would have been to pass along the coast and through Etolin Strait.* But that is rendered impossible by the immense deposits of sand, earth, drift-wood, and debris of all kinds brought down and cast forth by the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. Thus the water near the shore is so shallow that steamers are obliged to keep forty miles or more from land, and to pass to the west of Nunivak Island. They then steer northward sighting the eastward extremity of St. Lawrence Island, and curving northeast towards Cape Nome and Cape Darby, descend to St. Michael.

Whatever may have been the experiences of this week on the water, when our Missionary reached St. Michael he was too busy

* See map.

to write about them. A week after his arrival, he wrote to his Superior:

St. Michael, July 20, 1890.

Rev. and dear Father Superior, P. C.

Brother and I arrived here last Sunday evening, the 13th, nearly thirty-four days from San Francisco. I sent you two letters on the way, one from Unalaska, and one from Nushagak, which you should have received before this. We found Father Tosi and Father Treca waiting for us. The first thing they asked was: "Where are the Sisters?" And I cannot tell you how disappointed they were when I told them no Sisters were with us; and all the people here were equally disappointed. Everybody is praising the Sisters' school. Mr. Petroff, a Russian, who is taking the census, was here a few days ago; he had just come down the Yukon and had stopped at the school, where the children gave him a specimen of what they could do in reading, speaking, etc. I heard him say, "I am ashamed of my church; we have been here for fifty years and have not done as much as you have done in two or three." From all I hear and see, I am sure we can get all the children we can accommodate. The Sisters have made a good impression on all

classes, and the disappointment at not seeing more come is great in proportion. I hope you will be able to get us six for next year; for schools seem to be more necessary here than anywhere else. The Indians are most anxious to learn and are very smart.

A letter written in August to a fellow priest gives us some interesting details of Father Judge's first work in Alaska.

St. Michael, Alaska, Aug. 17, 1890.

Dear Father Laure, P. C.

We arrived here just five weeks ago to-day. I had no idea then that I would be here so long. Father Tosi and Brother Cunningham left three weeks ago for Koserefsky on one of the Company's steamers, leaving me here to look after the provisions for all three Missions. We bought a little steamer from the Company, and it left here on the 1st of August with Father Treca and his provisions, for Cape Vancouver, which is on the coast about four hundred miles to the south, where he and Father Muset with a Brother have been since last fall. They have a small log-house, which they built themselves, and which is divided in two, one half being used for a church and school, the other half for a dwelling. Both of them picked up the lan-

guage very quickly and are doing great good; they have baptized more than two hundred already.

I am waiting for our steamer to return and take me and the provisions up the river to Koserefsky and Nulato; the former is about four hundred miles from St. Michael, and the latter six hundred. I expect to remain at Koserefsky, and I think Father Robaut will go to Nulato with Father Ragaru. The latter, I believe, has been without flour for two months, unless he has been able to borrow some lately from the boats going up the river, which I doubt; so he must be looking anxiously for the steamer.

The weather has been unusually windy for this time of the year, which has made the sea too rough for small steamers, and has very much delayed both ours and those of the Company. The best idea I can give you of this place is to ask you to recall the villa of St. Inigoes.* If, instead of the houses there, you imagine a dozen large log-houses one story and a half high, and the Russian church as shown in the photograph at De Smet; and, on the Rosecroft side, a range of mountains, you will have a good picture of St. Michael. All the houses belong to the Company and are used as dwellings and of-

*In St. Mary's Co., Md., on the peninsula between the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River.

fices for their agents, and as store-houses for their goods. The Russian priest does not live here and seldom comes. There is a small village of natives about a mile distant on the other side of the island. There were a great many Indians here when the St. Paul came, living in tents; they come every year to help in unloading the steamers, for which they are paid. These Indians are very different from yours — finer looking, fond of work, anxious to learn, and very good-natured. I think they would make good Catholics. The country is also quite different from what I expected; there are no trees on the coast, but it is all covered with grass and moss, and has a pleasing appearance. It is not the barren waste I expected to find.

Nor is it so terribly cold as we were led to believe. From May to October, and sometimes much later, it is about the same as at present — that is a temperature ranging from 40° to 60° or 70° , and the coldest weather they had here last winter was 40° below zero, and at Koserefsky 45° . All these temperatures and those that follow are, of course, Farenheit. The following is taken from an official report for the years 1879 and 1880:—

THERMOMETER AT ST. MICHAEL.

	Mean.	Min'm.	Max'm.
July	53	36	68
August	50	35	62
September	45	19	58
October	26	13	42
November	17	—12	36
December	6	—32	36
January	—19	—45	16
February	0	—41	?
March	8	—37	?
April	19	—27	?
May	28	— 1	?

June—not given, but about the same as July.

So you see it is not so bad; for the most part, nothing worse than you have already experienced; so you need not be frightened if you get orders next year to come to St. Michael. All the whites and those of the natives who can get them, live in ordinary log-houses, and say they are warm enough. Most of the natives live in tents in summer and in baraboras* in winter. If it were not for the frequent rain it would be very fine here in summer; but, as at every place on this coast, it rains nearly every day. Up the river however, they say it is much better; even here, the Agent has a garden of radishes, turnips, spinach, lettuce, etc., and Father Tosi cultivates cabbage and potatoes.

I have tried to give you, as best I can, my impressions of the place after five weeks'

* Alaskan huts—See page 58.

observation, and I hope they will enable you to form a more correct idea of it.

I forgot to state that there are a good many wild flowers here, and also three kinds of wild berries — the salmon berry, the blue berry and the red currant; they all grow on creeping vines and are very plentiful.

Many of the useful things which you gave me have done good service already, and your flute which I got at Spokane, is my best friend. It helped very much to make the time pass pleasantly on the steamer, and now I find it a good companion. I have been kept quite busy arranging and packing the supplies for the different missions, but I have finished that, and I am now trying to make a beginning with the Indian language. There is a half-breed boy here, who is helping me, so that the time I am detained here will not be wholly lost. Father Muset did not leave until the 14th of November; that is, as soon as the bay was frozen over. It would be good for those who come to have a stand, and a waterproof cover for their chapel, rubber boots, coat, and cap, as there is so much rain here in the summer. We have a room in the Company's house this year, which was intended for the Sisters; if they had come, we would have had to camp out in a tent. I have told you all I can think of that might

interest you. I need hardly add that I am well and happy.

Best wishes and kind regards to all.

Your brother in Christ,

Wm. H. Judge.

The foregoing letter is supplemented by one written five days later to one of his sisters:—

St. Michael, Alaska,
Aug. 22nd, 1890.

Dear Sister:—

This will be a little surprise for you. You see, by the heading, that I am still at St. Michael. It is nearly six weeks since I arrived, and I did not expect to be here as many days. The U. S. Revenue Cutter, the Bear, Captain Healy, is here on her way to San Francisco from the Arctic, where she has been on her annual cruise, and it is by her that I send this — it is the last chance this year.

The Captain, who is a brother of Bishop Healy, and of our Father Healy, has his wife with him. They have invited me to take dinner with them on the steamer this evening.

I am more than pleased with what I have seen both of the country and the natives. The natives are very good-natured, quick, and anxious to learn. Many of them are

fine-looking and very intelligent. Pray for our good Indians that they may have the grace to embrace the true faith, which has brought us so much happiness; that so they may share our joy. Good-by! May God bless you and all your community !

CHAPTER V.

ON THE YUKON.

"I most gladly will spend and be spent myself for your souls."—*II. Cor., xii, 15.*

THE Missionary is now in the field; and the work demands all his energy, attention, and devotion. He will have little time to write letters, and less facility for sending them to the East.

And here it is well to recall the state of communication with Alaska in the nineties, before the discovery of gold in the Klondike. The territory was little known and little spoken of. There was no mail to Alaska, and letters were not accepted for delivery there. Correspondence had to be directed in care of some one in San Francisco, to be forwarded by the steamer that left, once a year, for St. Michael. The return mail followed a similar course. A letter from the Yukon Missions took about two months to reach Baltimore; and, when handed to the eager recipient, it was redolent of bacon, tar, or other ship's stores, owing to its long voyage across Bering Sea and the Pacific. The Alaskan

Missionary was as effectually cut off from the outside world, as if he were in China or the interior of Africa.

On these annual letters, which Father Judge wrote to his brethren in the Society or to members of his family, and a few others sent when an opportunity offered, we must depend to follow him in his work from 1890 to 1897.

The reader need not look for elegance of diction in these letters, which were not intended for publication, and were often written under difficulties. The unstudied narrative of the Missionary's work has pleased those who have heard or read it, more than fine phrases or rhetorical descriptions would have done.

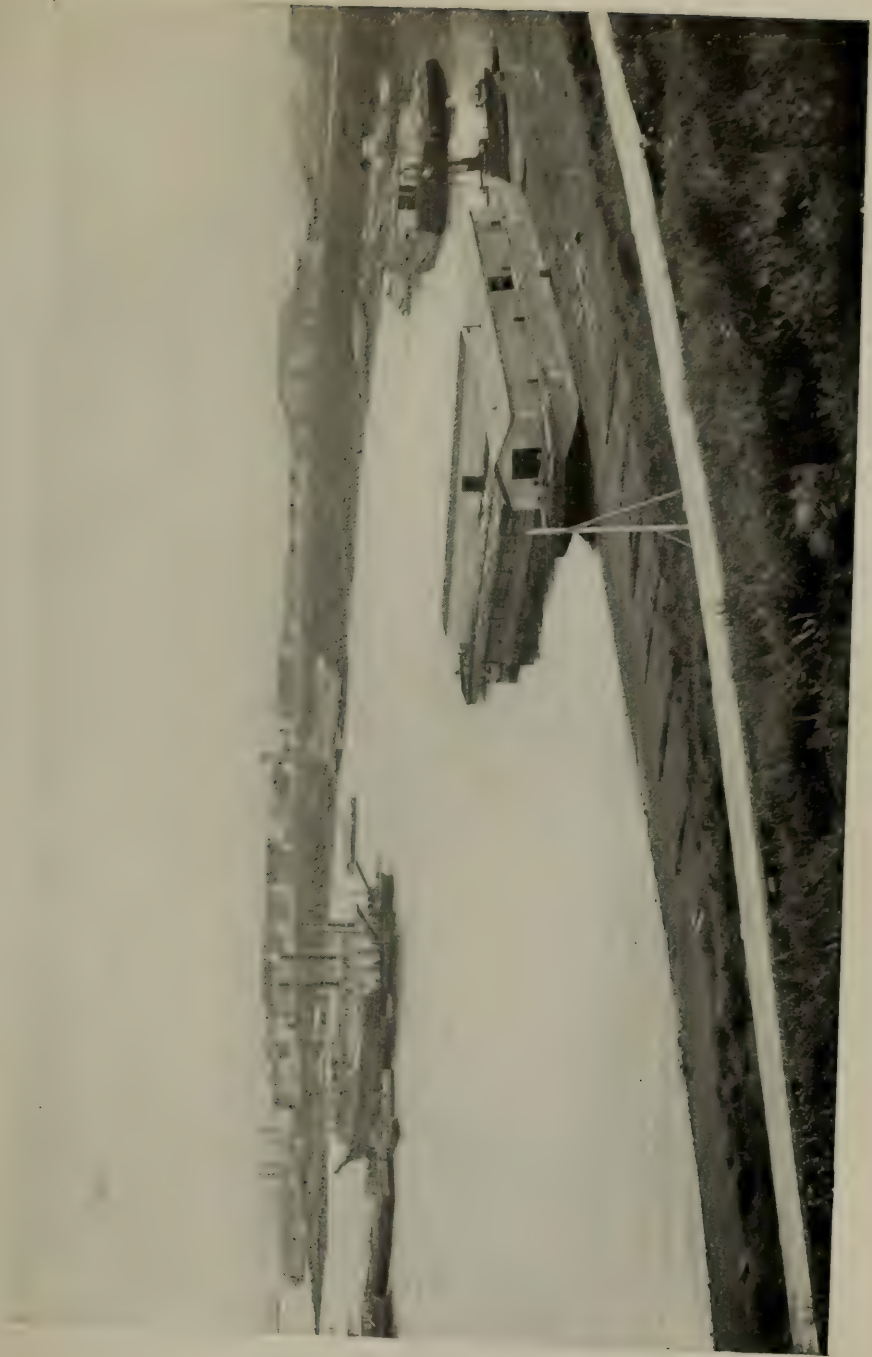
The work of the first year in Alaska is summed up in the following letter:—

St. Michael, Alaska,

Dear Brother: June 30th, 1891.

I know you and all the family will be anxious to hear how I have spent my first year in this unknown land, so I will try to give you as faithful an account as I can, and you will have to pass it to all our brothers and sisters, as it would be impossible for me to write at length to all.

I thought to begin my letters during the year, but I have been so very busy that it



ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA

was simply impossible. I made the days as long as possible — often from five A. M. to twelve P. M., and yet they were not long enough.

I reached the Mission on the 16th of September, and found there Father Tosi, our Superior, and Father Robaut, who left for Nulato, two hundred miles up the Yukon, the next day; also two Brothers, and three Sisters of St. Ann, and fifty children. The Mission is located on the right (west) bank of the Yukon, about four hundred miles from the coast, on a level piece of land about a quarter of a mile wide, with high mountains to the west and north. Both the mountain and the plain are covered with thick woods of spruce, birch, and cottonwood. We have cleared about ten acres. For the Sisters' house and school we have a log-house seventy-five feet long by twenty feet wide, and one and a half stories high; and for ourselves another, forty-six by twenty-four feet, the same height; and a church thirty by twenty feet.

Until last March the present church had to serve for everything. It was divided into six rooms, two for the Fathers, one for kitchen, one for chapel, one for dining-room, &c., and one for the Indians when they came to trade, &c. The chapel had large doors, which we opened for Mass, Benediction, &c.,

making the chapel, dining-room, and Indian room all into one; and sometimes we had as many as eighty in it. The upper story served as a dormitory for thirteen larger boys and the two Brothers, and as a store-room for provisions. Although it was very small for the purpose, it was quite comfortable, and required little fire to keep it warm.

I am quite sure I suffered less from the cold last winter than you did. We did not keep fire at night generally, and had only one stove, which was in the common room, into which all the others opened, and yet it froze in my room only two nights when it was 50° below zero. Since we got into the new house we have been very comfortable, and the boys, twenty-two now, have a fine high dormitory. We have turned the old house into a church and it looks right well for these parts. I papered the sanctuary and whitewashed the body of the church after filling up the cracks between the logs with mortar, and painted the six windows in imitation of frosted glass, making the centre panes red, so as to form a red cross, and the others white. I painted the altar white; and, with some fine altar-cloths, ten silver candlesticks, and some flowers, all of which, though not new, are very good and were given to me by our Fathers in California, it makes a very respectable-looking altar. The sanctuary is

covered with matting made by the Indians, which is nearly as good as what you buy. Thanks to the generosity of the Altar Society in Washington we are well supplied with vestments.

Now for the events of the year. The day after I arrived at the Mission, while carrying a heavy box, about three hundred pounds, I slipped, and it fell on my leg, and although it did not break it, it bruised it very badly and made it so stiff that I could not make a decent genuflection for three months; but, thank God, I was able to keep about and did not miss Mass once. At Christmas we used as a church the new house, which was then under roof, but had no partitions in it yet. In the corner, at the Gospel side of the altar, I fixed a very pretty crib, with a fine set of figures painted on tin by a Brother in Spokane Falls. The Rector gave them to me when I was coming away. They are in six groups, and I like them better than those that I paid \$130 for, when in Frederick. The church was dressed with evergreens, and looked quite Christmas-like. Father Tosi sang midnight Mass, and in the morning at nine o'clock we baptized thirty-four children of the school. Afterwards I sang High Mass, which was over at one o'clock. At two o'clock we had Benediction. There were about sixty Indians from the village

at Mass and Benediction. At three o'clock I dressed up in fur from head to foot and played Santa Claus for the children. They did not know who it was, and enjoyed it very much. Thus ended my first Christmas in Alaska, and I do not think I ever spent a happier one.

On the 10th of February I started with a sleigh and seven dogs to visit the Indians on the Shagaluk river, which runs into the Yukon a little below us. I had a boy for my interpreter and a man to help with the sleigh. The first day we went only fifteen miles to an empty barabara, as the Indian houses are called. They are built of logs, starting three or four feet below the ground, in this shape.



They are from twelve to twenty feet or more square, and eight to twelve feet high, and covered with clay, so that they look like hillocks, rather than houses. The door is a hole two or three feet high covered with a piece of skin or matting, and generally it is reached through an under-ground pas-

sage of the same size, through which you have to crawl to get in; this is to protect the inmates better from the cold. In the centre of the roof there is a window two or three feet square covered with a piece of bladder or thin skin, which admits all the light needed. On three sides there is a bench or shelf about six feet wide and eighteen inches above the floor, which they cover with mats; and there they sit in the day time, and sleep at night with their heads to the wall and their feet towards the middle of the room. In the centre of the floor just under the window, they make the fire, once or twice a day, and when it is out they close the window, and the room remains comfortable all day even in the coldest weather.

In every village there is what is called the Casino.* It is a building just like a barabara only it is very much larger, generally thirty to forty feet square and fifteen to twenty-five feet high, and instead of the broad berths for sleeping, there is a narrow shelf about two feet wide and three feet high running all around. The Casino is for the men; they work there during the day making sleighs or snow-shoes, dressing skins, &c.

*This Alaskan inn or club-house is called by the natives "Kazhga," and by the Russians "Kazhim" or barracks. The Russian word has been variously rendered "Kachime," "Cazine," or "Casine" and "Casino." This last expresses the idea better than any other word in our vocabulary.

Their wives or children bring their meals to them, which they eat, sitting tailor-fashion on the shelf, while their wives sit on the floor ready to wait on them. The young men also sleep on the shelf, and all travellers are lodged in the Casino. It is also used for their dances and all public meetings.

To return to my trip. As soon as we had put our things into the barabora we made a fire, cooked our supper and went to bed. Next morning I said Mass, we took breakfast and started. Soon we met three Indian sleighs going our way and we gave them part of our load; at noon we stopped and cooked some fish for dinner, and about three o'clock we reached a log house belonging to an Indian, where we stopped for the night. Next morning I said Mass, made a little instruction, took breakfast and started for the first village, which we reached at four o'clock, and took up our abode in the Casino.

As soon as I went in, I found all the Indians sitting around as quiet as mice, and I saw that they had up what they call "spirit-sticks." These are four sticks about six feet high, painted different colors, with feathers stuck into them here and there. They place these sticks one at each end of the Casino, and one at each side; and while they are there, no one can speak loud or do any work. The Indians firmly believe that these sticks

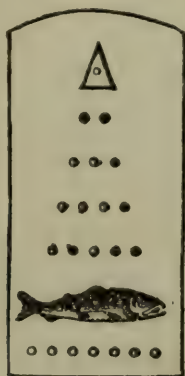
have the power to kill them or do them good. When I went to hang up my coat on one of the sticks, they said "No," because the spirits would hurt them if I did. When I had taken my supper I spoke to them, showing how foolish it was to believe that those sticks could hurt them, and I then asked them to let me break them up. The young people were willing and I was just going to do it when some old women cried out: "Our souls are in those sticks, if you break them we will all die," and then some old men jumped up and grabbed the sticks and I could not prevail on them to let me break them up. But they promised never to bring them into the Casino again.

I staid there two days teaching the children. I baptized three infants and one old woman, the mother of one of our school girls, who had never been baptized, heard the confession of her husband, whom I baptized conditionally, and then married them. They did not belong to the village, but lived alone about ten miles below it. They do not believe in the sticks and seemed to be good people anxious to do what is right. I was just in time, for the old man died suddenly, a few days afterwards. They wanted me to stay longer but I told them I could do nothing for them as long as they refused to break up the sticks.

Then I went ten miles further to a small village of very good people, who did not believe in the sticks and were anxious to learn the prayers. They have no doctors or medicine men. These doctors are our greatest obstacle, they have most of the people completely in their power. They pretend to have great power to kill or cure by their incantations and also to be able to cause the fish and game to come or not as they please, and the poor people believe it all firmly. Sometimes they put all the people in the Casino with strict orders not to leave it, and then they (the doctors) go out, telling the people they are going to the moon, and after several hours they go to the Casino and tell all they have seen and learned there. There is nothing, no matter how foolish, the doctors may say, that can shake the faith of the people in them. Many of them are ventriloquists, hence they make the spirit-sticks and also the dead appear to speak. Father Ragaru saw one of them making a dead child speak and showed him up, much to his displeasure.

To return to my trip. At this village I staid four days, taught the people a short offering of themselves and of their actions to God, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, &c., and the formula for baptizing in danger of death; all of which

they learned well, as also a little hymn, and two chapters of catechism. There I baptized one infant and twenty-eight others, and married seven couples. I also taught them how to know the days of the week, so that they could keep Sunday and Friday. I did it in this way, and they liked it. I took a piece of board, and cut it, and marked it thus:



The triangle I told them was for God's day or the first day, then two holes for the second day, three for the third day, four for the fourth, five for the fifth, and a fish for Friday, and seven holes for Saturday. I put a pin, which they were to move downward, one hole every day, until they got to the bottom, and then jump to the top again. I met one of them several weeks after I left, and he had a small one of the indicators nicely made to carry in his pocket, and had the pin in the right hole.

When I left that village I went to another six miles up the river, the Shagaluk, and as soon as I got there they told me there was an old man very sick at a village two miles further, on the other side of the river; so I left my sleigh and everything else, and went to see the sick man. I found when I got there that he was an old man, very sick, who had never been baptized. So, after giving him some medicine to try to relieve his pain, I prepared both him and his wife for baptism, and promised to return in the morning. Next day as soon as I had said Mass and taken a little breakfast, I went over and found him very low. There was no time to lose. I baptized him and his wife, and gave him Extreme Unction. In less than an hour he died. It looked as though he had been waiting for me to come to baptize him.

I went back to the other village, and stayed there two days, teaching the children the prayers and catechism, but I could not do anything with the old people, because, as at the first village, they would not give up the sticks. I baptized one infant, two young men and one young woman belonging to the second village, and married a couple. The young woman has died since. Then I went over to the village where the old man died. I knew that it would be useless to try to get them to give him Christian burial, so I did

not try. When I got there, they had the body sitting in the Casino, with a dish of fish and a can of water beside it, and all the women and children were sitting around on the floor looking at it. But it is at night that they have the principal part of the funeral rites. They keep the body four days, and every night they sing and dance from about six P. M. to six A. M. in this way. The women sit on the floor around the corpse, and behind them the children stand shaking themselves from side to side and up and down, by bending their knees a little, and behind them again the young men stand beating sticks together and singing a song composed for the occasion, referring to the life of the dead person, to a tune that sounds like ya-ya, ya-ya. They beat the sticks and sing as hard as they can until they are all in a sweat, and then others take their place, and they keep that up the whole night. The old men sit on the shelf and look on. The only source of light is a dim taper burning in a dish of oil before the corpse. While they were thus performing their antics, I fixed up my bed in one corner of the shelf and turned in, and although I often woke up, I managed to get enough sleep. I shall not soon forget that night. It was the most savage-looking thing I have seen. I am sure a New York paper would be glad to have a photograph of it.

Next day I started for another village about forty miles off, because I could not teach the children after they had been up all night dancing, but I promised to call on my way back. When I reached the village in the evening I went to the Casino as usual. They were glad to see me and I stayed, I think, four days, teaching the children all day; but as they, like the others, would not give up their superstitions, I could not do much for them. Then I returned again to where the man had died, but I could not do anything but teach the children, as the doctors kept the people strong in their superstition. From there I crossed over to a large village on the Yukon called Anvik, about forty-five miles from the other, where there is an Episcopalian minister. I did not go to his house, but put up in the Casino — his house is across the river from the village. It was late when we reached there, so after supper we went to bed. The Casino was so crowded that I could not get a place on the shelf, so I fixed my bed on the floor,— just as good. For my bed I have fallen heir to Archbishop Seghers' travelling bed, which is a large bearskin.* He was lying on it when he was

*This bearskin is now in the museum of Georgetown University. Father Judge used it for five years, taking it with him up the Yukon to Forty Mile Post. In 1896 Father Barnum sent the interesting relic to Georgetown. On Archbishop Seghers, see p. 105.

killed, and it has his name painted in large letters on the back. I use it all the time, both at home and when travelling.

I said Mass in the morning and had a good congregation. While we were taking our breakfast, the minister came in to hire some men to work for him, and was not a little surprised to see me there. I told the Indians I did not stop with the minister, because I did not want them to think that I approved his religious teaching, but that I would go to see him so that he would not be angry with them. It pleased them that I stopped in the Casino instead of at the minister's. Very few go to his church on Sunday. I went over and took dinner with the rev. gentleman and told him plainly why I did not stop at his house. My frankness pleased him and he was as kind as could be. I stayed in Anvik one day and did not teach, as I did not wish to make open war with the minister. I expect to go there frequently this year and don't think the minister will be able to keep me from making the people Catholics. From Anvik I came towards home, about fifteen miles, to a small village, Banejilla, where I did some good; because like the people of the other small village, the second I visited, the inhabitants of Banejilla have no Shaman nor sticks, and besides some natives from the second village, by telling how I

taught, made them anxious to see me. I stayed three days teaching the prayers and catechism, baptized three infants and sixteen grown persons, and married several. I returned home March 6th. The whole distance was just about two hundred miles. I took with me some bread, corn-meal and flour mixed for making cakes, and some tea and sugar. I got all the dry fish and rabbits we wanted from the Indians for a little tea or tobacco. My bread began to get short before I was half way round, so we had to eat dry fish instead. I cooked the rabbits and eat the dry fish with them just as bread and did not find it bad. The last few days, we had no sugar and very little salt — the salt I miss more than anything else.

Such was my first trip with dogs and sleigh and I was surprised to see how much the dogs can do. I started with seven and bought four on the way, making eleven, which is a good team. It was 10° below zero the day I started, and 20° below the day I returned, but it had been higher many days during the trip. The Fathers had told me when I came, that the best temperature for travelling was from 10° to 15° below zero. At the time, I could hardly believe it, but I found it true. The sun is so strong that as soon as the temperature gets above that, the dogs get too warm and cannot run as well.

I expect to go over the same trip in a boat as soon as I get back — if I go back, and not to some other mission.

Six days after I returned, Father Tosi started to see the Fathers on the coast at Cape Vancouver about five hundred miles from St. Michael. He arrived there on Good Friday, stayed about a week, and returned on the 21st of April (if I remember rightly), making a trip of more than one thousand miles. He had to travel fast, as the weather was getting warm, and there was danger of the ice on the river breaking. In returning he travelled all night and rested in the day, because the snow was too soft after the sun got high.

At Easter I was the only Father at Kosrefsky, so we could not have very grand services; but we had what we could. The Sepulchre looked well. Easter was a beautiful, warm day. We had High Mass sung by the children, who sing well, and the day was a happy one.

During the whole of April the weather at the Mission was fine, warm days with bright sunshine, and cool nights. The average temperature for the past twelve months, taken at five o'clock in the morning, was as follows: July 52°, August 45°, September 40°, October 27°, November 4 3-4°, December --11 2-3°, January --8°, March 13 1-4°, April

19°, May 30°, June 50°, all Fahrenheit. The coldest spell was from the 6th to the 26th of December. On the 10th it was 50° below and on the 11th 52° below. For one week it did not get above --30° at any time, but we did not suffer. The days were bright, and the nights beautiful and clear, and our houses are so warm that we do not mind the cold. The Fathers on the coast suffered much more than we did, although the coldest they had was 23° below zero; but their house is not as good as ours, and they have much more wind. I am sure I did not suffer as much from the cold as you did last winter. What I feared most was cold feet, but to my great surprise I was agreeably disappointed. The Indian boots which we wear in winter are splendid. They are made of sealskin, with the fur outwards. In the bottom of each boot we put a handful of straw or hay. We put on a couple of pairs of woolen stockings or a piece of blanket wrapped around the foot, and then the boots with the straw, and unless one gets wet the cold will not trouble him. Instead of a coat, when travelling, we wear what they call a Parky, which is made of fur, deerskin or other skins, in the shape of a bag with sleeves, and a hood that has an edging of long fur which blows across the face and keeps the wind from cutting. The Parky is very warm, and



ALASKAN MISSIONARY IN WINTER COSTUME

as it has no opening like a coat the wind cannot get in. It generally reaches to the knees.

The ice on the Yukon broke on the 13th of May, and on the 22nd the Company's steamer came up. Every spring as soon as the river opens, the Alaska Company sends a steamer up the river, principally to take provisions to the miners far north, and bring down the traders to get their supplies for the coming year. It goes up more than 2,000 miles. When the steamer comes down, we have a little exhibition and entertainment by the school children, as we have then more whites present than at any other time. This year the steamer came on the 27th of June. About 4 o'clock in the morning its whistle woke us up. It was a beautiful morning. Now the sun is as high here at four as it is with you at nine o'clock.

As soon as I was dressed, I went down to the boat and invited all the white men and some Indians to come to see the school, and they all came except two ministers. The children, fifty-two in all, were already up and dressed. The boys had nice suits from the States, and the girls very pretty dresses made by the Sisters, and all looked well. When the people came, the children were already in the large school-room ready to begin. The program was as follows:—A

welcome song by all the children; a little play by the girls, which was very well given; then the boys came in as a company of soldiers with wooden guns and an American flag. After drilling for a few minutes they sang three songs, and six of them spoke pieces. Then they marched out, and the girls came in, and performed their calisthenic exercises; after which they all sang the Star Spangled Banner. Then each class gave a specimen of reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Both the entertainment and the lessons pleased and surprised all present. All the children speak English. We do not allow a word of Indian. After all was over, one of the Government Survey party took a photograph of all the children, the Sisters, and your humble servant in a group, another of the whole Mission, and one of each building. Then all our visitors returned to the steamer, one of the Sisters and myself accompanying them.

Father Tosi and a Brother went down in a sailboat a week ago to get our steamer which was left about two hundred miles below. A Father came here from Nulato a short time ago to remain until Father Tosi or I return. We reached St. Michael on June 30th, and found here the steamer from San Francisco, on which were Father Barnum, a Brother, and three Sisters of St.

Ann. This was good news for us. Father Barnum delighted the Captain of the steamer, and both the latter and the Company's Agent here congratulated Father Superior on receiving so fine a man. He will do great good I am sure. When I left the Mission our garden was looking fine. We have cabbage, turnips, potatoes, onions, radishes, lettuce, &c., &c. Last year we had a good deal of cabbage and turnips, but as we had only a few potatoes as seed, we got only about two bushels of potatoes, all of which we kept for seed, and have planted them this year and hope to have a good crop.

Now I think I have given you all the news I can from this quiet little world of ours. When Father Barnum tells me all the news of the year — wars and rumors of war, &c., &c., I feel thankful that I have been called to this sweet solitude. We hear nothing of all the events that agitate the world until they are all over and have become mere facts of history.

July 4th.

We are living in tents, Fathers Tosi and Barnum and I have one, and Father Treca and two Brothers have another. Father Barnum brought a nine-foot American flag, which we put up in front of our tent last night with a string of Chinese lanterns. The

Government Survey party who came down last year too late for the steamer and had to winter here, have a house and a tent near ours and have two flags up. The Company also have one on their store-house, and the four small steamers in the bay and the St. Paul from San Francisco are all flying their colors, so you see we have some Fourth of July here too; besides, the Survey Party fired a salute of ten guns in the morning, and the Company fired ten at noon.

Father Barnum will go to the coast with Fathers Treca and Muset to learn the language, and in the spring will probably be sent to start another mission somewhere in those parts. Fathers Ragaru and Robaut will remain at Nulato and I shall stay at Koserefsky with Father Tosi. All the Sisters will stay at Koserefsky at least till spring or later, until we have another school ready.

We have not been able, as yet, to make any great showing in the number of adult converts. They have more on the coast than we have on the river. I think we have baptized about six hundred, mostly children, or adults in danger of death. I think six children and two adults whom I baptized last winter died soon after. I cannot say yet how many children we shall have at the school next year. We are not losing any

this year and will get a good many more; so I am sure we shall have a good school the coming year. We can have as many children as we can take. We are trying to have some from all parts, so as to make the school and its advantages known throughout the country. It has already done us immense good.

All the whites are loud in their praise of what we are doing. None of the Protestants have boarding-schools, and none of their children speak English as ours do. It is very slow work to teach them in day-schools. I had from twenty to thirty children from our village every day for three or four months last winter. I taught them their catechism and prayers, and some spelling and reading, for about three hours every day. I gave most of the time to the catechism; yet they were doing well in English. But when they stop for some time—as they must when they are not boarders, because, as soon as spring opens they leave their homes and move about from place to place, wherever the parents can find the best fishing,—they forget much of what they have learned. We have not the great numbers that are to be found in other missions, but we have plenty to do, and these poor souls are as dear to our Lord as those of more favored lands. Besides, the Gospel must be

preached here before the Book of Life is closed. God is blessing our Mission very much, and we have reason to hope that He will before long bring the great majority of these poor people to the knowledge of the true faith. Good-by for another year! May God bless you always during life, but especially at the hour of death!

Your Brother,
William H. Judge, S. J.

A month later he wrote a few lines about his experience on the river.

Steamer St. Michael, Aug. 6, 1891.

Dear Brother:

I was very sorry I had to be so brief in my last, but I could not help it; and now I am writing under difficulties, on board our little steamer, going from St. Michael to our Mission.

This is our second and last trip this year. I am Captain and Second Engineer; and a Brother, who came up this year, is First Engineer and First Mate. We run the boat turn about, six hours each. I ought to be asleep now, but I give up sleep to have a little chat with you; although it will be a long time before my words reach you, if indeed you get them at all; for I am writing

in the hope that the U. S. Revenue Cutter will not reach St. Michael before this gets there.

We came down from the Mission, a distance of about four hundred miles, in three days; but it takes nearly six and sometimes more to go up.

I am in excellent health and spirits, and could hardly be happier in this world. We have beautiful weather here now. Last month there was no night, now there are only two or three hours of it; we shall have a little frost in September, but no great cold before October. May God bless you all! Good-by!

Your loving Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The next year's work is reported in a letter from the Mission station on the Shagaluk River:

Shagaluk River, Alaska, Aug. 3, 1892.

Dear Brother:

I write this in a tent on the bank of the Shagaluk River, about 75 miles northeast from Holy Cross Mission. I came here ten days ago to build a log-house, which is to serve as a church and a residence. It will be 30 by 24 inside and two stories high.

I believe Father Superior intends to put a priest here as soon as he can spare one, and until that time it will be a station visited as often as possible from Holy Cross Mission. This is the village where I baptized many on my first trip, of which I gave you an account in my letter of last year. That letter closed on the 4th of July, 1891. On the 12th of the same month I left St. Michael in our steamer. We had three boats in tow, two for Holy Cross Mission, and a third belonging to the Coast Mission, on board of which were Fathers Treca and Barnum, and Brother Cunningham, with their provisions for the year. They also had a large skin boat, and four or five hundred feet of lumber with which to fix up their house and church. We towed the Fathers about 100 miles, and then left them to sail the rest of their way, while we continued our course to Holy Cross, where we arrived on July 21st. On the 24th of July we started back to St. Michael to get the balance of our goods; but, just as we got under way, we heard shouting and the report of guns, and upon looking up the river we saw several boats rounding the bend above the Mission.

At first we thought they were miners, but presently they ran up the American flag, and then we concluded that it must be the U. S. Survey party, so we went back and waited

for them. When they came near we found in fact that they were Mr. McGrath and his men who had been up north for two years determining the boundary line between Alaska and British America, and that they wished us to take them in tow to St. Michael.

After giving them time to see the school, we started again and reached St. Michael in three days—very good time.* Having loaded our boats and arranged all our affairs with the Alaska Commercial Company we started, on the evening of the 3rd of August, to return to the Mission. It was raining and the sea was very quiet, so we were hopeful of a good trip. We have about 75 miles of sea before we reach the mouth of the Yukon. Once in the river we are all right, but our boat is not built for rough seas; hence we are always anxious to have good weather for that first part of our voyage.

On this occasion we had been only a few hours out from St. Michael when it began to blow, and in a short time the wind increased to a storm. We were out of sight of land, so we had nothing else to do but to commend

* This tow to St. Michael was of great service to the Survey party. By aiding them to get out that summer, it possibly saved them a year's delay. Father Judge took the kindest interest in the party. It is surprising that Uncle Sam's men allowed the missionaries to render this service, as the angels do, "all for love and nothing for reward."

ourselves to God and head our little steamer against the wind and waves. The sea soon became very rough, and the waves washed over us every moment, shaking our little craft until we thought she would go down; but, thanks to the Sacred Heart, whose picture we kept hanging in the engine room, and to St. Michael, whose name the vessel bears, we were not allowed to perish. During the night the tow-line caught in the wood-work over the wheel, and broke it so badly that we had to stop the engine whilst Brother P. and myself went out in the rain and darkness to fix it with nails and ropes. At one moment our feet were in the water, and the next we were high in the air, so wildly was the boat tossing on the waves. We were glad when morning came, but it did not bring us calm, and until about nine o'clock we had little hope of saving ourselves and our goods. God, however, watched over us, hearing our poor prayers and those of our friends far away, and by noon we reached the mouth of the river, where we found shelter, safe and sound, and with hearts full of gratitude to God. Our goods were only slightly damaged. The rest of our trip was very good and we arrived at the Mission on the 9th of August. On the 17th we went to Nulato, whence we returned on the 24th,

and then we put up the steamer for the winter.

Father Tosi was away all September visiting the Indians on the Kuskokwim River. As soon as he returned, I took the skin boat, which we call a "Bidarka"* and with it went to visit again the natives on the Shageluk River. Our "Bidarka" is about twenty-five feet long and two feet wide. It is completely closed in, with the exception of three circular openings in the top or deck, where the occupants sit. Each rower has a paddle about four feet long, with which he paddles on one side or the other at pleasure. A boat of this kind carries a quantity of goods and goes very fast, thus affording the most pleasant means of travelling in Alaska.

As I was saying, I started out to visit the Indians on the Shageluk River. I visited all the villages to see if there were any children to be baptized or any one sick, but I could not stay long to teach, as it was late in the season and there was danger of the river freezing at any time. At the last village on the Shageluk we embarked on a little river, which, the natives said, would lead us to the Yukon. It is a very pretty stream, and it bore us to a chain of three lakes, each about one mile long, the last of which ended

*The Russian name for the Eskimo canoe, better known as "Kayak" or "Kiyak."

only a few feet from the bank of the Yukon. At that season the river is very low, so we had to let our boat and baggage down a steep bank of more than twenty feet. The river at that point is more than two miles wide, but at low water it is divided in the middle by a sand-bar of more than a mile in width. It was Sunday evening when we reached the Yukon. We thought it would be clear sailing homeward; so, as it was cold and windy, we camped for the night. After fixing our tent in as sheltered a place as we could find, we made a fire and cooked our supper.

During the night it got very cold and blew so hard that our tent could hardly stand it. In the morning I was afraid to say Mass on account of the high wind, so we took our breakfast and started. We had not gone far before we found that the near side of the river was closed with ice too thick to break. We thereupon left our boat and walked across the sand-bar for about a mile to see if the other side was also frozen. Much to our relief we found it free from ice, except along the bank. The current is much stronger on that side, which fact accounts for its being open. But now came the hardest part of our trip; for we had to carry our boat and baggage for a mile against a cold wind that raised the sand in such clouds, that we could



ANVIK, YUKON RIVER

not see fifty feet ahead of us, and we had to direct our march only by the sun on one side, and a high mountain on the other. I had but one Indian man and a boy with me; so I, with the man, had to carry the boat. I did not think that I could do it in such a storm, but we can do much more than we think when we have to. With a good many stops we managed to get the boat over to the clear water. Once in the open river we made good time, for now we were going down stream. We went as far as we could that day, and stopped in an empty "bara-bora" for the night. The next day we reached home before noon, having made the last 45 miles in six and a half hours.

On the 24th of November I started to make the same trip again, but this time with a sleigh and seven good dogs instead of the boat. I visited all the villages, stopping three, four, or more days in each, baptizing the infants, and teaching the children their prayers and catechism all day. I am accustomed to say Mass every day, and, as our days are short here in mid-winter, it was generally ten or eleven o'clock before we took breakfast. On my way home I stopped again at Anvik. Here they were having an Indian feast and the village was crowded with strangers. It was with difficulty that

I got a corner in the Casino, but some persons kindly made room for me.

I shall try to give you an idea of these Alaskan feasts. They are very common among the Indians and are their principal amusement during the winter. When the people of a village wish to make a feast, they, after making their preparations, send messengers to one or more neighboring villages to invite the inhabitants to come on a fixed day. All are invited, but every one that comes is expected to bring some present with him. All the visitors are fed by the people of the village. I arrived in Anvik just in time to see the whole performance. About eight o'clock in the evening, when the Casino was crowded to its utmost, they cleared a place in the centre where they had two dishes of oil with tapers burning in them to light the room. The men of the village then sat around the open space and began to sing a song made for the occasion, in which they told their visitors what they would like to have. When the song was ended the visitors went out and, after a little while, returned with their presents, which they threw in a pile in the clear space in the centre of the Casino. The presents consisted of skins of all kinds, great quantities of drilling, calico, tobacco, etc. When all the presents were in, the Anvikians sang

again; then two or three men took the presents and divided them among the people of the village. When all had been given out, the visitors sang as the others had done, and then the men of Anvik went out and brought in the gifts which they had prepared for their guests. After another song these presents were distributed among the visitors. Then came the "refreshments," which consisted of an immense dish of what we call ice-cream. The Alaskans make it of deer fat, hard snow, and berries, which they beat together until the mixture looks just like ice-cream. When well made it not only resembles ice-cream, but tastes like it too. When all was ready a stout Indian took the dish, having, as if to add solemnity to the occasion, taken off his shirt, and began to deal out the ice-cream with his hand to all the visitors as far as it went. After that the entertainers sang again, and the visitors brought in more presents, which were divided up as before. Then all fell to eating dry fish and oil before going to sleep. It was midnight before all was over.

Such are the feasts these Indians are constantly making in one village or another, nearly all the winter. They are harmless, but we cannot do anything while they are going on or for some weeks before they begin; because, while they are practising the

songs and dances, the children are so excited that they can think of nothing else. I forgot to mention above that these people have masquerades of their own for some nights before the distribution of the presents. For these dances, they carve, out of wood, faces of men, some very large, say two feet or more, and some only a few inches in length, and also heads of animals of all kinds. When they dance, they put on these masks and imitate the animals that they represent. In their dances, as a general thing, only the men take part. They do not join hands nor even touch one another, but each dancer simply goes through certain motions or gesticulations, in accordance with the character that his mask represents.

I remained only one day at Anvik, on account of the feast, and then returned home, stopping one day at a little village on the way.

During this trip we had some very cold weather, and it happened that I was traveling in the worst of it. For two or three days the thermometer fell to 50° below zero. On those days I had ice on my eyebrows and eyelashes and often a cake of ice on my cheek. All my clothing too, was covered with a white frost wherever the natural warmth of the body penetrated and came in contact with the glacial atmosphere. The

weather, however, was clear and the sun bright, and I ran all the time behind the sleigh, guiding it. This kept me very warm and even made my head perspire, but as soon as the perspiration came from under my cap it was turned to ice on my face.

We did not suffer much. When we stopped for dinner, we started a big fire, made tea, and warmed the bread that we had with us. We had to eat fast, and right over the fire. Once I went to pick up a tin plate near the fire with my bare hand, but I dropped it as quickly as if it had been red-hot, and wherever it touched my fingers, they were white as though burned. The same happened on another occasion when I touched a spoon. When it is so cold, you cannot touch any metal without first holding it to the fire to take out the frost. When one touches metal at a temperature of 50° below zero, the sensation is just the same as that produced by burning, but the injury is more easily cured if the metal has not been held long enough to take the skin off. When we are frost-bitten, we have only to rub the part affected with snow until the whiteness disappears, and then no harm results from it. I have not had my face frozen yet. The boy that travels with me has been nipped two or three times, but I always saw the discoloration of the skin in time and "rubbed it out."

I returned from this trip on the 18th of December, just in time to prepare for Christmas. As one of the Fathers from the coast was with us this year we were able to have a Solemn Midnight Mass. Father Tosi was celebrant, Father Muset deacon, and I subdeacon. We had the crib as last year, only a little larger, and the church was dressed in evergreen. I said my first Mass at 8 o'clock, the second immediately after, and sang High Mass at 9 o'clock. In the afternoon we had Solemn Benediction. We got one of the large boys to play Santa Claus this year, but he did not succeed in disguising himself as I did last year. We had a happy Christmas, and I enjoyed the religious part of the celebration especially.

I expected to make another trip in January or February, but a bad cold laid me up for three weeks and the serious illness of Father Superior prevented me from doing so.

On the 10th of March our oldest boy and best interpreter died. He was baptized by Archbishop Seghers, and he was the first boy that Father Superior took, about five years ago. He was always sickly and suffered nearly all the time, but he bore the pains with patience. He was about seventeen years old, of far more than ordinary intelligence, quick-tempered, but with a good heart. His faith was strong and he was

never happier than when he had an opportunity to speak against the medicine men. He was taken seriously sick in January, and about the 1st of March he began to sink rapidly. At first he did not want to die, but when the end came he was perfectly resigned. Having received Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum, he died just as I had finished giving the last absolution. His death was a loss for the Mission, but it was a great consolation to us to see him make so good an end.

We have had in all 80 children this year—38 boys and 42 girls. They are so good that they have given us great consolation. Sixteen or seventeen of them have made their First Communion and are very edifying. They would go to Communion every week if we allowed them to do so. These children are our greatest hope for the future. As they are taken from all parts, we hope that when they return to their homes they will sow the good seed everywhere.

When the steamer came down, the children gave a little entertainment for the visitors, singing, speaking, and acting, all in English, much to the astonishment of those among the whites that had not visited our school before; indeed, some of them surprised myself, they did so well. Three more Sisters came to our Mission this year, whilst

one of those that were already here had to return on account of sickness. As our second school is not yet ready, all our Sisters, eight in number, will remain at Holy Cross for the present. Hence we may hope to have a fine school there during the coming year.

We made a large garden this year and planted two bushels of potatoes, a quantity of cabbage, turnips, beets, etc., but the season has been so very cool and wet that I fear we shall not have half the crop we hoped for.

The ice on the Yukon broke, this year, on May 15th, and as soon as the river was clear I came up here to get logs for the proposed new house. The Indians had told Father Superior that he could get plenty of logs when the ice went out, and he thought they meant drift logs. When I came, I asked them to show me where the logs were. After taking me a long way up the river, they pointed to a pine forest saying: "There are the logs." So we had to go to work and cut our timber. We reached the woods on a Wednesday evening and began work at once. After cutting sixty-eight good logs, we made them into rafts on the river and brought them down to this place, so that by Saturday night we had our lumber all piled on the bank here ready for use. On Sunday morning I said Mass in the village and then we returned to Koserefsky.

Now I have come up again to do what I can on the new house, until our steamer gets back from the coast and comes to take me to Nulato. I expect to be here for three or four weeks. We have two tents, one of which we use for kitchen, dining-room, etc., and the other I keep for myself, so as to have a clean place in which to say Mass. I have two boys from our school to cook and help generally, and I take ten or twelve Indians every day from the village to work. I have to board them, so we have quite a little hotel. It has been raining nearly every day since I got here, which keeps the work back very much. The weather is warm and the mosquitoes are so thick that I have to smoke my tent every morning to drive them out, else I could not say Mass. To-day it is raining so hard that the men cannot work, and I take the opportunity to send you this little account of the year. The man that is to be the bearer of it is waiting, so I must hurry and send it without even looking over it. In the union of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Your Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The work of this year was reported also to his Superior in the form of diary, a part of which we give, even at the risk of some slight repetition.

Holy Cross Mission, Alaska,

June 2nd, 1892,

Very Rev. and Dear Father Superior:

Another year has passed; how quickly they go when we are busy! The days, weeks, and months are all too short, and the year is passed before we know it.

On the 24th of November I started with a sleigh and seven dogs to visit the Indians I have been attending on the Shagaluk. I will give you my diary for the trip so that you may see what we do on these excursions. I started with a boy and an Indian about 10 o'clock, halted at 12 o'clock to make tea, and reached the first stopping-place about 5 P. M. Good road, distance about 35 miles. Fixed our supper of fried fish, tea, and hot steam bread made in my patent oven which I used for the first time on this trip and found to be a great success. It consists of a sheet-iron camp-kettle about 10 inches high, in which I have put some pieces of iron so as to support two round tin pans, one over the other. When I want to bake, I fill the pot with water up to the first iron, mix my soda bread, put it in the pans, cover the kettle and hang it over the fire. The steam cooks the bread very nicely, and you have no trouble with it, as it cannot burn; and, as the fire around the kettle keeps it hot, there is no distillation;

and, therefore, the bread comes out dry and nice. One hour will cook a large loaf. It is a great improvement on frying cakes which is always difficult on a camp-fire, and more especially so when the weather is very cold. After supper I gave a little instruction and we went to bed. At this place there are only two baraboras and about eight or ten Indians.

Next morning, the 25th, I said Mass and gave an instruction. We took breakfast and started at 10.45 for the next stopping-place, about ten miles distant. We had clear ice all the way and went as fast as the dogs could run, and arrived there at 12.15. Took dinner — tea and crackers — taught catechism to three children and four grown persons, took a walk to say my Office, cooked supper — rabbits, tea, and hot bread — taught catechism, said Litanies, etc., and went to bed.

On the 26th, which was Thanksgiving Day, I said Mass in a log-house belonging to an Indian at this place, took breakfast, taught catechism, and started at 11.30 for the first village, which we reached at 12.30. Here I made a big pot of tea in the Casino, and let all present drink of it. We took some tea and crackers for our dinner, taught catechism, took a walk, had supper, and went to bed. Thus I spent Thanksgiving Day.

On the 27th, I said Mass in the Casino,

gave some instruction and catechism, took breakfast at 10 o'clock, visited the sick, taught catechism, took a little lunch, taught catechism, walked, took supper, gave an instruction, and went to bed.

On the 28th I said Mass, gave an instruction, took breakfast at 10 o'clock, and started at 11 for the next village, which we reached at 2.30 — road good most of the way. As soon as we arrived, we went to the Casino, took some tea and crackers, made a pot of tea for the men, talked awhile, went for a walk, took supper and went to bed.

The 29th was Sunday. Said Mass at 8.30; instruction after Mass. Breakfast at 10 o'clock, taught catechism, visited the sick, walked, taught catechism, gave some instruction, took supper, and walked till bedtime. November 30th, Mass 8.30, instruction, breakfast 10.30, catechism, walk, catechism, supper, and bed. In winter the days are so short that, when travelling, I generally take only two meals, as after Mass we cannot get breakfast before 10 and sometimes 11 o'clock.

Dec. 1. Mass at 8.30, instruction, catechism, breakfast 10.30, catechism, recess, catechism, walked while they made fire in the Casino, catechism, supper 6.30, prayers for the Indians, and bed.

Dec. 2. Mass at 8, prayers, instructions, catechism, breakfast 10.15, catechism, recess,

catechism till 2.30, walk, catechism at 5, singing of hymns, supper, walk, prayers, and bed.

Dec. 3. Mass at 8, catechism, breakfast 10.30, baptized a little girl three years old, catechism, walk, catechism, supper, and bed.

Dec. 4. Mass at 7.30, instruction, catechism, breakfast 10.30, baptized Jane, four months old, and started for the next village 12.30. This is the village where I baptized most of the people last year. I take a boy and a girl with me to the school. At 2.45 we reached the next village — road good, but weather very cold, at least 30 below zero. By the time we had put our things in order, got warm, and taken supper, it was bedtime.

Dec. 5. Mass in the Casino at 8, instruction, talk, breakfast at 11, baptized two children, walked while they made fire, catechism, supper, etc., and bed.

Dec. 6. Sunday, Mass at 8.45, instruction, catechism, breakfast 11.10, baptized five children, at 2 o'clock went about a mile from the village and baptized one little girl, and returned for supper.

Dec. 7. Mass at 8, instruction, catechism, breakfast 10; went about three miles to a barabara where there were a woman and two children who wished to be baptized. I found them to be good, simple people, living alone and seldom going to the village; so I in-

structed them as well as I could and baptized them.

Dec. 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mass 8.30, catechism, breakfast 10.30, catechism, baptized one girl, catechism, walk, supper, bed.

Dec. 9. No Mass, breakfast 6.30, started at 8 for the next village about forty miles off, stopped at 11.30 to make tea, and reached the village at 5.30. Very bad road, or rather no road; we had to break the snow. Very cold, 50 below zero, but no wind. Supper 7.30, bed.

Dec. 10. Mass at 8.30, catechism, breakfast at 10.30, catechism at 12, went to another village about 5 miles away and baptized one little girl, returned at 5.45, supper, bed.

Dec. 11. Mass at 8, catechism, breakfast, catechism, tried to get a dying man to receive the last Sacraments, but could not, visited some sick people and gave them medicine; catechism, walk, supper, etc.

Dec. 12. No mass, breakfast at 6.30; started at 8 to return to the village we were last at; stopped at 12 to make tea, very cold, about 50 below zero, but not uncomfortable as there was no wind. At four we reached the village. We came by a different road from the one by which we went; it was longer, but much better; supper, prayers, etc.

Dec. 13. Mass at 8.30, catechism, breakfast at 10.45, catechism, walk, supper, prayers, etc.

Dec. 14. No Mass. In winter when we have a long distance to go we cannot say Mass, as the Indians who sleep in the Casino do not get up in time. Breakfast 5.30; at 6.30 started for Anvik, distant about 50 miles. Stopped at 12 for dinner, and reached Anvik at 4.20. I found the people making a feast, which means that a village invites the Indians of one or more villages to come for one or more days and eat as much as they can; but all who come must bring some present for their entertainers, skins, cloth, tobacco, tea, etc. The visitors also receive some gifts from their hosts. I gave eight red handkerchiefs and received two mink skins in return. After distributing the last gifts, they began to eat, and it was past midnight before I could get to sleep.

Dec. 15. No Mass, the Casino was too crowded; no room to fix my altar. After breakfast I went across the river to the trader's house to get some flour. He received me very kindly and offered me a place to stay. As the village was so crowded I accepted his offer and went back to get my sleigh and baggage. I spoke with the Indians in the Casino for some time about the necessity of prayer, etc., and then went over

to the trader's house. He is a brother of the Russian priest, but could not have treated me better if he had been my own brother; he invited me to dinner with him, fed my dogs, and paid me every attention.

I had intended to stay some days in the village, but when they have these feasts, you can do nothing; they are all too busy, even the children are too excited to learn, and besides, as they are up all night they must sleep during the day.

Dec. 16. I did not say Mass, as I was in the house of a Russian. Took breakfast with the trader, and started towards home at 9. Stopped at 12 for tea, and at 3 stopped at a small village about twenty miles from home.

Dec. 17. Mass at 8, catechism, breakfast 10.30, catechism, walk, catechism, instruction, supper, prayers, etc.

Dec. 18. No Mass, started about 5 for home, stopped at 9 for tea, started again at 10, and reached home at 1 — very cold, but clear, fine weather. Several times during this trip it was so cold that, when cooking dinner outside, if I touched a plate, cup, spoon, etc., it felt like picking up red-hot iron, and made my fingers white immediately. On the two or three days when it was 50 degrees below zero, I had ice on my eyebrows, eyelashes, and even on my cheeks, every place where any heat from the body came in con-

tact with the cold; but still I did not suffer. All I wore on the coldest days was one flannel shirt, an old knitted jacket, and a squirrel-skin parky or Indian over-dress, very light but warm.

Father Tosi returned from the coast on Holy Thursday, April 14; and on Easter Monday started for the Shageluk to see the Indians I have been visiting. It was the first time he had been there. He had to go quickly as the snow was melting, and he returned April 28. He was much pleased with the Indians and promised to build a house in one of the most central villages this summer.

On the 15th of May the ice broke on the Yukon. We were anxious for the safety of our steamer, fearing that the ice might crush it, but St. Joseph and St. Michael pushed the ice all to the far side of the river and left the boat in clear water. No one ever before saw the ice go out as it did this year; this looked like an answer to our prayers.

The Company's steamer went up the river on the 25th of May and will be down again about the 12th of this month; that will be the last chance to send our letters out, at least by the St. Paul.

June 7. Father Muset started yesterday in a three-hatch bidarka or skin boat to visit the Indians on the Kuskokwim river. He expects to be away five or six weeks. So now

I am alone. Brother John is hard at work on the garden. He has planted about ten bushels of good potatoes which we raised last year, and a good lot of cabbage, turnips, beets, etc. Last year we had cabbage and turnips for the whole winter, and this year we hope to have a good crop of potatoes which will not only be very agreeable and healthy, but will save flour and thus lessen expenses. The cabbage and turnips we had this year improved our fare very much. One in the States who has never been without vegetables for any length of time, cannot imagine what a luxury they are. When the traders and others who have not had any for years visit us, they enjoy them immensely. From far and near, the natives, the traders, and even the Russian priest, send to us for medicine when they are very sick, and frequently they come to be cured.

Brother and I are well. Two of the Sisters are very sick, but they manage to keep up and do a great deal of work.

Kind regards to all. Pray for us that God may continue to bless us in the future as He has in the past.

Your humble servant in Christ,
Wm. H. Judge.

The next year was spent by Father Judge at Nulato, that settlement on the Yukon,



ARCHBISHOP CHARLES J. SEGHERS

The Apostle of Alaska

which the Apostle of Alaska, the noble Archbishop Seghers was striving to reach, when he was so strangely murdered by his own attendant.

When about forty miles from Nulato, the Archbishop stopped for the night in a poor cabin. He had with him two natives, and his attendant, Fuller, whom the kind-hearted prelate used to call "brother." To say the least, Fuller was weak-minded and eccentric.

For some time he had been acting strangely and rudely. During the night in question, he was restless and got up twice. The Archbishop told him to lie down and try to sleep.

Towards morning, Fuller went out and got his gun from the sled. To rid himself of one of the Indians, he sent him to get some ice; the other seemed to be still asleep. Fuller threw some handfuls of birch bark on the fire to make a blaze, then called out, "Bishop, get up!" and levelled his gun at his victim.

The Archbishop had risen to a sitting position on the bearskin which served him as a couch, and when he saw Fuller's gun aimed at him, he seemed to take in the situation at a glance. He crossed his arms upon his breast, and bowed his head as the assassin fired. The bullet grazed the heart of the devoted missionary, and his spirit passed

from that cold and dreary scene of his labors to the light, life, and joy promised to such faithful servants of God.

Some idea of the year's work is given in the following letters.

St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska, November 22nd, 1892.

Dear Sister:

There is a gentleman here who will start in a few days to go to the States overland; which means to go eighteen hundred miles in a dog-sleigh, before he can get any of the modern conveniences of travel. It will take him about three months to make the trip; so you will probably receive this next March or thereabouts, if all goes well with him.

As you see from the heading, I am not at Holy Cross Mission this year, but about two hundred miles north of it. The climate is about the same; the coldest we have had, so far, this winter is 34 below zero. The Indians are more civilized than those lower down the river, at least in their manner of living. They all live in log-houses, and some keep them very clean. They have mixed much more than the others with white men, especially the miners, which accounts in part for the difference; but all the north-

ern Indians are cleaner and have better houses than those near the coast.

It is slow work to convert the grown people. A Father has been here four years, and he is only now beginning to get a few to their duties. He has about sixteen communicants, mostly women, including two young women who came from the school last summer. It is wonderful what a change a few years at the school make in these children. When they go there, they know nothing higher than this world; but after three or four years, they are more anxious to save their souls than to do anything else; they go frequently to Confession and Holy Communion of their own accord, come to Mass every day when they can, say their beads, and give great edification. But what shows most of all how solid is their faith, is the manner in which they die. So far we have had three deaths among those who have been at the school, and all have been most edifying and consoling.

The last death was that of a boy about fourteen years old. When he came to the school he was a little wild Indian; but the excellent training of the Sisters soon began to bear fruit; and, although he was not as bright as some others, he made up for it by hard work; and, about a year before he died,

he was well enough instructed to make his First Communion.

First Communion makes a great change in all these children, but especially was its effect noticed in this boy. From that day, no one could make him angry, and he became so obliging and kind to everyone that all loved him exceedingly. It was a real pleasure to give him any work to do, he did it so willingly and cheerfully. He was always smiling as though he could not hide the joy and peace of his heart. But God wished to try him for our edification and his greater merit, and so, sent him a cross heavy for one of his age and disposition, for he was naturally very lively. Soon after Christmas last, he sprained one of his ankles several times; but, with treatment, it seemed to get all right again. Soon after, one evening, without any warning, when he was as lively and happy as ever, he had a severe hemorrhage, which weakened him very much; and while he was in bed on account of that, the ankle he had sprained began to swell and became very painful, especially when he moved it. So he had to remain in bed the greater part of the time. All spring and summer he remained in that state, often suffering great pain but never complaining or even asking for anyone to stay with him. In July, as we were afraid he would not live long, we sent

him here so that his parents might see him. He came up on the steamer and lived with the Fathers. Here, as at school, he gained all hearts, and surprised and edified the Fathers by his piety and wonderful patience. Every day he would read the life of the Saint of the day, in a pictorial "Lives of the Saints" that we have, and he was not in the least afraid of death. He died early in the morning, after a violent hemorrhage, and his last words were, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph," which he said of his own accord. What wonders the grace of God is able to work when we do not put obstacles in the way or refuse to follow its inspirations!

When I left Holy Cross, there were one hundred children in the school. Three more Sisters came this year; but one of those who came four years ago, had to go back on account of her health. So there are eight Sisters now, all at Holy Cross. They expected to open a second school this fall, but we could not get the house ready. It will be on the coast at the mouth of the Yukon, about four hundred miles from the present school. In that part of the country there is not a tree for two hundred miles, and not even a bush for some distance, nothing but thick moss. The place we have selected for the school is a high bank on one of the streams that form the delta of the Yukon. It is the

only high ground in the neighborhood; so, from it, one can see on all sides as far as the eye can reach, and not a tree to break the view, nothing but water, moss-covered fields, and banks. But it is a cheerful place and very good for that part of the country.

Do not think that I have no need of your prayers, for there are many dangers on a Mission like this. I am very happy and have not the least doubt that I am where God wishes me to be; but, when there is so much to do, there is danger of neglecting oneself. So we must always pray for each other. . . . Every day, at Mass, I ask our Lord to keep you ever pure in his sight, and to bring you to a holy and happy death, which is the greatest blessing I can ask for you, as we say in the prayer to St. Francis Xavier — “that we may diligently seek and perfectly find that one thing necessary, which is to die and rest in peace.” May God grant us this grace.

Your loving Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

Nulato, Alaska, Nov. 26, 1892.

Dear Brother:

It is just 12 P. M. as I begin this, but there is a chance to give you a pleasant surprise and I cannot resist.

Representatives of the Northwestern Trading and Transportation Company came here last summer and built a large river steamer to run on the Yukon. It is a fine boat built on the plan of the Mississippi boats. The object of the Company is to open up the country, trade in furs, supply the miners, mine, or go into anything that they see money in.

Their steamer is called the P. B. Weare, after the head of the company, the great corn-king of Chicago. He was up here but has returned. They intended to go up about a thousand miles above Nulato, where the greatest number of the miners are; but, they were too late in finishing the steamer, and when they got here about the 6th of October, the ice was too thick to allow them to go farther. So they went about six miles below us, and put up for the winter.

They have about three hundred tons of freight, a splendid cargo of assorted merchandise. The Agent and his wife, the First Mate, and an Irish servant-girl, are Catholics; and the Captain and the hands are all nice people; so, we have some pleasant white neighbors for the winter. The distance is nothing, as it takes only about three quarters of an hour to make it with the dogs.

Soon after I wrote last, I was called back to Holy Cross, and had to leave the house I

was building on the Shagaluk, only seven feet high. I remained at the Mission, while Father Superior and three other Fathers went to plant a large cross on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed. They made the ceremony as solemn as possible, all the Fathers saying Mass there.

On the first of October, I started to come to Nulato on our steamer, but winter had already begun—about two weeks earlier than usual—and the ice was forming on the river. However, we got on all right until within thirty miles of this place, when we ran on a bar and could not get off. So we had to leave the steamer and walk home. We did not know how far we were from Nulato, but an Indian told us we could reach it in a day. We camped one night on the bank of the river, where we had piled all the goods from the steamer; and, in the morning after Mass and breakfast, each one took what he could carry and we started to tramp it. The walking was bad, the river bank being often stony and rough, and our bundles began after some time to be heavy; but we kept on, and to our joy, about one o'clock, we met the Father from Nulato with a party of men coming from the new steamer to our rescue.

They had heard of our trouble, and started as soon as possible to help us. We all took

something to eat and after a little rest set out again relieved of our baggage, which was taken by the Indians whom the Father had brought with him. On account of the bad footing we could not make good time, and it was not until about eight o'clock in the evening that we reached the steamer. We were all very tired but we met a hearty welcome, got a good supper, and, what we wanted most, a good night's rest. The Transportation Company's people have boarded up their steamer all around, and they are living in it very comfortably. The next day, after breakfast, we finished our tramp and got home.

We are only two Fathers and two Brothers here; so, it is much more quiet than at Holy Cross. I must stop; it is too late, and I am tired. Kind regards to all. May God bless you always.

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

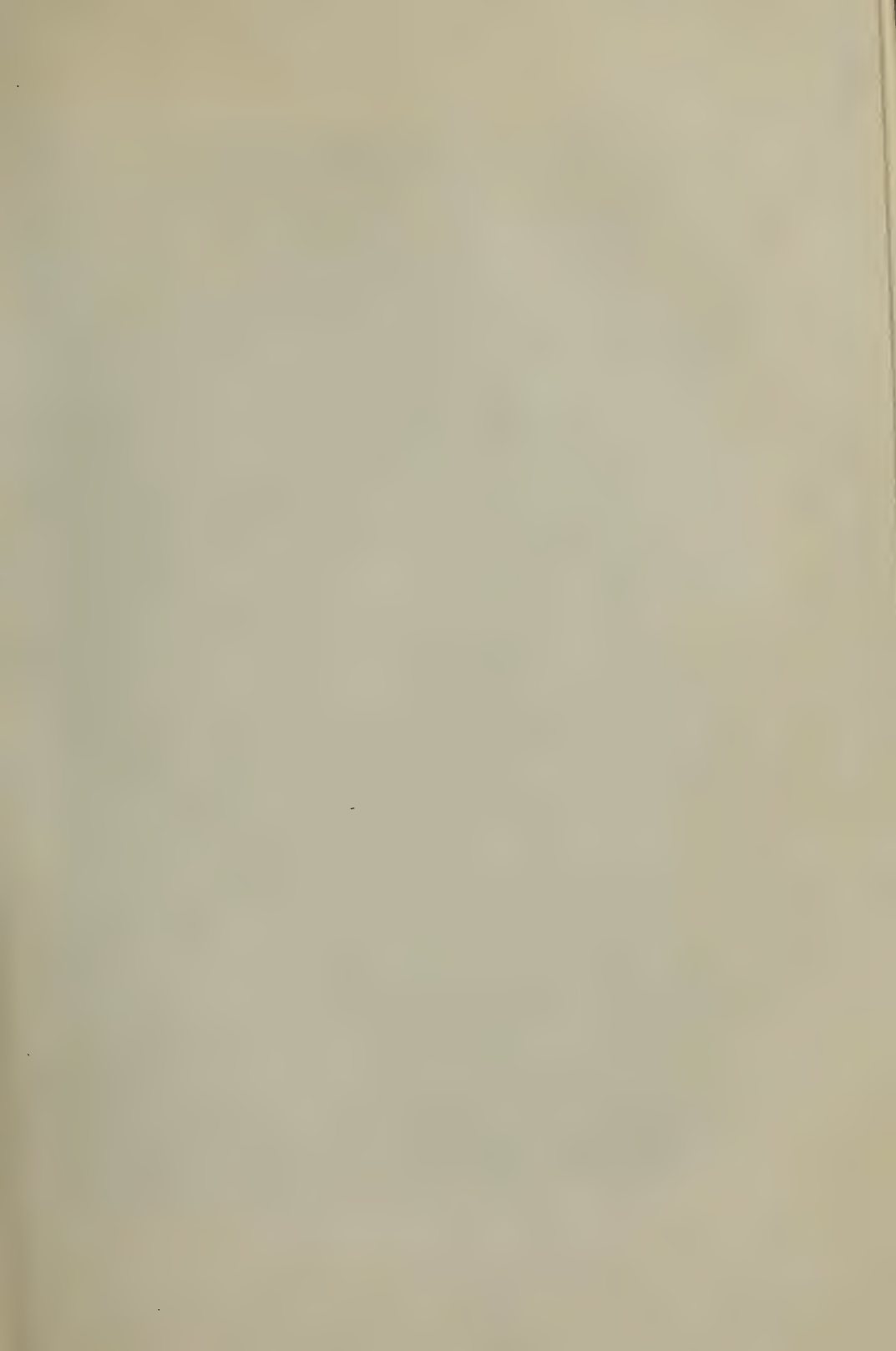
In May, 1893, he writes of his work at Nulato: "My life has been a quiet one, most of my time being taken up with teaching the children their prayers and catechism in their own language, and a little English, and in trying to learn their language myself. The first task I like very much, for I am fond of children and have no trouble to make friends with them; but the second is very

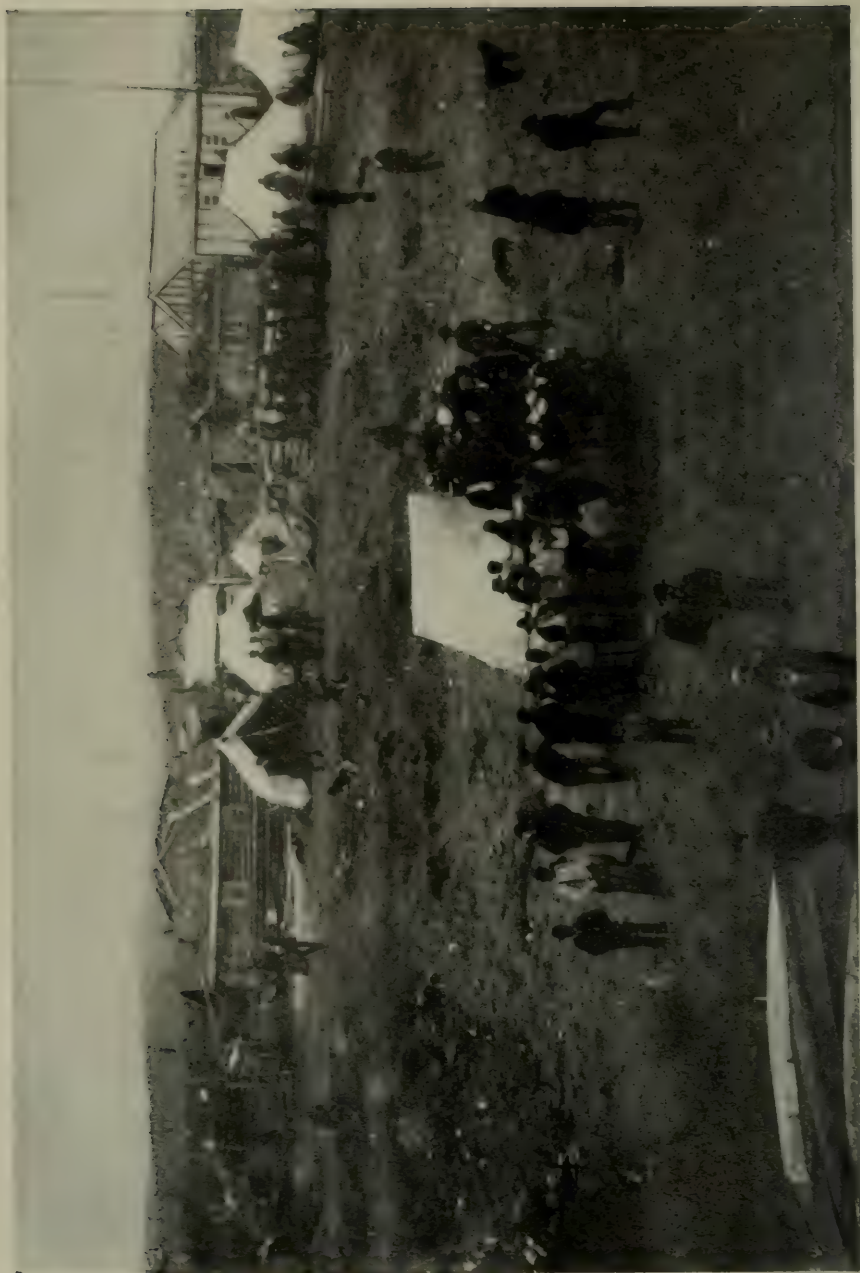
much like hard work, and my genius does not run that way. So you must pray for me, that the Holy Ghost may supply what nature has refused, if it be for the glory of God.

We have had a cold winter this year, the average temperature having been a good deal lower than that of the two preceding years; but, thank God! I have had good health, have not even had a cold.

The ice on the Yukon broke on the 19th of this month, and from that event we date the beginning of the summer season. Up to about the middle of April the cold holds its own; and one would think, to look at the immense ice more than thirty inches thick on the river, and the whole country buried in snow, that it would take all summer to melt it; but, as soon as the severe cold ceases, the sun is so strong that the snow melts, and the river swells so that it lifts the ice up fifteen feet or more, forcing it to let go its hold on the banks; and, of course, as soon as it is not held, the current carries it off and out to sea."

In July he wrote to another person: "I was much pleased to hear that you had seen Father Tosi. He has been through more than anyone else up here; and, as you see, he is not dead yet. As I told someone, this





NULATO, YUKON RIVER

is a bad place to come to if one wants to get to heaven quick; hot countries are much better for that than cold ones.

I am sorry you had to send the box by express, on account of the expense; slow freight, I suppose, would be much cheaper. You have only hinted at what you have sent, and therefore I don't know what I may find; but, if you should ever be inspired to send another box, I would be happy to find in one corner a few pounds of common candy for the little ones at Christmas. You see, I have not changed in my love for the little ones."

The summer of 1894 found Father Judge still at Nulato. He recounts the incidents of the year in a long letter to one of his brothers:—

St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska, June 30, 1894.

Dear Brother:

P. C.

I think my last letter to you was written in July, 1893, while I was on a visit to Holy Cross Mission. In the latter part of August I returned to Nulato. A few days after my arrival, Father Ragaru left, having been called by Father Superior, leaving me alone with one Brother, to attend to these two vil-

lages, one of which is within five minutes walk of the house, and the other about two miles down the river.

Here we have a small church and have begun to build a better one; but at the lower village we had none until last November, when an Indian, who had there a good log-house, sold it to me very cheap, because one of his children died there about two years ago, and the Medicine Man, or Shaman, as they call him, told our Indian that his other children would die if he remained in that house. With a little work, I fixed it up, made a temporary altar, and began on the first of December to use it for a church.

My plan is to say Mass three times a week there, and three times here, and in each place on other days to say the beads and teach catechism in the afternoon; so that every day each village has either Mass or the beads and catechism. On Sundays all come here, and we have High Mass, instruction, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The first Friday of the month, for which we prepare by a Novena, we celebrate here by a general Communion of all who have made their First Communion, in all about twenty-five, half of whom are grown children who have been to school at Holy Cross.

We are slow to admit the Indian to Holy

Communion, but this year I have secured the baptism of all the children in both villages, and of nearly all the young people; and, with few exceptions, these come to confession at least once a month.

The Medicine Man could not have conferred a greater favor upon me than he did by causing that man to leave his house. Thus we see how God makes use even of the wicked, to accomplish His designs, and turns all to the good of His elect.

On the 8th of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, immediately after Mass, I had to start on a sick-call to a village about thirty miles down the river. We left here, an Indian and myself, with a sleigh and seven good dogs about nine o'clock, stopped at noon at an Indian house for our dinner of tea, dried fish, and bread, and then continued our journey, arriving at our destination about four o'clock. It was a cold day, forty degrees below zero, but the wind was at our back and we did not suffer. I found an old man, the father of one of the children at our school, very sick with something like pneumonia. I gave him some medicine, instructed him, heard his confession, and anointed him. He was well disposed and died in a few days after I left.

On the 15th of December Father Ragaru returned from Holy Cross Mission. He

spent a month on the road, having visited all the villages on the way, stopping a few days in each. By the route he came, the whole distance was about three hundred miles.

Christmas day was a happy one for us this year. I said two Masses at the lower village, where I had nine communions, and Father Ragaru had eighteen communions here. At nine o'clock I sang High Mass here, after which I had the Christmas tree for the children, and some fun also for the grown people. Our tree looked well, although I had no candy. I made some small cakes, and with them and a large tin of sweet crackers, which some good soul sent us last summer, I filled a number of small bags, some of cloth, some of colored paper, which, together with the toys you sent, set the tree off in good style and made the little ones jump with joy when they saw it. The tin dogs, fishes, etc., which moved by themselves, amused not only the children, but also the older folks. We raffled the toys, as there were not enough for all, and gave each child a bag of cakes. To the grown people we gave a piece of sweet bread and a cup of coffee, and all went away pleased.

On the 8th of January Father Ragaru left to make a missionary trip up the river; and, a few days after, he sent me word that there

were two white men in great destitution and with their feet badly frozen, at the house of an Indian thirty miles above Nulato. At once, I sent a Brother with two sleighs, warm clothes, and a good provision of bread, tea and fish, to bring them down. He found them with their feet so badly frozen that they could not use them at all, with very little clothing and barely enough food to keep soul and body together. The Brother made the trip in three days, and although it was fifty degrees below zero when they arrived here, they were so well wrapped up that they did not feel the cold. As soon as they came, we gave them a good supper of stewed rabbits, slap-jacks, and tea, and they enjoyed it as much as you would a first-class feast. Until Father Ragaru met them, they had not tasted bread for seven months; at one time they had been two weeks without anything but a kind of wild rhubarb, which we have here, and again they had lived eight days on one small salmon.

They are young men about twenty-one years of age; one a Scotchman, a sailor by profession, and the other the son of German parents, from Minnesota, and a Catholic. The Scotchman is a Presbyterian, or at least his parents are, but he left home too young to know much about religion.

When I examined their feet, I found them

in a terrible condition; one had the heel and toes of both feet badly frozen, and by that time they were black. The other escaped better, only his two heels and the sole of one foot being hurt. For about two months they were not able to use their feet, and it was nearly four months before they could wear shoes. They left on the first steamer to go to the mining country to seek their fortune, just five months from the time they came.

These men were very clever. When they were able to move about the room, I put up a carpenter's bench, and although they were not professionals, they made many useful things for me.

We had to suffer a little for our charity, as last summer we received provisions for only two or three, and we had to make them do for five or six, so that everything was short. What we felt most was that we could afford to take only a limited amount of bread. We cooked twenty-five pounds of flour every week, making twenty-one loaves, one for each meal, which we cut into five pieces, one for each. Our principal food was rabbits — which, thank God, were very plentiful this year — sometimes stewed, sometimes fried or baked, for variety; for, as the two sailors used to remark, we were afraid we would turn into rabbits.

After Pentecost, when the snow became too soft to hunt the rabbits, we often wished we had more of them; but we had some salmon that we salted last year, which took their place, until the river broke, May the 27th. Although we could not get fish in the main river then, because the water was too high, we got some in a side stream and a lake near by; but they did not continue to run, and when the steamer came in sight, on the 14th of June, our last meal was on the table. We had two fish-nets out, and the men and the Brother had been out all the morning fishing with hooks, but had caught nothing.

Rev. Father Superior, who had heard of our need, came up on the steamer bringing us all we wanted. Thus God in His goodness, that we might recognize His providence more clearly, waited until the last moment to come to our assistance.

For my own part, I was not anxious, because I felt certain that, as we had deprived ourselves for His sake, He would not fail to help us in the hour of need.

This spring, I was also struck by a touching instance of His goodness in sweetening even the little crosses He sometimes sends us for our good.

On Sunday, March 11th, I had a sick-call twelve miles up the river. The next day, the 12th, the feast of the canonization of St.

Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, I said Mass there, but with difficulty, because the canonical finger of my right hand was very sore. After Mass, I gave the Viaticum and Extreme Unction to a sick woman and then returned home, when I recognized that I had a bone-felon and therefore would not be able to say Mass for some time; but that same day, Father Ragaru, who had been away for a month, returned. It was nineteen days before I could again say Mass; but, although the Father intended to leave before that, the weather compelled him to remain, so that we had Mass every day and I did not miss Holy Communion once on account of the felon.

The past winter was the longest and most severe they have had here for many years. The snow-fall was by far the greatest I have seen, and the spells of severe cold more frequent and longer than usual. Generally we can travel only at night in April, because the trail is too soft during the day, but this year it was so cold that the sun was not able to effect anything. It was only at Pentecost, May 13th, that the sun got the better of Jack Frost, and began his work of destruction, when, as though conscious he had a mighty work to do, he went at it in good earnest, and in two weeks this immense river had risen about twenty feet. On Sunday, May 27th, the ice began to go out. The next day

at about seven o'clock in the evening, while the whole river was one mass of broken ice forcing its way out, the large cross, which had been erected two years ago on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed, passed down the middle of the river, borne along by the ice but standing perfectly erect and facing the bank. It was a fine sight to see it moving along in the bright sunlight, amid the roaring of that immense body of ice and water. We tolled the bell while it was passing. The place where the Archbishop was killed is about forty miles above this. How far the cross went down the river we do not know. It looked as though it were sent ahead to give us warning of what was to come, for as soon as it passed, the river began to rise rapidly. We had to remain up all night to watch it, and at three o'clock in the morning we took every thing from the church, which is nearer to the bank than our house. All that day the water continued to increase, forcing all the people in the village to take refuge on the mountain, and completely surrounded our house, so that we could not leave it, except in the boat. By noon on Thursday, our cellars were full up to the floors; so, not knowing what was coming, we boarded up the lower windows to prevent their being broken by the ice, and moved everything up stairs; but at 2 P. M.,

the water began to fall rapidly, as if a gorge had broken somewhere, and in about an hour it fell two feet, after which it subsided very slowly, and even now it is higher than it was at any time last year.

When the water was at its height, we could see no land except the mountains, a thing which had never happened before in the memory of anyone. Immense cakes of ice three or four feet thick remained around the house and in the village after the water subsided but did no damage to anything, owing to a high mountain just here, which threw the current of the river to the other side and broke the force of the floating ice.

The other village, which I have charge of, two miles below here, did not fare so well, as the water covered it completely, and the ice carried my church and all of the houses far back, leaving them a heap of ruins on the hillside. Some of the people from the village, who had gone to the other side of the river before the ice broke, thinking they would be perfectly safe there on the high bank, had a narrow escape. When they saw the water coming on them and had no higher ground to retreat to, they built themselves a house, elevated on poles as high as they could, and there they sought a last refuge. Fortunately it was just high enough, but with nothing to spare, for their feet were

already in the water when it began to fall. All the villages for at least a hundred miles below here were washed away.

Last summer was so wet that it was almost impossible to dry fish, and now all along the river the Indians are in want of food, because the salmon, which is generally the first to come, has not begun to run yet. Everything this summer is two or three weeks later than other years. The Fathers on the coast were compelled to give, until they were in want themselves, because the Indians were actually starving, but I hope they have the salmon there by this time, and that we shall soon have it here also.

Last January the most noted Medicine Man here was taken sick, and thought he was dying. He sent for me, saying he wanted to save his soul. As he had two wives and knew very well that was wrong, he sent one away, and declared before all the people that he would not take her back again, that he did not believe in the Medicine Men, and would not play any more, nor "make medicine," as they say, if he got well; and, as he seemed to be truly in earnest, I heard his confession and anointed him. It would have been well for him if he had died then, but God gave him a chance to prove his sincerity, and allowed him to recover. But, with returning health, he relapsed into his

former ways. On the night of April 3rd, he played as Medicine Man, and next morning died suddenly, God calling him without a moment's warning. Many looked on his sudden death as a punishment from God for not keeping his promises. I had many confessions the following days.

Ten large girls or, as you would call them, young ladies, returned from the school at Holy Cross Mission, when the steamer came up. They are truly a great credit to the Sisters, so great is the change a few years at the school have made in them. They speak English without hesitation, have made their First Communion and been Confirmed, and are so zealous and devout. As soon as they came, I noticed how much more courageous and open they were in the practice of their faith than those who came back last year, and before; but the cause of the difference did not occur to me until now, namely, that they have been the first to receive Confirmation; for it was only when Father Tosi was in Rome last winter that the Holy Father gave him power to confer that Sacrament. Never before have I seen its effects more evident, and I sincerely thank the Holy Spirit for thus manifesting His power in these first fruits of the Sacrament, for their own sanctification, and the great edification of all who see them.

I feel greatly encouraged by the hope that when all our neophytes have received that holy Sacrament, which I hope will be some time during the coming winter, they too will become courageous to do and suffer for conscience' sake. In that case, this Mission will be firmly established, and with God's blessing we may hope to reap more abundant fruit from our labors in the future, for good example is a most powerful means to draw souls to God.

On Wednesday, the 27th of this month, we had, for the first time, the full marriage ceremony. Two of the girls from the school were married to two young men, brothers, one of whom has been living with us here for several years as interpreter. The day was the finest we have had this summer, warm and bright, and our little church never before looked so well, as only lately we put up a new altar, which was adorned with all the lights and flowers we have. Although not grand, it was neat and devotional. I think you would have been a little surprised, had you seen the two brides in their new calico dresses made for the occasion with all the skill they acquired during the four or five years with the Sisters, and their long white veils and wreaths of flowers. We had the Nuptial Mass, with all of its blessings, at which the four contracting parties received

Holy Communion; all of which was well calculated to impress the Indians with the dignity of this Sacrament and make them understand how holy and inviolable is the union between those who receive it.

Both couples live near the church, and as they manifest such good dispositions and are so well instructed, we have reason to hope they will prove an important addition to the Mission.

All our Missions are steadily gaining ground, but the field is so large and the laborers so few, and, what is more, we are very much cramped for means. Even with the greatest economy, on account of the distance from civilization, our expenses are great, while the means at our disposal are very limited.

A school here would do much good, but we cannot afford it; and we ought to have stations at several points north of this, where many souls are being lost for want of attention, but with our present means we cannot help them.

I am sure there are many good people in the States, who would be happy to help us, if they knew our needs; so, whenever you have an opportunity, you will do a good work by making those needs known, so that all who wish may aid us in gaining to God this remote corner of the Union; for, al-

though so far away from you, we are still on United States soil, of which we are constantly reminded by the flag, and by hearing the school children singing our national airs.

In a Mission like this, everything is useful. All kinds of groceries and provisions, and especially flour, rice, beans, and corn meal; dry-goods of every description, as blankets, quilts, calico, muslin, &c.; hardware, stoves and kitchen furniture; church goods, candles, oil for sanctuary lamps, candlesticks, vases, flowers, altar linen, &c.; boots and shoes for large and small; in a word, everything for church, school, or house use, or for food, clothing, bedding, &c., provided it is good, for the freight is too much to pay for worn-out or useless things, as old books and papers and the like. We are poor and therefore will not disdain the smallest offering, and as our field of labor is so vast, the largest may be turned to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

As our work is not a thing of the present only, but to continue year after year, it would be desirable that those who may wish to help us by their charity, renew their offerings each year, as far as their means will allow. All offerings should be directed to one of the Fathers of the Mission, thus: Rev. ———, St. Michael, Alaska, care of Alaska Commercial Company, Sansone

Street, San Francisco, Cal., and should be sent in time to reach there before the first of May, and the freight should be paid at least that far.

I nearly forgot to tell you about a little experience I had on the 29th of January last, feast of St. Francis de Sales. I had been at the lower village to say the beads and teach catechism, and about half past five started to return. It was very dark and stormy, so that I could not see five feet ahead, but I thought I could keep the trail by feeling with my feet. For the first half-mile I went all right, passing a big snag that lay near the trail, and going some distance beyond it; but then I lost the trail, and only after feeling around for some time found it and started again. Presently I saw something black ahead of me, and could not imagine what it could be; so, with some misgivings, I kept on until I reached it, and what was my surprise when I found it was the snag I thought I had left a mile behind me. In finding the trail after I had lost it, I had turned around, and instead of going towards home was retracing my steps. After taking care to turn right about face, and remembering that the storm was blowing down the river, and therefore I should face it all the time, I started again, and made perhaps half a mile more, when I lost the trail again, and this



YUKON RIVER IN WINTER

time for good. It was so dark that when I tried to retrace my steps I could not see the last footprint I had made. Once I was off the trail, the snow was above my waist, and every step was a labor. After trying some time, I gave up all hope of regaining the trail; and, keeping my face to the wind, tried to make what headway I could in the snow. After some time, I made a hole in the snow to rest, but I felt so sleepy I was afraid to stop long, and started off again, resolved to keep up as long as I could. So I wandered on for several hours, and was on the point of stopping, intending to pass the night in the snow, when I heard some one call. It was a welcome sound in the stillness of the night, and after answering the call for some time I met two Indians, whom the Brothers had sent out to look for me, and who led me to the house.

The night was not very cold, about ten degrees below zero, so perhaps I would not have suffered seriously from sleeping out, but I was so warm from the exertion of walking in the deep snow it would have been easy for me to have taken cold. I was three hours and a half, instead of a half-hour, coming up; but, besides being very tired, I was none the worse for it. If I had taken my snow-shoes, losing the trail would not have been so serious, but I knew the trail was good, and did

not expect to be so late returning, nor did I foresee the driving snow-storm that so completely shut out all view.

One of our Fathers on the coast had a more narrow escape. He started with two Indians and three sleighs, each one of them taking a sleigh, to go from one station to another, expecting to be two or three days on the road, but the very day they started they were overtaken by one of those driving snow-storms, so common on the coast. When it came upon them, they were following close behind one another, the Father being the last; but soon they lost sight of one another, and of every landmark by which they could guide themselves, and what made it worse for the Father and the man in front, the middle sleigh had all the provisions.

After a fruitless search for the others, as night came on the Father made his camp in the snow, and passed the night supperless. The next morning, it had cleared off enough to let him see the mountains, by which he knew that he was not far from the place they had left, so he returned, and all three met. It was fortunate the storm did not last longer, especially for the two without food.

We are expecting at any moment the steamer which will take our letters to the coast. It is more than two weeks later than last year, and therefore may not be in time

to catch the first boat leaving for San Francisco. I shall not write to the others until I receive my mail, which I expect about the middle of July.

I am well and have enjoyed good health all the year, and in fact ever since I came to the Mission, and the same may be said of all here; so I do not think any one need be afraid to come here on account of health.

Some, I believe, have been frightened by things written from here in regard to food, imagining we sometimes have to live on decayed fish, &c., but as far as I have heard, none of us have been reduced to that, nor have we so far been in want of good, healthy food, though occasionally, as in my own case this year, we have been very near it, but God has always come to our assistance in the nick of time.

We have beautiful weather now, moderately warm, clear, and bright; with full daylight all the time, so that we almost forget during these three months what night means, and what a star looks like, for we never see one. In the fishing camps especially, the Indians pay no attention to time, but each one sleeps and eats when he feels like it, so that the camp is as busy at midnight as it is at midday. I know the severity of our winters has frightened some, who have not been where the cold is severe, but

it has no terrors for those who have experienced it, and there seems to be something about this country that fascinates all who come here, for I have never yet met one, even of those who come to make money, who wished to leave it as long as he could get something to do.

Good-by for another year, unless I get time to send you a few words by the last steamer.

In the union of the Sacred Heart I remain,
Your affectionate Brother,
William H. Judge, S. J.

The Missionary's undiminished fraternal affection manifests itself in a letter written at this time to his younger brother:

Nulato, Alaska, July 24th, 1894.

Dear Brother:

I have just read a second time your two letters, which I received on the 19th inst. I cannot tell you what feelings of pleasure and gratitude they awaken within me. Every line tells me you are happy, and I can truly say in your regard, what the old Romans were wont to say when saluting a friend: "If you are happy, I am happy." You cannot be too grateful to God for all He has done for you; and there is no better means

to obtain God's blessings in the future, than to be thankful for those already received. But remember that a true Christian blesses God no less when He sends crosses and trials, than when He gives things most pleasing to nature. So, you must be always prepared to say, with holy Job, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

If we keep well in mind the truth that God loves us as His own children, with an infinite and most tender love, and watches over us with so great care that not a hair falls from our heads without His knowledge and permission, it will not be hard to understand that whatever happens to us in this life, is for our greater good, if we receive it as we should. This truth is the philosopher's stone, which has the power of turning all things into gold; for, as soon as it is applied to the sorrows of this life, it renders them sweet and delightful, because the love of the Giver more than compensates for the bitterness of the gift; or rather, it changes the bitterness into sweetness.

Some one sent me the papers containing the account of the Cardinal's Jubilee. It was the first I had heard of it. Everything concerning him has peculiar interest for me; for, he was my confessor when he was only a priest, and directed and encouraged me

during the long years I was uncertain about my future. For, although from my earliest years I believed God called me to the Priesthood, still, for many years, I could not see how I was to attain to it.

It is such a commonplace thing for me to be well, that it is easy for me to forget to mention it in my letters. This year has been no exception to the common rule, a bone-felon and a little neuralgia being the only splinters of the cross, in that line, that fell to my lot.

So far this promises to be a good year for fish. I hope it may continue so, for dry fish is here like flour in the States; if we have a good supply of that, there is no real want or suffering. Good-by. May God bless you!

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The source of the Missionary's strength is shown in a letter written two days later, in which he says: "As you say, we have the same Sweet Heart to rest on as you have; and, if He is with us what does it matter what else is wanting; for 'he who possesses God, possesses all things.' It was this thought — namely that being a priest, no matter where I might go, I could hope always to have our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament — that gave me courage to leave all that was dear to me in the East, both in the

family and in Religion; nor have I been disappointed in my hopes. Without that blessed Presence the mission life would indeed be a dreary one at times, or rather at all times."

A few weeks later an event occurred which drew Father Judge a step nearer the scene of his future great work. It is well however to remember that the world was yet wholly ignorant of the treasure that lay concealed along the banks of the tiny tributary of the Yukon, which was soon to become so world-famous.

The change is described in the letters that follow.

CHAPTER VI.

FORTY MILE POST AND CIRCLE CITY.

“Man proposes but God disposes.”

Steamer Arctic,
Yukon River, beyond the Arctic Circle,
Aug. 23, 1894.

Dear —————:

I am on the go again; and this time, I have more reason to say “good-by!” than heretofore, because I am leaving the United States. When the A. C. Company’s steamer came to Nulato a week ago, it brought me orders from Father Superior to go to a place called Forty Mile, which is an old trading-post, and now the largest mining-camp on the Yukon. I believe there are eight or nine hundred miners there this year besides the Indians, who also are miners. It is in British Columbia, about ten miles beyond our boundary, and 1,600 miles from the mouth of the Yukon.

I shall be all alone there this year and a thousand miles from any of our Fathers, too far to send in a hurry if I should need them.



FORTY MILE POST

Father Superior wished to start a Mission there long ago, but he could not spare the men. This year the Catholics among the miners begged so hard for a priest, that he could hardly refuse them.

Four days later, but still on the steamer heading southeast from the Arctic Circle, he speaks of his new move in these terms:—

Steamer Arctic,

Yukon River, Alaska, Aug. 27th, 1894.

I send you this as a “good-by” for the year, and to let you know where I shall spend the coming winter. . . . This time I believe I am coming nearer to you, although I am leaving the United States.* . . I have been taken from my good Indians at Nulato, where I was so happy, and sent here. I had no notice of the change until the steamer, which was to take me away, came; so I had to take hurriedly what I could, and leave, without time to say “good-by.” But I assure you, I have never felt happier or more like a Jesuit than I do now; and I am sure it will not be long before I am as much attached to this new Mission as I was to the other. . . .

* A glance at the map will show the reader that the Yukon flows from the southeast till it curves across the Arctic Circle; when, as if recoiling from the polar regions, the great river flows southwest to Bering Sea.

Of course, miners, as a rule, "ain't no saints"; but I am not afraid, and in fact I rather like to deal with such men. They are from every part of the world; to-day I met one, a Catholic, from Damascus. . . . I trust much to your prayers.

Sacred Heart Mission,

Shagaluk River, Alaska, May 25th, 1895.

Dear Brother:

When I closed my last letter to you, I left you under the impression that I would spend the winter at Forty Mile, among the miners, and so I thought, and so the Superiors intended, but "Man proposes but God disposes." How little do we know what the future will bring, or what we shall do tomorrow! When I wrote you, I was already on the steamer going to Forty Mile, and yet God had other designs. The morning after we left Nulato, I heard a crash in the Captain's cabin, which was next to mine, and you can imagine my feelings when, shortly afterwards, he told me he had broken the demijohn of Mass wine, which had been put in his charge at Holy Cross Mission, and which was to serve me for the whole year. This caused me not a little worry; but, as they were confident then that they could make another trip before the river got too low, I went on, with the gloomy prospect of

being six weeks or more without Mass, for it would take the steamer that long to return.

It was the first time I had been so far up the Yukon. I had not been beyond Nulato, which is about six hundred miles from the mouth, while Forty Mile is about sixteen hundred miles from St. Michael. The river is very much the same all the way up, except in one place, where there are mountains on both sides,* while elsewhere they are only on one side. The only little incident that happened on the way up to break the monotony of the steamer life, occurred one morning after we had passed a place called Birch Creek, where we took on twenty-six miners. About four A. M., when many were not yet up, the pilot saw two moose trying to cross the river some distance ahead of the steamer, and at once began to blow the whistle, which had a double effect — first, to frighten the moose and so keep them from gaining the banks, and secondly, to arouse everyone on the steamer. In a few moments the whole front

*The Lower Ramparts of the Yukon. "At this point," says a late writer, "the river emerges from a noble series of steep hills guarding its waters on both sides. They extend along its course for two hundred miles, and are so embattled in appearance as to give to this part of the country the appellation of Ramparts. For this entire distance the Yukon is half a mile wide, with rapid, smooth current, and deep enough to float an ocean liner."

Lynch — "*Three Years in the Klondike.*"

of the steamer was ablaze with repeating rifles, so that the poor things had no chance for life. Mr. G., one of the members of the A. C. Company from San Francisco, was the first to hit them while yet in the water, at seven hundred yards. For ten or fifteen minutes there was a perfect rain of bullets all around them, and yet they received only three or four wounds.

When we reached Forty Mile, I rented a cabin, got some flour, bacon, and tea from the trader, and started housekeeping in true hermit style. After looking around for a few days I started to build a log-house for myself, but when I had the first round of logs on, the steamer returned from up the river, and then they told me that they might not be able to get back from St. Michael, on account of low water in some parts of the river. I had, in the meantime, tried to find something that could be used for Mass wine; but no one except the Episcopal Bishop had any, and he would not give it. So I thought the safest thing would be to go down to Holy Cross on the steamer, get the wine and other things I needed, and return, if the steamer could get up. Two things especially moved me to this: first, I did not like the idea of being a whole year without Mass; and secondly, I thought it would make a bad impression, in a mixed community like that,

to have Catholic service without Mass. Having taken this resolution, I at once arranged my affairs with the trader and started down.

After I had been about a week at Holy Cross, the steamer came on its way up again, with a cargo of about one hundred tons of provisions, which would be badly needed at Forty Mile during the winter, the captain hoping to get up, even if he could not get back again. Again I started for Forty Mile, having made sure of the safety of the Mass wine this time. All went well the first two days, but on the third day the captain, who was making the trip against his will, quarreled with the purser and left the boat, saying he would never be able to get up. The next day, the chief pilot said he was going to leave because he had no winter clothes with him, but in truth because he thought they would pay him whatever he asked rather than let him go; but he was mistaken, for they let him go. We were fortunate enough to find at one of the stopping-places an Indian, who had been chief pilot for many years, but who is now mining, having discovered a creek, which bears his name, and which is said to be as rich as any yet found here.*

*The name of this intelligent Indian was Manook or Minook. The latter name was given not only to the creek

After this, all went well until we got to what is called Fort Yukon, a place where the Hudson Bay Company had a large fort and trading-post, but where there is now only a warehouse, built last year, for storing the goods of the trader. For some miles beyond this point the river becomes very wide and shallow, which makes it difficult for the steamer to pass, except when the river is high. We arrived at Fort Yukon in the evening and remained there over night, so as to have full daylight to make the trial, for we knew it would be close work, if we got through at all. At three o'clock next morning we started out, and in about one hour came to one of the worst places. Here we stuck and for more than an hour tried place after place, and even sent a small boat to sound and find out if there were water enough anywhere for us to pass, but all in vain; so we returned to Fort Yukon, where we left the cargo. We sent word by an Indian to Forty Mile, which is about three hundred miles from Fort Yukon, telling the trader at the former place where we were leaving the provisions, so that in case of urgent need he could come for them with sleighs when the river would be closed.

which flows into the Yukon at the western extremity of the Ramparts, but also to the town just below the mouth of the creek. The town is now known as Rampart or Rampart City.

I had now to make another election and to decide whether to remain and try to get to Forty Mile by sleigh in the winter, or to return to Holy Cross. After saying Mass, reciting the Veni Creator, and considering the chances on the one hand of getting up to Forty Mile, and on the other of being left at Fort Yukon all the year, I determined to return. Of course, the Father Superior was disappointed when I returned, and so was I; but I had done my best and I felt confident that it had all so happened by the special appointment of God, to bring about what He wished.

When I returned to Holy Cross, winter was already setting in, so I could not go anywhere until the sleighing season began, which would be in about a month. This time I spent very happily with the Father Superior and Father Crimont, who had just come from the States and whom I knew at Woodstock, and the three Brothers. Together they make up our largest community. What added very much to the happiness of those weeks of reunion was that we made our retreat all together.

As soon as the retreat was over, I started in company with a Brother and an Indian for this station on the Shagaluk to open this house, which I began to build three years ago; but I had to leave before it was half up.

In the meantime, two Brothers had come and finished the walls and put on the roof, but nothing more. We had two sleighs loaded very heavily, for we needed so many things — provisions, bedding, tools, stove, etc., and besides we had only eleven dogs for the two sleighs, which would not have been too many for one, especially as they were not as good as they might have been, half of them being pups only one year old. However, we got along very well, with a little hard work when the road was not good. The first day we made about twenty-five miles, and at dark camped for the night in an old Indian summer house.

These summer houses consist generally of a lot of sticks about as thick as a man's arm standing side by side, making an inclosure about eight feet square and six feet high, and a roof of the same kind of sticks, with a hole in the centre to let off the smoke, all covered with moss and clay. The one we camped in was minus the moss and clay on two sides; but it was better than camping outside, with a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, so we went to work to fix it up as best we could.

I began by covering the two sides, from which the moss had fallen, with my blanket; then we covered the remaining holes with a piece of drill, which we had brought for

trading, and made a fire inside, Indian fashion; but we could not stand the smoke, so we unpacked our sleighs and got out a box-stove we had, put it up, with two or three pieces of pipe running through the smoke-hole in the roof, shut everything up as well as we could, and made a good fire, which soon made it quite comfortable. After cooking and enjoying our supper, Brother and I performed our religious exercises together, filled up the stove, and prepared a supply of wood for the night. We had a good sleep, and in the morning I said Mass, after which we took our breakfast, broke up camp, and started. About noon we stopped for a dinner of dried fish, tea, and mush made of boiled flour, which you might find a little heavy; but when one is travelling in the cold, it is very good eaten with a little molasses.

That evening we reached a place called Nekakai, where an Indian has a log house, the only one in that neighborhood, and stopped there for the night. The house once had a good furnace made of stones and mud that made it very comfortable, but for want of repairs it had become unfit for use, and, Indian-like, the family had gone to live in a mud house near by. As soon as we arrived, we took possession of the log house, and when we saw that we could not make a fire in the old furnace, we got out our stove

again and put it up. This house is about 10 x 14 feet and divided into two rooms, one of which I had to myself. Here we had a good night's rest, said Mass, and after breakfast continued our journey. About nine o'clock we reached the first regular village on the road, and we stopped for about an hour while I baptized two children.

About noon the same day we met a party of Indians, who told me there was, at a little village somewhat out of our way, a child who was very sick, and who had not been baptized. At once, I started to go there, but it was after nightfall when I arrived, not a little fatigued, and you can imagine my sorrow when they told me the little one had died in the morning. I did not mind the fatigue of the journey, as long as I had the hope of saving that little soul, but God willed it otherwise. We spent the night in the village, and next morning after Mass and breakfast resumed our march, arriving at our journey's end about ten o'clock.

We found this house, or at least the walls and roof of the house (for there were no floors or partitions yet) so covered with frost inside that one would have thought it was made of ice or snow. With very little delay we spread some loose boards in the middle of the house, put the stove on them, and ran the pipe through an opening in-

tended for a door at the back. Then we made a hot fire, and by two o'clock had slap-jacks and tea ready for dinner. Very soon the heat from the stove began to melt the frost on the walls and roof, and for two or three days it was difficult to find a place where one could keep dry.

It was Saturday when we got here, and immediately after dinner I went over to the village on the other side of the river, to see a young man, whom I had baptized when here three years ago, and who, I heard before starting, was now dying of consumption. When I went into the mud house where he lived, I found him on the ground near the fire, his face black with smoke, and so weak that he could not move and could scarcely speak. I had him put on the side shelf or ledge, which is raised above the ground, and got some water and washed his face and hands, for which he was most grateful. Then I heard his confession and tried to prepare him for death, as I saw he was very near the end. The next day, Sunday, I anointed him, and when I went to see him on Monday, I found him in his agony, so I remained with him, saying the beads in Indian and repeating the Holy Names until he died.

As soon as the death-stroke came, which was some minutes before he drew his last breath, all his relatives, men and women,

stripped to the waist and began to cry or wail in a most mechanical manner, waving their arms over his body in a frantic way. It was the first time I had been present when one of the natives died, and I was not prepared for this demonstration, but I remained kneeling at his head repeating the Holy Names until I was sure he was dead. Then I made them put on their clothes and would not let them touch him until I had said the beads again for the repose of his soul. He had been a good young man, and it seemed as though God kept him alive until I came to give him the Sacraments.

As soon as we got one-fourth of the floor of our house down, I started to build an altar, and in two weeks I was able to say Mass on it; but, although I was very anxious to have the Blessed Sacrament in the house, I was not able to finish the altar and chapel until Holy Thursday. The chapel is fourteen feet wide and ten feet deep and separated by folding doors from the Indian room, fourteen feet by twenty feet, which serves as the body of the church during services. Just inside the door is the altar-railing, the first, I believe, in Alaska. The altar has two steps and is nine feet over all. Nothing gives me more happiness than to be able to have things nice for our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, and therefore I am

most grateful to those who send me anything for the altar or the chapel. The house is thirty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. Up-stairs there is a half-story over all, except the chapel, which gives storage, a place for one or two Indian boys, whom I generally keep, and a room for a Brother, when I am happy enough to have one. At present I have charge of six villages, this one, two down the river, and three up, so that I am nearly in the middle of the Mission.

On the 7th of January I started to visit the three upper villages. When I arrived at the last of the three, which is about fifty miles from this house, I found the people making what they call a feast, which is a superstitious performance, by which they believe they will obtain all they need for the coming year. At first they would not let me go into the Casino. When I told them I would not speak against their performance while in there, they allowed me to go in. I was glad, because I had never seen the whole business before, and I wished to know just how much superstition there is in these feasts. I will try to describe all I saw that night, so that you may know what we have to work against.

This Casino is about twenty-five by forty feet, the side walls about eight feet high, with a roof slanting from the walls to the

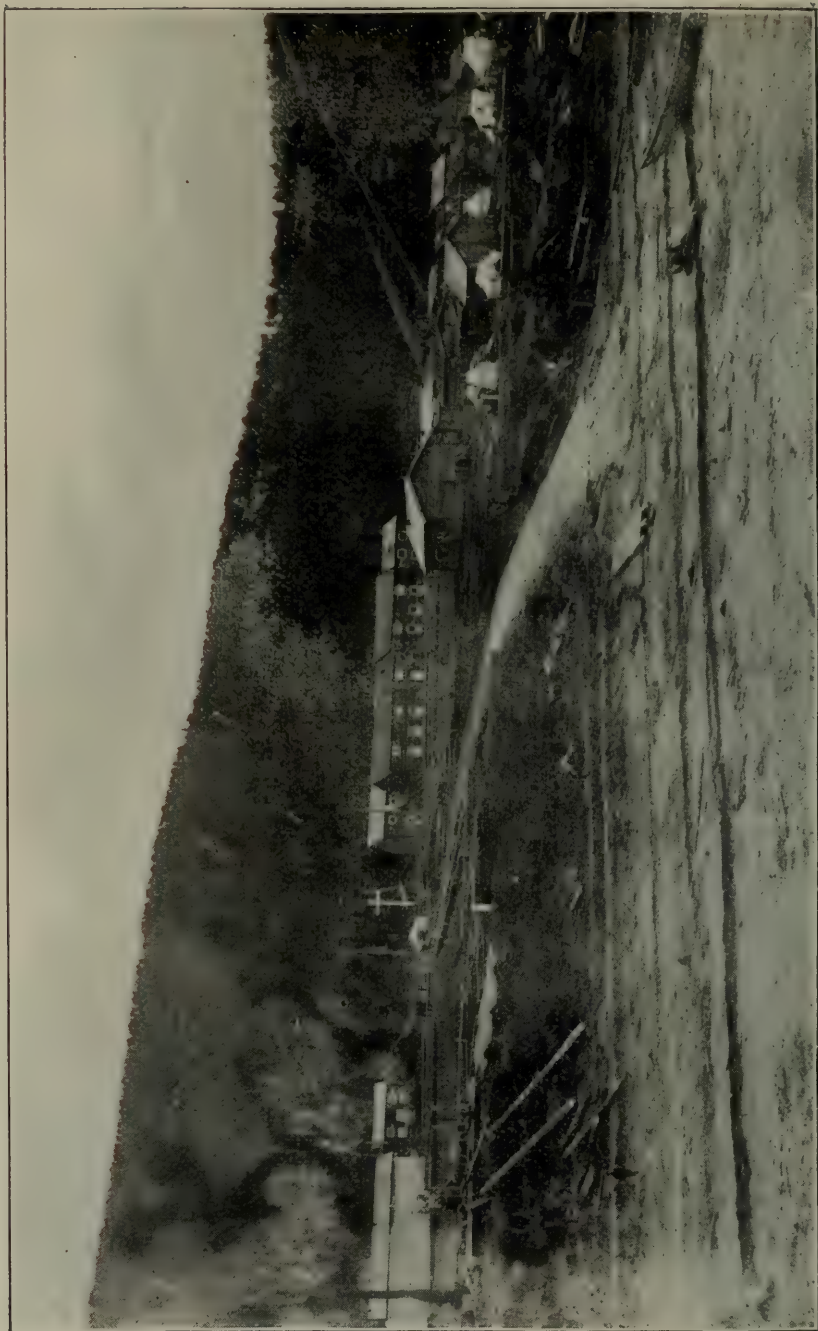
centre, where is the window, which is about sixteen feet from the floor. During these feasts they put four sticks (about six feet high, and four or five inches wide, and decorated with feathers and drawings of animals), one a few feet from each wall, at the four sides of the room. They believe that these sticks contain spirits, which have power to make them live or die, and that if anyone go between these sticks and the wall, he will die. Then they make hundreds of sticks about the size of a yardstick, on one end of which they carve rudely different animals, fish, bags of flour or tea, and everything they desire to get. These they place side by side all around the Casino, just where the roof joins the wall, and they believe the more of these sticks they place in the Casino during the feast, the more things they will get.

They never have their performances in the day time, but always at night, and generally begin them about six o'clock, which is full night here in winter. When all is ready, all the people come in, young and old, men, women, and children, the men occupying the large bench or shelf, which runs all around, and the women and children sitting on the floor and filling every corner, leaving only the centre of the room clear. On one side of this opening, that night, there were six men

with hoops covered with seal bladders stretched like drum-heads, and all night long they beat these with small, flat sticks, keeping time to the singing, which they kept up all night, sometimes in solo, sometimes in chorus. It was the best Indian singing I have heard since I came here. They sang in this way until near midnight, when they brought in another stick dressed with feathers like the others, and placed it in the middle of the room. Then a woman and a girl dressed for the occasion with feathers on their heads and feathers tied on their fingers, came before the stick and began to bow and bow to it, first at a little distance, then gradually drawing nearer, until they got close to it, when they got down on their knees and bowed down to the floor many times.

During all this, the men were beating their drums and the people singing. After some time the woman and the girl disappeared through a hole in the floor, the stick that had received so much homage was removed, and the singing went on as before. When I spoke with some of the most intelligent of the men and tried to show them that these sticks had no power to help them, their only answer was: "When we do this way, we have plenty, but when we do not do it, we have nothing." Again, to show you what

reverence they have for the Medicine Man: in another village, on one occasion, they shut the window in the top of the Casino before all the smoke was out; and when they perceived that, one of the men took an old Shaman's glove, put it on a stick, and stuck it up in the middle of the room. When I asked what that was for, they told me it would prevent the smoke from making them sick. After arguing with them for a while, I took the glove and beat it as hard as I could with my fist and said to them, "See, I beat it, and it has no power to hurt me!" But, as before, they only answered, "If we do that, we do not get sick; but if we do not put it there, we get sick." On my trip I baptized five infants, one of whom died about two months afterwards. To see these little ones go to heaven is one of our greatest consolations at present. It is very hard to get the old people to give up the superstitions they have been educated in from their childhood; all we can do is to instruct them as well as we can, and try to save them at the last moment. Many of the young are better disposed, and I think, in time, with constant teaching, they will give up these superstitions.



HOLY CROSS MISSION

Holy Cross Mission,
Feast of the Sacred Heart.

I started from my Mission to come here on the 27th of May in a boat I had built for the purpose. The distance is seventy-five miles by the river, and I expected to make it in one day, but the mouth of the river was gorged with ice, which almost stopped the current, so we had to paddle all the way. The second night we met the ice about fifteen miles from the mouth of the Shagaluk and had to stop. Next morning it had moved down, so we started again; but, after going about five miles, we overtook it and at first thought we would have to wait. However, after going along the bank for some distance and examining it, we found that on account of the little current in the river the ice was not so compact as it generally is, so we determined to try to make our way through it. At first it was close work, and would have been dangerous if there had been any current, but after working among the ice for about three hours, we came to clear water again, which lasted until we got to the mouth of the river, which we found entirely blocked up.

As it was near noon, we stopped and prepared our dinner, which consisted of a duck roasted on a stick over a camp-fire, without

any bread or vegetables. In fact, I had been living chiefly on geese and ducks for nearly a month, so that the prospect of waiting two or three days for the ice to go out was far from being pleasant.

While we were taking our simple dinner, three Indians came down in their canoes, wishing also to get over to the Mission. After talking the matter over and sending a man up a tree to try to see if the Yukon were clear of ice, the Indians said they knew a way to get to the Yukon by making a long portage across the country and following a slough. I determined to leave my boat with my boy and an Indian, who would bring it as soon as the river was open, and to go myself with the three Indians by the portage.

After going a short distance in the canoes, we landed and carried them two or three miles across the country to a slough of the Yukon, which, though not clear of ice, was sufficiently so to allow our canoes to go. After following this for about two hours, we came in sight of the Yukon, which, to our great relief, we found entirely clear of ice, so all we had to do was to cross the Yukon and we were at the Mission, where we arrived at 7 P. M., just in time for the Benediction after May service.

Since I came here, I have been delighted to see the piety of the school children, boys

and girls. In March, Father Superior made the trip to Kotzebue Sound, and selected a place for a Mission, which he hoped to start this year, if we got any men. His health was not good when he started, and it was a long and difficult journey. For the success of this undertaking Father Crimont who has charge of the boys, and the Sisters, started a kind of Apostleship of Prayer among the children, by which they were to offer up prayers, good works, and penances for Father Tosi and the success of his trip. You would be astonished, as I was myself, to see the list of heroic acts of charity, mortification, and self-denial performed by these Indian children during the month of March—taking the discipline at night, eating their meals on the floor, keeping hours of silence during the time they are allowed to speak, etc.

During the month of May they did the same in honor of our Blessed Mother, offering the acts to her on the day of the May procession at the end of the month. But during this month, June, and especially during the novena to the Sacred Heart, they have surpassed themselves. I do not think they have been outdone by the same number of white children in any school; so their generosity may be a spur even to your boys.

Just at the beginning of the novena to the Sacred Heart, one of the girls was taken

sick; the next day, as there were evident signs that she was going into a coma, the Father heard her confession, gave her the Viaticum, and anointed her. When she received the Sacraments, she was perfectly conscious, but shortly after, the coma came on. However, at times she regained consciousness, and Sunday night she prayed all night and told the Sister she would go to heaven on Wednesday. At noon on Monday she again became insensible, and at seven o'clock in the evening died without a struggle. She had been a good girl, very devout to the Sacred Heart. She was about fourteen years old and had been with the Sisters three or four years.

Our May procession, although not so grand as yours, was very devotional, and made me feel very happy, for they sang the same litanies and hymns as we used to sing in the grand processions at Loyola. We prepared two altars outside for the Corpus Christi procession. The feast-day itself was a beautiful day; but, as we expected back, for Sunday, Father Superior, Father Robaut, and two Brothers, who were away, we put off the procession to that day, and to our great disappointment it rained nearly all day, so we could not have it.

St. Michael, July.

On the 24th of June the steamer Arctic arrived at Holy Cross Mission, having on board all the traders from the upper river. This first down trip of the A. C. Company's boat is a great event at the Mission, because the children always give a little entertainment to the agents of the Company, the traders, and any white passengers who may chance to be on board. The children are very anxious for the arrival of this steamer, and often go to the top of the mountain to see if there is any sign of it.

Its arrival was most opportune this year. The children saw the smoke from the mountain about one hour before the boat arrived, and at once began to prepare for the great event of the year. When the steamer came, the weather was clear and bright, and the Mission never looked better. The children, boys and girls, were drawn up in two lines to receive the visitors, and one of the boys read a nice little address of welcome to the head agent of the A. C. Company, who was among them. After the address, the children filed into the large schoolroom, followed by the visitors. The Sisters had prepared a long program; but the steamer had been delayed, and the agent was very anxious to reach St. Michael before the ocean

steamer arrived there; so they left out much that had been prepared, giving only a song of welcome, some specimens of reading, a second address and a few more songs, the last of which was "Wait for the Wagon."

Although the entertainment was so short, all were astonished at what they saw and heard. When the next steamer goes up, it is likely the children will have a chance to give the whole program. The boys read at table for the Fathers, and I can safely say they are not inferior to any white boys of the same age.

The ocean steamer arrived here Saturday, June 29th, bringing only one Father and one Brother, while we were hoping for at least three Fathers and as many Brothers. There are so many calls on us, from both whites and Indians, that Rev. Father Superior is truly puzzled how to supply so many demands with so few subjects.

During the past year this station has been completely renewed by the new agent of the A. C. Company. The old buildings have all been remodeled or repaired, and many new buildings have been added, among them several large warehouses, a large boarding-house for the traders and visitors, and private houses. We have a double house for the first time; heretofore we had only rooms

in the Company's houses; or, when they were full, we lived in our tents.

The number of whites in the country is increasing very rapidly and, consequently, the demand for food. Every year since I came, the A. C. Company has been doubling its supplies; but, even with what the new Company brings, it has been, until this year, close work, especially for the upper country. The A. C. Company will put on two new river steamers this summer, one very large which will carry at least three hundred tons, and one small which will remain in the upper river to supply the stations above Forty Mile.

The Yukon river passes just in front of the Mission, about a hundred yards from the fence. This year we have extended the garden to within a few feet of the river-bank. Last year the Sisters raised a quantity of fine cauliflower, and both Fathers and Sisters had potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and other vegetables all the year, and were able to give them frequently to the children, who are especially fond of raw turnips, and who enjoy much better health since we have been able to give them in abundance.

This year we hope to have potatoes enough to give them to the children daily. I have not yet enjoyed the luxury of vegetables, except for short intervals, as I have always run away from Missions, when they began to

have vegetables, to go to stations where there were none.

Among our children is the daughter of the Russian priest, which shows that our school has a very good name. We also have the children of nearly all the traders. One of the larger girls is already able to play the organ at Mass. Many of the children are fond of music, and some show unusual talent for it. I wish we had some violins and other instruments for the boys. It would add very much to the school if we could have a band, but we are too poor to buy the instruments and music.

Many boys and girls have left the school and are doing well; some of the boys are employed by the A. C. Company, others are clerking for the traders and giving great satisfaction. Several girls who have been married to good young men (Indians) give great promise for the future, and they cannot fail to do much good to those around them.

There have not been many children at the new school, which we opened last year, but only because we did not wish too many until the Sisters had time to prepare. We can have as many children at the school as we wish; the only limit is, how many have we the means to support. If we could only make our needs known to those who have the means to help us, I am sure many would

be happy to aid us in this good work. The boarding-schools produce solid fruit, and accomplish it more quickly and better than any other means; but, of course, they are expensive, and we have been notified that the little help the Government has been giving us will be discontinued for the future, so we now depend entirely on charity for the support of the Mission.

We have been blessed with an unusually fine spring and summer this year, and what adds very much, we have never seen so few mosquitoes.

We now have ten Fathers, seven Brothers, and eleven Sisters; but what is that for such an immense country? When will the Lord hear our prayers and send laborers into his vineyard?

Thank God I am well, and as happy as ever. I love this Mission and would be very sorry to return to the States, even for a short time. Even to come here (to St. Michael) is a penance, as it keeps me from my Mission so long; and, what is worse, as so few new missionaries came to join us this year, Father Superior may be compelled to send me to some new station. *Fiat voluntas Dei!*

Now I think I have given you a good idea of my simple year's work, and hope you will not find it altogether uninteresting.

I cannot tell you now where I shall spend the coming year, but I shall try to write you later, when it is settled. In the union of the Sacred Heart, I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

Fraternal affection, gratitude to God, and cheerful courage, becoming stronger amid the hardships of Mission work, are manifested in other letters written from St. Michael in the summer of this year.

"You always ask me," he writes, "to tell you everything about myself, and I try to do so; although I am almost afraid, because you exaggerate things so much, making what is nothing something very heroic.

"I was very happy this year with my good Indians, at the Sacred Heart Mission, and I had plenty to eat all the year; but, about the first of May, my flour began to run out, so I had to put myself on short allowance. At first, I had two cups of flour a day, which was good enough, although three cups would have been much better; then I got to one cup a day; and, the last week before I came to Holy Cross Mission, I had no cup. Still there was no danger of starvation or even of being very hungry, as I had plenty of geese, ducks, and fish; but to eat these three times a day without bread or vegetables is harder

than one, who has not tried it, would think. When I had only two cups of flour left, I woke up one night about twelve o'clock, feeling very sick; and shortly after I began to vomit as though I had been poisoned. But I think it was only a bilious attack brought on by eating so much meat at the time of the year when we do not need it.

"The next day I was unable to eat anything but broken ice. The second day was the feast of the Ascension. With difficulty, I said Mass and got my Indian boy to cook the two cups of flour, making two short-cakes, one of which I took that day, but kept the other for several days, taking only a little piece at each meal. If I had not been sick it would not have been so hard, but I could not bear the sight of meat for some days. The day before I got sick, I had a sudden inspiration to communicate as though it were my Viaticum, and I did so. When I woke up the next night feeling so sick, I could not help thinking that it might be the beginning of the end and that the communion of the morning was really the Viaticum, as there was no priest within fifty miles, and it was impossible to send word at that season when the snow was melting and the rivers not yet clear of ice. But, as A Kempis says, I was not worthy to pass to my reward yet; and so I must strive now with the help of

your prayers to prepare better. I expect to be alone again this year, for nine or ten months; but do not fear, for I feel confident that He, for whose sake I am leaving all, even the Sacraments, will not forsake me in the hour of need."

To one of his brothers, he says: "I assure you I have never felt really separated from you. You are so constantly present to my mind that it is hard to realize I have not seen you for so long, or that there are so many thousands of miles between us. . . . I am very happy, and my happiness is not a little increased by hearing that all the dear ones in the States are well and happy."

On July 24th, he wrote to one of his sisters: "As you say, it is not so much what we do, that God regards, as with how much generosity we do it. And what more can any one do than to desire with his whole heart that God's holy will may be fully accomplished in him, and to do all he can to bring it about. This year, I have felt more than ever before, how grateful we should be for the many special graces we have all received. . . . We should be continually thanking His Divine Majesty for these special tokens of His love; and we may be sure that if we are grateful for graces already received, He will not fail to grant those we need for the future. I think there

is nothing sweeter or more soothing to the soul than an ardent desire that God's holy will may be fully and perfectly accomplished in us; so, when we feel such desires in our hearts, we should thank God for them, as they are the fruit of His bounty towards us.

"I am very well and happy now. I shall have to remain here (at St. Michael) about two weeks more, to attend to our supplies for the coming year and to look after whatever goods may be sent us by the steamer; then I shall go to Forty Mile, and remain there until next summer. I know I shall have plenty of work, so the time will not hang heavily on my hands. Ever since I came to Alaska, I have been wishing that the days and the years were twice as long."

By September, Father Judge was once more afloat on the great river, as we see from the following letter:

Steamer Alice,

Yukon River, Alaska, Sept. 2nd, 1895.

Dear Brother:

I received the books you so kindly sent me, and I am very thankful for them. As you see from the heading, I am on the go again, and with a good prospect of reaching Forty Mile this time. I was hoping

we would receive a good reinforcement this year; but only one Father came, and two had to return to the States. So Father Superior had no one else he could send to the whites, and I had to go.

We could not well refuse them a priest this year; because, now that our Superior is Prefect Apostolic, he has charge of the whites as well as of the Indians; and besides, the number of the former is increasing very fast. I have already given you, in my letters of last year, an idea of what my life may be; but what it will be in reality, I cannot say until next year. No doubt the hardest part will be to be alone for ten months, with no communication whatever with the other Fathers; but I hope it will be "alone with God."

The letter you wrote May 28th, 1894, came to St. Michael, but too late to be sent up the river. It was forwarded to Holy Cross during the winter, where I found it when I got there about the first of June. So, it was just a year old when I received it. . . .

Pray that God may send laborers into His vineyard. Many children are dying without baptism because the field is so large and we are so few. I am well and happy. Naturally I would prefer to remain with the Indians; but I know that what is done from obedience, is more pleasing to God and more

profitable to us than what we do because we like it; and, although I am in no way suitable for the task that has been put upon me, I have good reason to hope that He, who sends me to this work, will supply what is wanting in His poor servant.

Wishing you a very happy year, I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The year 1896 found the hopeful Missionary in the new field of labor at Forty Mile Post. The following letters give us some idea of his life and work:

Forty Mile, N. W. T.,

Feb. 9th, 1896.

Dear Brother:

I hope this will prove a pleasant surprise, coming, as it will, at a time when you are not looking for letters from these parts. About this time every year, some men go from here to the States by way of Juneau, having six hundred miles to make with sleigh and dogs. I do not know what kind of weather you are enjoying this evening, but I would not be surprised if we were 100 degrees colder than it is with you. As I am writing, it is 64 degrees below zero, and last month it was 70 degrees below for ten

days on a stretch. You see, however, that my ink is not frozen; and, in fact, my log-cabin is quite comfortable. We are in the midst of winter, but the short dark days are passed, and we begin to feel the joy of spring, for it does one good to see the sun after it has been out of sight for a month, as it happens here during the period of shortest days. At such times we have scarcely four hours of light, but now we have ten hours of daylight with six of sunshine. The days lengthen very rapidly, and by the end of March we shall not need lamps any more.

I am with the whites this year, for this is a mining-camp; everybody looking for gold, some finding it, and some getting nothing, a few becoming rich, but the greater number only making a living, and all working very, very hard. You would be astonished to see the amount of hard work that men do here in the hope of finding gold. They burn holes like wells through the ice and the frozen ground, some of them as much as thirty feet deep. To sink these holes they have to cut large quantities of wood, make a big fire every evening, and next morning clean out all that is thawed. You can imagine what work they have; and yet, very often, after sinking these holes, they find nothing. O if men would only work for the kingdom of

heaven with a little of that wonderful energy, how many saints we would have!

All my flock are not here at the Post; some are scattered on the different creeks within a range of a hundred miles; so that I have as much travelling as I had when I was with the Indians. I was away, from January 8th to February 4th, visiting the miners along Forty Mile Creek.* I had some hard work and was delayed by the severe cold, but I was pleased with the result of my visit. All received me well, Protestants as well as Catholics, and I often had an opportunity of explaining Catholic doctrine to those who had never heard a true statement of our faith. I expect to be on the road most of March and April visiting the other creeks where the men are working.

When at home, and generally even when travelling, I am very comfortable. Still, we have no Pullman cars, and when the snow blows over the trail, it is a little like hard work to go with sleigh and dogs. Here at Forty Mile, I have two log-cabins under one roof, one for our Lord and the other for His poor servant. I am all alone, but it is a happy solitude, for my room opens into the chapel where I keep the Blessed Sacrament, and I can enjoy His company as often as I wish; so, though all alone, I am never alone.

* See map.

I made an altar nearly the same as the one at the Sacred Heart Mission, and a good lady gave me a nice carpet for the sanctuary, which makes the chapel look passing well for these parts. I am well and happy, as I ought to be, seeing how good God has been to me calling me to His sweet service. God bless you!

Under the same date, he writes to another:

“We did not see the sun from the 8th of December to the 4th of January; but that is on account of the mountains which surround us on all sides. During those four weeks, the sun never rose high enough to be seen above the mountains; but already, the days are twice as long as they were at Christmas.

“As you know, I am with the whites this year, and therefore am enjoying some of the comforts of civilization. For, even in this last corner of the earth, there are some nice, respectable people, and some good Catholics among them. A great part of the miners seem to be men who have been running away from civilization as it advanced westward in the States, until now they have no farther to go, and so have to stop here. I am told there is one man, who although born in the States, has never seen a railroad, because he kept moving ahead of the railroads until he got here.

"I have had the consolation of bringing a good many back to their duties; but there are many more who call themselves Catholics, yet practice nothing of what their holy faith requires of them; and a greater number who have lost their faith entirely. Pray for them that they may not die in so wretched a state. One of the last mentioned class committed suicide last fall, a few days after I had been urging him to come to Mass and to make his confession. . . .

"Some come to Mass every morning, and I try to have as many communions as possible on the first Friday of each month, that the Sacred Heart may have some glory, even in this frozen region."

To his youngest brother he writes: "It is life in the Far West, and I think a little different from the ordinary 'Far West' of the novels; although we have Indians, bears, wolves, moose, deer, etc., all around us; and, as a rule, log-cabins for houses. Some of these, however, really deserve the name of houses, as they are two or three stories high; while even some one-story cabins are as comfortable as one could wish, and it is hard to realize that one is in a log-cabin, when it is papered and furnished with carpets, lace curtains, pictures, etc. There are a few of that kind, but they are the exception, and are found only where there are white ladies, the

ordinary miner's cabin being a rather rough affair but generally comfortable.

"I have two cabins, or rather, one with two sections, each about fourteen feet square. One serves for chapel and the other for house. The latter is divided by a partition into two rooms, one of which is bedroom, kitchen, and dining-room, and the other, sitting-room and reception-room. I keep the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel, which has a door opening into my sitting-room; so you see how happy I am living under the same roof and, I might say, all alone with our dear Lord, night and day.

"It is close on 60° below zero this evening, but I am comfortable. We are having a very cold winter but a fine one. I was travelling all last month, and several times I had to lie over because it was dangerous to be out. I remained in one place from the 19th to the 29th, as the quicksilver remained frozen during all that time, which means that it was at least 40° below; and most of the time it was in the neighborhood of 70° below.

"There are many poor men here who have only the clothing they brought from the States, and who cannot afford to buy more. I gave the coat you sent me to one who needed it very much: I never used it in winter, as it was too light, and I have a fur coat which is much better for the severe

weather, but it was very useful in the spring and fall, and even in summer. I would be thankful for another of the same kind; but I shall not suffer for want of it."

Two days later, he writes to one of his sisters, a religious, who had had some experience in the Rocky Mountain region:—

Forty Mile, N. W. T.

Feb. 11th, 1896.

You may have a better idea than the others, what a western mining-camp is like; but I suspect that an Alaskan mining-camp is different from what you have seen. There are only about one hundred and fifty people living here now; but there are about five hundred in the neighborhood, who have to come here for their provisions. There are two trading companies with large stores, a hardware store, a barber-shop, and a number of saloons. The English Government has a post with twenty soldiers or police, customs collectors, etc. The officers have their families with them and are very nice people. They all belong to the Church of England, but are very kind to me, and have invited me to dinner several times. The gentleman who keeps the hardware store is a good Catholic. He and his wife come to Mass every morning. . . . Last week, they gave me a nice carpet for the sanctuary. . . .

On Jan. 8th I started to visit the miners living on Forty Mile Creek. I had a sleigh and only one dog, for dogs are scarce here and sell for fifty to seventy-five dollars apiece. The first day, I made twenty-five miles and stopped at night with an old man who makes a good living by cultivating potatoes and turnips, which he sells like hot cakes to the miners, for vegetables are scarce. He is not a Catholic.

After leaving his place I found a cabin about every five miles, and the inmates all Catholics; so I stayed one night at each house, and said Mass every day. Having travelled thus for four or five days, I came to a stretch of about forty miles, throughout which there were no more inhabited cabins; but there were two vacant ones, with stoves in them, used by those who make a business of hauling provisions for the miners.

About two o'clock on the 16th of January, I started in company with one of those teamsters to go to the first of the vacant cabins, distant only about six or seven miles from where we were. I do not know just how cold it was; but the quicksilver was frozen, so it was at least forty below zero. I had never been over that road, but the teamster told me to go ahead, as I could go faster than he could with his heavy load, and so

would get more quickly out of the cold. I did so, and all went well for about three miles, when I came to a place where the water had overflowed the ice. Although the surface was frozen, the new ice was not strong enough to bear the sleigh; it broke, and I had to walk in the water, almost up to my knees, for about two hundred yards; and, as I was not prepared to find water, my boots were not suitable and my feet got wet. I did not know how far I was from the cabin, but thought it was not far; so I pushed on, trying to keep my feet from freezing by walking as fast as I could. But the sleigh was made much heavier by the ice that formed on it and the snow that stuck to it after it had passed through the water; so I could not go as fast as I ought to have gone, and I thought I would never get to the cabin. About two hours after I got my feet wet, I felt so tired that I was about to stop, wrap myself in my blanket, and wait for the teamster who was behind me; for it was so dark that I could not see well, and I was afraid that I might have passed the cabin without knowing it. But, just when I was about to stop, my dog took a sudden start; so I thought perhaps he saw the cabin; and, sure enough, in a few minutes we came to it.

It was on a high bank, which I had some difficulty to climb. When I got to it, I found

a log-cabin with no floor, no window, and no hinges to the door; but there was a stove, and at once I tried to start a fire, after making some shavings with my knife. The wood was so cold I could not succeed with matches, and I had to go back to the sleigh to get a piece of candle; but my gloves also had gotten wet, in coming through the water, and when I took them off to make the fire, they froze so hard that I could not get them on again, and I had to go down and get up the bank without using my hands, which was not easy, especially the coming up.

I did not forget that it was the thirtieth anniversary of mother's death, and I thought that it might be God's will to take me on the same day. But, with some difficulty, I got up again, crawling and using my elbows instead of my hands; and, with the help of the candle, I soon got a fire started. As soon as I started to thaw the ice off my boots, I felt a pain shoot through my right foot, so I knew that it must be frozen. At once I went out and filled a box, that I had found in the cabin, with snow, then took off my boot and found that all the front part of my right foot was frozen as hard as a stone. . . . I could not make a mark in it with my thumb nail. So, I had to go away from the fire and rub the foot with that awfully cold

snow, which is more like ground glass than anything else, until I got the blood back to the surface, which took at least half an hour. After that I held my foot to the red-hot stove for about one hour before it was completely thawed out. With such treatment, no harm follows from the freezing; but if you go into a warm room, or put the frozen part to the fire before rubbing with snow till it becomes red, it will decay at once and you cannot save it. It is the first time I have been frozen; but I have doctored others, and I knew what was necessary, and so, thank God, I escaped.

Three days later I got to the end of my journey, about one hundred miles from here. I was just in time, for that very evening the most severe spell we have had began, and for ten days the temperature remained between sixty and seventy below zero. I stopped with an Irishman and his wife and was very comfortable. I said Mass every day and had six or seven present each time, for there were other Catholics living nearby; and six received Holy Communion.

As soon as the quicksilver thawed, which showed that it was less than forty below zero, I started to return, stopping to see some people that I did not see on my way up. It took me seven days to come back: in some places it was very hard work as the wind

had drifted the snow and covered the trail, making it difficult to push the sleigh, and even to walk. But I was well pleased with my trip; and it is a great consolation to be able to do some little for the glory of the Sacred Heart, by leading these sheep to Him, even though it cost some labor and suffering. As long as I can thus do some good, and have the Blessed Sacrament, I have all I desire.

So you see I am happy. Pray for me that I may always remain faithful to the great grace of my vocation. How great is our debt of gratitude to Almighty God for His goodness in calling us to the religious life. The older I get, the better I realize the greatness of this favor, and the obligation we are under of doing all we can for the glory of our Benefactor. I am very well and feel as young as I did when you last saw me; but, no doubt, time is doing its work on all of us, and so we may hope soon to receive the reward of our poor labors. God bless you and all your good Sisters in religion!

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The incident related in the above letter was one of the most trying in Father Judge's missionary life. We can imagine what were his feelings during those weary hours that

passed while he trudged on with feet benumbed behind the slow-moving sleigh, alone, almost in the dark, uncertain of the way, and threatened with fatal freezing. No doubt his prayers were more than ever earnest, and his confidence in God unshaken; and yet the accumulated miseries of the situation must have been a sore trial for even his cheerful, generous spirit.

Here we see what the missionary spirit enables a priest to do for God and the souls of men; and we realize also that although God is ready to aid His servant, yet He expects him to do, on his part, all that he can.

In the summer of 1896 Father Judge made his usual annual visit to Koserefsky and St. Michael. From the following letters we learn something of the events of that trip down the Yukon, and of his work:—

Holy Cross Mission, Alaska,

Sept. 8th, 1896.

Dear Sister:

I feel ashamed when you exaggerate so much the little I have to suffer here for our dear Lord. I mean the bodily sufferings; for I am sure that, if as great, they are not greater than those you have passed through.

Of course we have our cross here, the same cross that all Religious are apt to have,

and that makes the religious life so meritorious; but, as long as I have so many holy souls praying for me, I hope to be able to bear it.

I left Forty Mile on the last day of May; I have been to the coast attending to the supplies for the coming year, and I arrived here only a few days ago. During all this time, although I seldom missed Mass, I have not had the Blessed Sacrament; for I was travelling half the time, and at St. Michael we have no chapel. I am now waiting for the steamer to take me to Circle City, where I am to spend the coming winter.

Circle City, so named because it is near the Arctic Circle, is a large mining-camp, about two hundred miles this side of Forty Mile. I have to go first to Forty Mile to get what things I left there, and bring them to my new Mission, and begin again. This constant moving from place to place is hard to human nature, but it is what a Jesuit has to be ready for. I hope to have things in better condition this year than last. I have received a small church-bell and an organ, both of which I felt the want of very much at Forty Mile.

There are several Catholic ladies at Circle City, so I may hope for some assistance in keeping the church nice....

It would have made you happy to see me

when I opened the boxes you sent; I was very happy to see so many things for the altar. I had no altar-laces last year, but now I am rich.

The breaking of the ice at Forty Mile, this year, was a grand sight. It happened on the 17th of May, and on the 31st I started to come down on a little steamer called the Beaver.

We arrived at Holy Cross Mission on the 6th of June. As we expected to find at St. Michael a new boiler for our steamer, we took out the old one; and, with two Brothers and some Indians, I started to drift the boat down to St. Michael, which is four hundred miles from Holy Cross. If we had had good weather, it would not have been so very difficult a task; but the weather was very stormy nearly the whole time, so that we were eighteen days on the way, instead of being about ten, as I had hoped. It was hard work, and many times we were in great danger; so much so, that I made a vow to say five Masses and fast on five Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart, if we got down safely. I need hardly tell you that my confidence was not in vain; all ended well, and we arrived safely at St. Michael on the 4th of July.

These summer months spent, in great part, in going to the coast for supplies, are generally troublesome and bring more dis-

tractions than all the rest of the year. I expect that there will be at least a thousand white people at Circle City this winter, and I know there will be many Catholics among them; so, I shall very likely have a pleasant winter, and with the help of your good prayers, shall be able to do something for the greater glory of God. I am looking every day for the steamer that is to take me up. It is getting very late in the year, and there is some danger of the water being too low for the boat to pass some shallow places. If I can arrange things as I hope to when I get up to Circle City, I shall write to the Sisters of Providence to come next spring to open a hospital there. They are anxious to come, and are only waiting for the word....

May God bless you and all your good Sisters in religion for your great goodness to me!

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

A few days later, in writing to another of his sisters, who had celebrated the Silver Jubilee of her religious profession, he manifests his grateful appreciation of the grace of a religious vocation.

Holy Cross Mission, Alaska,

Dear Sister:

Sept. 12th, 1896.

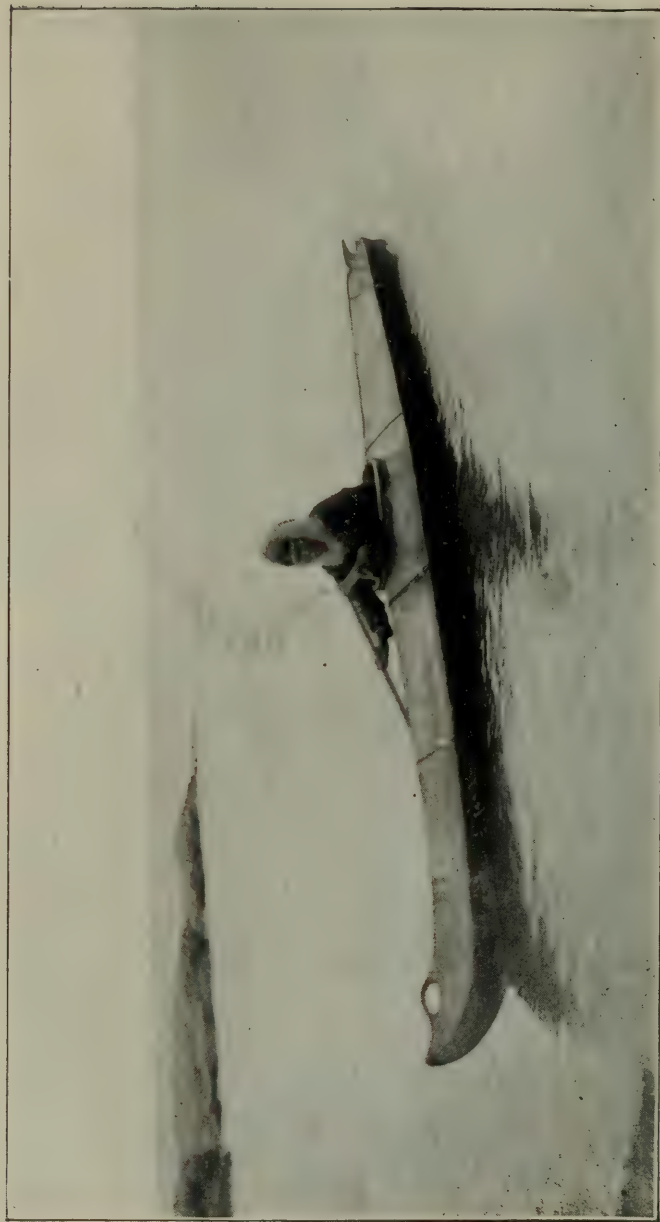
Among all the blessings that have gladdened my heart and spread sunshine over

my life, there is none that I prize more highly, or for which I am more grateful to God, than the religious vocation of my sisters. And with good reason do I feel thus; for I cannot fail to see how many blessings your prayers and those of your Communities, have brought down upon the family, and on myself in particular. Besides, my great love for you would not be satisfied to see you have any other spouse than the Divine Lamb Himself. On that account, as long as our "little lamb" was still exposed to the dangers of the world, I never ceased to implore for her the health necessary to follow what I was convinced was her vocation; and I cannot tell you the joy that filled my heart when, after so long a delay, she too, was safe within the cloister. The great grace of perseverance with which God, in His goodness, has blessed you all, is no less a subject of joy and gratitude, than was your first call. Therefore, although late, I congratulate you most heartily on the happy event of your Jubilee, and I hope you have gained from its celebration new strength to push on in the good fight, striving to become ever more and more pleasing in the sight of your heavenly Spouse, who has chosen you out of the world, that He may have your heart all to Himself and may adorn it with His choicest gifts.

Each year when your letters come to gladden my heart and fill it with new courage, I realize anew the greatness of the happiness I enjoy in having three sisters in religion. God grant that helped by one another's prayers and examples, we may all persevere to the end, fulfilling perfectly the holy will of God in all things. . . .

Now you must not think that our life up here is so terrible; for, although the winter is cold, we are prepared for it, and do not suffer much from that source; and, as for provisions, we are much better off than many other Missions. We have our crosses and heavy crosses too, but they are such as God often sends even in more civilized places. Bodily sufferings cannot be compared to mental sufferings; and, as 'A Kempis tells us, sometimes God sends us the cross, and sometimes our neighbor will afflict us, and often we are a cross to ourselves. Crosses of this kind you no doubt share with us, although it is true that small Missions are more exposed to them, than more regular communities. I do not ask you to pray that we may have no crosses, but I do ask you to pray in a special manner this year for this poor Mission; for very great dangers threaten us, which can be prevented only by a special protection of Almighty God.

The trip from Holy Cross to St. Michael,



AN ESKIMO AND HIS KYAK

on our own boat, was very hard and dangerous this year, and I felt ten years older when I got back a week ago; but now, after a week of quiet and rest, communing with loved ones by letter, reading, and writing, I begin to feel young again. Age begins to show its effects at times, especially in my back, but only at times, and not sufficiently to prevent me from performing all my duties. Generally I am as active and lively as ever.

I am sorry that Father Barnum told you I was so thin; for it caused Sister M. to make two beautiful surplices, that she had made for me, so small that I cannot wear them. When I read your letter I had to look in the glass to see if I were really so thin, for I was not aware of it.....so you see there is a mistake somewhere.....

I sometimes feel that I would like to have some time to prepare myself for death; but, when I remember that our Lord died on the cross, I see it is better to stand in the fight to the end, trusting to Him to supply for all defects.

Good by! May God bless you and your good Sisters.

Your loving Brother,
Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The next letter gives the first news of an event, which was to prove of supreme importance to him — the discovery of the Klon-

dike gold-fields. This letter announced the fact of the discovery some months before it was generally known.

Forty Mile N. W. T.

Dear Brother:

Dec. 27th, 1896.

I am sorry that I left you without a letter the past summer. I was hoping to get yours before it would be too late, but it did not reach me until Oct. 9th, because it was put into the mail-bag for Forty Mile, and I was down the river all the summer, returning here Oct. 6th. But I assure you it was no less welcome for being late. It came like a ray of Easter sunshine, just when old Winter was spreading his mantle over us for another eight months. I thank you very much for all the family news, the good wishes, prayers and kind thoughts, which it brought me; all which I shall do my best to repay through the Sacred Heart.

I have not seen Father Barnum since his return, although he staid in my cabin here two weeks, while I was away; but we passed on the lower river without seeing each other.

You may be surprised to see this dated from Forty Mile, after my telling you and all the others that I would be in Circle City this winter. The proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," is often verified here. In

fact, I was sent to Circle City, and I actually shipped to that place all my supplies for the year, together with all the presents I had received, and an organ and a church-bell; and I came here only to get my church-goods, etc., when by an unusually early closing of the river, I was forced to remain for the winter.

It was very providential; for, after I left here in the summer, gold was found on a creek fifty miles up the river, and later discoveries show the region to be one of the richest and most extensive gold-fields ever known. All that they have had here so far is nothing compared to it. Each man is allowed five hundred feet, and some of the claims are so rich that the owner of one may take five or six millions out of that little piece of ground, some already having had as high as a hundred dollars in a shovelful of dirt.

The excitement is very high here now; and when the news gets outside, no doubt there will be a great rush for these parts.

They have started on the Yukon, at the mouth of the principal creek, a town to be called Dawson City, and lots there 50x100 feet are selling as high as a thousand dollars already.

I have secured three acres as a site for a church and a hospital, and I expect Sisters to come up next spring to take charge of the

latter. The new settlement will be by far the largest place on the Yukon, and I believe it will be a place of consequence for a good many years, as the district where the gold is being found is very large. Men are coming from Circle City every day, and it is likely there will be a general stampede from that place in the spring.

I was away for a month before Christmas, visiting the miners on two of the old creeks. I have not been to the new diggings yet, but I expect to go there in a month or so when the days get longer. We are having a mild winter this year, at least so far, the coldest having been forty-two below zero, against sixty or seventy last year.

We had one death a few weeks ago, that of a Canadian, who came last spring looking for gold. Happily I was here to give him the sacraments and say Mass for his soul. God grant that he may have found the one thing necessary, which is above all the gold and treasures of this world.

I am enjoying my two cabins again this year. My little chapel is very devotional in its Christmas garb. On Christmas day I began my Masses at 7 o'clock, when I said two, and the third I said at 10.30, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I thought of you all on that day,

and more than once imagined what you were doing, making allowance for the difference of time.

The Epiphany, Jan. 6th.

Before I forget it, I must wish you a happy New Year! How fast the years are slipping by! I can remember the change from '56 to '57, and now we come to '97. You say you are afraid the young folks will begin to class you among the old people: you need not be surprised if they do, for here they call me "the old man."

To-day we saw the sun for the first time since the 8th of December. It goes on a picnic every winter about that time, and does not show its face for some thirty days. I assure you it is a real pleasure to see it peep over the mountains when it returns....

I am as well and happy as ever, although at times I begin to find that old bones will not stand as much as young ones. In the union of the Sacred Heart, I am as ever,

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

About a month later, Feb. 1st, he wrote: "In this little world of ours—for we are as much alone as if we were on a globe of our own—there is very little news to speak or write about. The only thing spoken of here

is the 'prospects' from the different creeks in the new gold district, which promises to surpass anything ever known before. One would think that gold is the one thing necessary for happiness in time and eternity, to see the way in which men seek it even in these frozen regions, and how they are ready to sacrifice soul and body to get it. O, how terrible will be their disappointment at the hour of death, when they will realize the vanity of all they have loved so much. Experience shows that most of those who make money in mining, lose it as fast as they make it. However, I am glad to be able to say that there are here a good number of sober, industrious Catholics, who, I hope, will make a good use of all they get. I am preparing to build a church, a house, and a hospital at Dawson City, which will be the town of the new mining region."

So, during the winter of '96-'97, the pastor of Forty Mile Post while attending to his people at home or travelling along the neighboring creeks, listened to the stories of the wonderful discovery of gold in the Klondike region. He foresaw the stampede that would take place from the older mining centres, and the influx from the States, when the news would have found its way to the outer world. He did not covet the precious metal for which, as he said, some men were willing to

risk soul and body; but he knew that the men around him, and many more would go to the new fields, and if so, he should go with them: where the flock is, there should the shepherd be.

Most of his people, no doubt, left Forty Mile before he did; but he must have early set himself to study out the problems of the new situation, while waiting for the days to get longer.

Meanwhile, what was going on up on the Klondike creek? The question is best answered by the following quotations from the special sixteen page Klondike number of the New York World of August 22nd, 1897:—"On Sept. 6th (1896) Surveyor Ogilvie wrote: 'It is only two weeks since it (the Klondike discovery) was known, and already about two hundred claims have been staked on it. The Klondike and its branches are good for from three to four hundred claims.'"

"On November 6th, Mr. Ogilvie wrote: 'One man showed me \$22.75 that he took out in a few hours on Hunker Creek'On this date Mr. Ogilvie thought he saw 1000 claims in sight, which would require 3,000 men to work them, and that would bring a population of 10,000 souls in 'a year or two.' He had to better this estimate later on."

"Naturally the new region, draining four

or five old ones of their inhabitants, required a town, and one was built almost like magic. Joseph Ladue says: 'Dawson City is now the most important point in the new mining region. Its population in June 1897 exceeded 4,000 I commenced erecting the first house in that region on September 1st, 1896. Within six months from that date there were over five hundred houses erected, which include stores, supply-stations, hotels, restaurants, saloons, and residences.' "

At length, about the middle of March, 1897, Father Judge packed his sled and with the aid of only one dog, started for the Klondike. There were fifty miles to make, most likely upon the still frozen Yukon, and the trip must have taken two days. This first visit of the Missionary to the scene of his future labors, was thus touchingly depicted in the "Klondike Nugget," two days after his death: "The stampeders from Forty Mile to the Klondike in the winter of '96-'97 remember overtaking a solitary and feeble old man with a single sled-rope over his shoulders, and a single dog helping the load along. This was the Father hastening to a field where he was conscious his ministering services were most required. Arrived in Dawson he lost no time in securing the ground on which St. Mary's hospital now stands. Spreading his tents, he found that his serv-

ices, as one experienced in Arctic maladies and frostbites, were instantly in demand. He grasped the situation at once, saw that a huge task was laid out for him here, and hastened back to Forty Mile for more medicine, more supplies, and the necessary equipment for the care of the sick."

Father Judge spent about one month at Dawson, started men to work getting logs from the upper river, and cleared the ground for St. Mary's Hospital, before returning for supplies to Forty Mile. From the latter place he wrote:—

Forty Mile, N. W. T.

Dear Brother:

May 2nd, 1897.

On Palm Sunday I received your Christmas Card, and yesterday the letter that you began January 10th. . . . You see I received it on our reunion day, which made it all the more enjoyable; and on the first day of our Blessed Mother's month. . . . May God continue to bless you all, as I am sure He will, if you remain faithful to Him. O, how foolish are all those who neglect their religious duties, which alone can bring them that peace and happiness for which the heart of man is ever yearning! If they would only listen to the voice of reason, they would soon perceive that there is nothing in this

world capable of satisfying the craving of their hearts for knowledge and happiness; and so they would be led to seek them above, knowing that that craving was not given never to be satisfied.

From the middle of March to Easter (April 18th) I was up at the new gold-diggings. There are two creeks very rich. Some have sold their claims as high as fifty thousand dollars apiece, that is five hundred feet on the creek, which is what each man is allowed to take. I myself saw one hundred and twenty-three dollars' worth of gold in one shovelful of dirt. Some expect to take out millions, if it holds out as it promises. But there are far more men here than there are good claims for. Those who are working for wages have been making fifteen dollars a day all the winter, which is not bad for hard times; but if, as we suppose, a great many men come in when the river opens, wages will very likely fall to ten dollars and maybe to six, as they were before the deposits on these creeks were found.

I shall not try to settle for you the geographical position of Circle City, as there is not much left of it since the news of the Klondike diggings reached there. Dawson City is the centre of attraction now, and probably will be for some years. . . .

I have secured some ground there, and I

am preparing to build a church and a hospital, having sent for the Sisters to manage the latter. I shall go there to see to the building as soon as the river opens, which will be in two or three weeks. I do not expect to go down to the coast this summer, so your spring letters will not reach me as soon as usual, and they may not be answered so soon.

Although I am constantly going farther away from you, that is if we count from the sea; in reality I am coming nearer and nearer, not only in point of miles, but especially as regards communication. Hereafter, direct all your letters to Dawson City, N. W. T.

When you speak of the happiness you experience in being able to attend services at St. Ignatius', I envy you a little; for, I assure you, there are no days in my life that I can look back upon with more real pleasure, than I do upon those which I spent around that dear spot. It is a great sacrifice for me to be deprived of all the surroundings that lend solemnity to the Divine Service in civilization; but, it is a great consolation to have our dear Lord Himself so near to me at all times; and it gives me pleasure to honor Him here, where there are so few who know Him, or care for Him in the sweet Sacrament of His love.

Give my kindest regards to all the family

and tell them that even if I do not write to them or mention them in my letters, at least they all find a place in my heart, and are never forgotten in my Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

In the union of the Sacred Heart,

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE.

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!
Bright and yellow and hard and cold.
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold, gold, gold, gold!
Good or bad a thousandfold!" —*Hood.*

IT would be beyond the scope of this work to give a full account of the Klondike gold-fields, and of the rush that followed the unearthing of their rich deposits. However, for the sake of those who may be ignorant of the facts and to throw light on the work of the Missionary in Dawson, we must say something of the general excitement occasioned by the announcement of the discovery.

Although the new gold-fields were discovered in August, 1896, such were the difficulties of communication between that icy region and the outer world, that it was not until the early summer of 1897, that the

newspapers startled the United States by the story of the fabulous richness of the Klondike. By the end of July, however, the whole country was in a ferment of excitement. From New York to San Francisco, the Klondike and how to get there, was all that men talked of. The papers teemed with facts, and figures, and illustrations, that stimulated the ardor of all who had the courage and the strength to make the venture. We give some specimens of these announcements:—

“Seattle, Wash. July 19th. The amount of treasure brought down from the famed Klondike by the steamer Portland, is now placed at \$1,500,000, and there is good reason to believe that the sum was nearer \$2,000,000.”

“Helena, Montana, July 19th. Over \$200,000 in gold from the Alaska diggings was received at the United States Assay Office to-day.” From the New York World: “The U. S. Mint authorities estimate the amount of gold that has so far reached this country from the Klondike, at about four tons, worth something over \$2,000,000.” The Alaska Mining Record of Juneau, quoted by the World, said: “The excitement is spreading, and by the time this is before our readers, the great army of gold-seekers will have fairly started northward. . . . There remains scarcely a man in Juneau or

its neighboring towns or mining-camps, not tied down by circumstances, but will start within the next month, or in the early spring. Not only has the fever reached the ambitious young men, but the sturdy old-timer, who packed his blankets to the Frazer and the Cassair country is himself as eager for the hardships and wealth of the Yukon."

"New York, July 19th. New York has been touched by the Alaskan gold fever. The past twenty-four hours have seen come to the front 2,000 Argonauts, who will be on the way to the Klondike region as soon as arrangements can be made for transportation. Some notion of how the craze is spreading may be had from the fact that within forty-eight hours, an advertisement calling for those who desired to join an expedition to Alaska and who had from \$500 to \$2,000 to invest, was answered by more than twelve hundred applicants."

"San Diego, California, July 19th. An interesting letter, telling of the recent trip of the steamer *Excelsior*, to Alaska, has been written by Captain J. F. Higgins, of the steamer, to a friend in this city. He says: 'As each claim is five hundred feet along the creek-bed, there is half a million to the claim. . . . One of our passengers, who is taking \$1,000 with him, has worked 100 feet of his ground, and he refused \$200,000 for the re-

mainder. He confidently expects to clean up \$400,000 and more. He has in a bottle \$212 taken from one pan of dirt. His pay-dirt, while being washed, averaged \$250 an hour to each man shoveling in. Two others of our miners who worked their own claims, cleaned up \$6,000 from the day's washings."

Such statements caused an excitement akin to that which reigned at the time of the discovery of the California gold-fields, in the summer of 1848. Of that event an historian says: "An excitement which transcends description seized on the inhabitants; forsaking their farms and shutting up their houses, they flock to the fortunate spot. The news soon reached the Atlantic States. Hundreds at once set out for the land of gold; and not from the United States only, but from all parts of Europe, and even from far distant China, did the tide of immigration flow, men of every grade in society giving themselves up to its current."*

This state of the public mind in 1848 would likely have had its parallel in 1898, had not a counter-irritant been applied in the shape of the war with Spain. That absorbing topic called off, to a great extent, the attention of the people of the United States from the glittering prospects held out by the Klondike placers. Had it not been for

* Hist. of U. S., Quackenbos, p. 443.

this check, there would doubtless have been a tremendous and disastrous rush to the Yukon.

As it was, the more ardent and venturesome of the gold-seekers determined to start without delay, and a vanguard of one hundred men left Seattle on July 19th, 1897. But prudence is the better part of valor; and mindful of this principle, the majority waited for the spring of 1898; for winter travel over the ice-clad mountains and snow-covered trail between Dyea and Dawson was, at that time, well-nigh impossible.

When spring came, there poured into Juneau, Skagway, and Dyea, a constant stream of adventurers, determined to reach the wished-for goal by way of the Chilkoot Pass and the rivers and lakes that lead to the Yukon, a laborious journey of over five hundred miles. Even at that season, the aspect of the country was still that of mid-winter in the latitude of Philadelphia or Baltimore. The whole surface of the region was still a magnificent expanse of white, except where the rocky hills peered through the snowy covering. The dark forms of the would-be miners with their luggage stood out in sharp contrast to the spotless background; so that the long line of men, as they trudged in single file along the trail or through the passes,

looked at a distance like a train of creeping blackness upon a white surface.

With heroic courage the eager army of fortune-hunters pushed on, resolved to surmount every obstacle that lay in their path. On April 3rd about seventy persons perished in a snow-slide. Nevertheless, every day for three months, an unbroken line of pack-laden men pursued the rugged trail. Treading in one another's footsteps the hopeful gold-seekers pressed on; but when a resting-place was reached, as at the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, men and dogs, sleds and packs, bags and bundles, were scattered about in the snow and a scene of wintry confusion resulted, that might remind one of the flight of Napoleon's army from Moscow. Many perished in the effort, but in this and the following year, a sufficient number succeeded in reaching the site of Dawson City, to make it "the greatest mining-camp the world has even seen," and later, a city of 15,000 inhabitants.

The reader will be pleased to hear the story of one of those pioneers, a friend of Fr. Judge. "The party with whom I travelled," writes C. H. Higgins, "left Buffalo, N. Y., on February 8th, 1898, and arrived at Tacoma, Washington, February 13th. We bought our outfits, and while thus engaged we were startled by news of the blowing

up of the U. S. steamer, *Maine*. This caused great excitement, and many returned to go to the war. We sailed from Tacoma on February 23rd, arriving at Dyce, February 28th. We were advised by many not to go on, but, having bought outfits at considerable expense, about half the party took courage to defy Chilkoot's heights and see the gold-fields over which the entire world was aroused. We stayed at Sheep Camp the night of March 3rd, 1898, and on arriving at the top of Chilkoot Pass we found a fierce snowstorm in progress. The storm continued for two days. We slept in a tent on the summit of the Pass during the nights of the 4th and 5th of March, started for Lake Lindeman on the morning of the 6th, and pulled our goods on sleighs to a point about twenty-five miles farther north, where we camped. We cut down trees from which we whipsawed boards and made our boats, to be ready to sail for Dawson when the ice of lakes and rivers thawed. This opening of navigation occurred on May 24th, 1898. We had many exciting experiences on account of sand-bars, and particularly at White Horse Rapids. Several, whose boats struck the rocks, were drowned. Many trying circumstances were met with: but we were taking these chances in order to obtain gold; besides, we had the trials of others always

present to encourage us in bearing our own. How different was the case of our dear Father Judge, who was nearly always alone!

“Let us hurry on to Dawson in order that we may see the real hero of the Klondike. We arrived in Dawson on June 13th, at 4 P. M., that is about 8 P. M. eastern time. It was somewhat difficult to land, owing to the swift current of the Yukon, supplemented here by the Klondike River. We found along the river front a lot of houses and cabins used as saloons, theatres, dance-halls, restaurants, etc., and the river bank was strewn with blankets and robes used as bedding. Many slept on the bank of the river until they could arrange to locate on the hills back of Dawson, or on the creeks.

“About 9.30 P. M., having cleaned up as well as possible, I set out for St. Mary's Hospital, which I had no difficulty in finding. Approaching from the rear, I saw seated on a bed in the hallway, and saying his rosary, a man whose hair was thin and grey, and whose face was lined with care, but out of whose eyes there seemed to issue a wonderful light. He was in deep meditation, and I had time to observe his clothes and even his boots. The former were dark and seedy, but clean, the latter were, to my surprise, heavy boots with good sized nails, to prevent them from wearing out quickly.

After a few minutes he noticed me standing outside, and cheerfully asked me in. He inquired my business, and informed me that he would say Mass in a cabin at 6 A. M. This was nine days after his church was burned down.

“Not having heard Mass for four months I was hungry for it. Though our trials and dangers caused us to lead good lives on the trail, we needed something more, we needed the ambassador of Christ, who had power to say to us, ‘Go in peace thy sins are forgiven thee.’ I was reminded of what the Following of Christ says in regard to the Mass, that if it were celebrated but at one place on earth how anxious we would all be to be present at it.

“Next morning, wanting to be in good time for confession before Mass, I left the boat at 5 A. M.,—not having slept any, as the sun merely hid behind the mountains for a couple of hours—and reached the temporary chapel ten minutes later. I waited for two hours, and still no priest! I wondered, but my surprise was explained when I asked a man what time it was and he answered: ‘Five fifteen.’ Then the difference of time between San Francisco and Dawson, about two hours, occurred to me. I had started three hours too early. It gave me time for reflection. By this time many were

about, mostly Protestants, and a priest, whom I afterwards found to be Father Lefebvre, had come out of the hospital, and was reading his office, standing on a boulder. This Father Lefebvre had come to Dawson as if by a miracle a week after Father Judge's church was burned, thus enabling him to have Mass. All the vestments and sacred vessels had been burned with the church. After a short time the bell, saved from the fire and fastened on a pole, rang out the Angelus. The good Father said it, and at 'The Word was made flesh' he reverently genuflected with hat in hand and head bowed. The impression on the non-Catholic was great, but to the Catholic, the Angelus bell so far from civilization, and the confession of faith by the priest were sublime. Many shed tears of joy, because though far from home and friends they were closer to God's home, and though trials had been constant in their journey, they had arrived in the harbor of the soul's peace.

"In a moment appeared Father Judge with cassock, but no biretta, it too having been burned. He did not look like the man I had met the night before; there was some great difference. That difference was caused by his cassock. His whole appearance changed as soon as it was put on. That morning he came stepping from stone to

stone, his face illumined, and his movements eager, as though some most pleasant event were to come. And surely it was so—he was about to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. Father Judge heard our confessions and his instructions were very consoling to the penitents. He vested for Mass and soon began it. Every action was intensely devotional, every syllable plainly spoken. His fervor was that of a young priest saying his first Mass, and it was always so, even to the end of his life. You can well imagine it was an impressive Mass, and a sincere Communion. I do not think the sublime character of the Mass was ever better impressed upon any of us in the grand cathedrals of the States. I attended Mass daily, and on Sunday, June 19th, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, our good Father preached at High Mass on Jesus' love. He always said he was no preacher, and he could bear no mention of his good sermons, but it is true that while he always stood erect with hands folded, and made no gestures, every word that fell from his lips sank into his hearers' hearts."

CHAPTER VIII.

DAWSON CITY.

"In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."—*I John, iii, 16.*

ABOUT the end of May, 1897, Father Judge went to take up his residence permanently at Dawson, the growing center of the Klondike region. Most likely he took the first steamer that ascended the river from Forty Mile after the breaking up of the ice. Thus he was able to transport most conveniently his little stock of furniture and church goods, as well as any furnishings for the projected hospital, that he might have gathered together. On his arrival he found an improvised town of some five hundred houses or tents, with a population of about four thousand.

This most northern of American cities lies along the right bank of the Yukon, north of the point where the Klondike creek empties into the great river. The position seems well chosen; for on the east and northeast the town is sheltered by a noble mountain, be-



Catholic Church

St. Mary's Hospital

tween which and the river there is room for a goodly city.

At the foot of this mountain, and not far from the river, the Missionary located his hospital and church.

During June, July, and August the pastor occupied a large tent, in which he had four berths; so that he could lodge two workmen, and, if need be, a guest. He arranged matters so as to be able to say Mass in the tent before preparing breakfast for his men or his guests: for, it seems that the spirit of the Father Minister of former years still urged him to cook for others, as he did at the little picnics in the woods of Maryland.

We can hardly realize the magnitude of the task of building a hospital, a church, and residences, under the difficulties that beset the builder on the banks of the Yukon in 1897. Logs had to be procured and rafted down the river or drawn by dog-teams to the site of the rising structures. Then the thousand and one things needed in such buildings had to be obtained or substitutes invented. If hair and cotton could not be had to fill the mattresses, dried grass or herbs from the mountain-side or the river's bank must take their place. If paper and paint were not available, muslin and sizing would, perhaps, do as well.

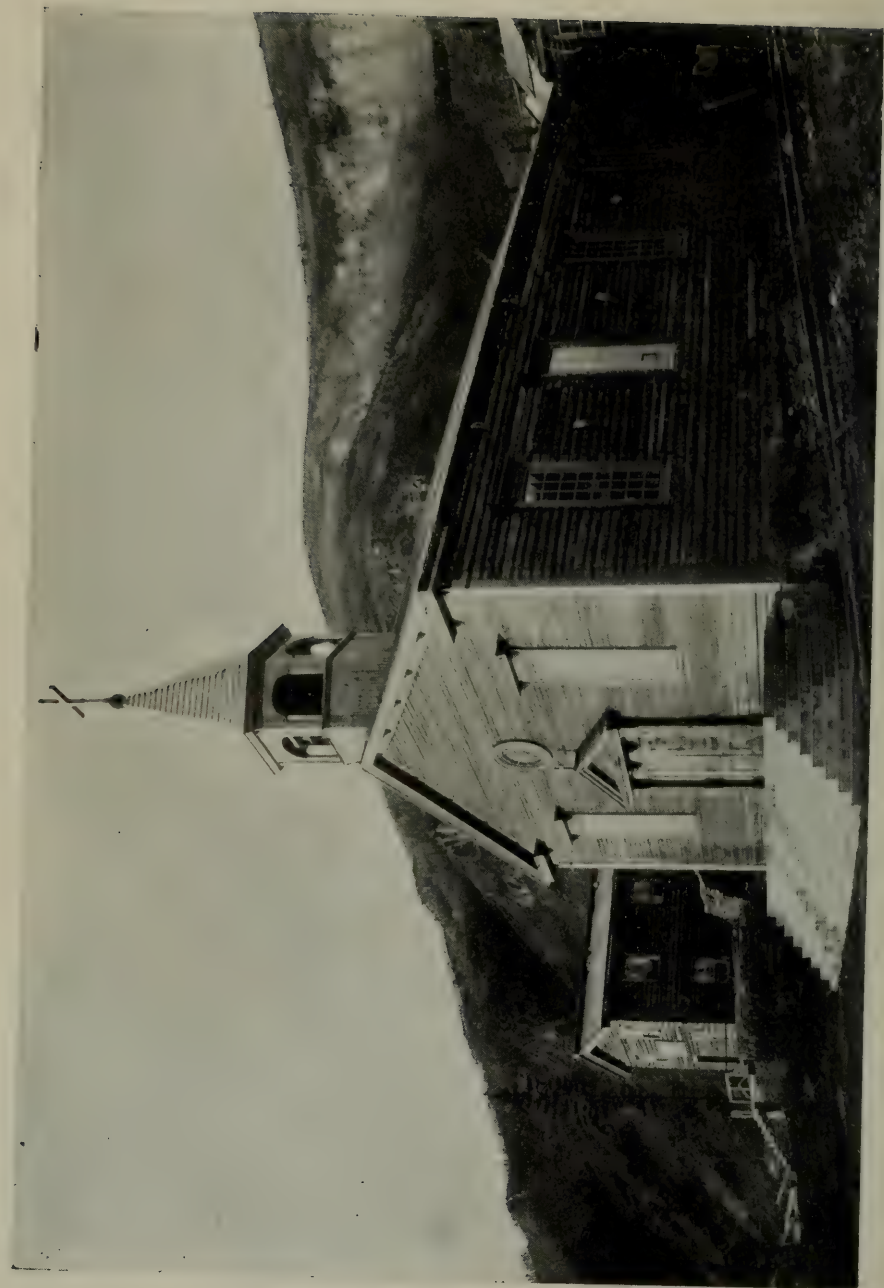
The claims of the sick were so urgent that

the Missionary's first care was to complete the hospital; and, despite many difficulties, he was able to open it for the reception of patients on August 20th.

This first building was of logs, the seams being filled with earth and moss. It was fifty feet by twenty, and two stories high with slightly sloping roof. Windows four feet by three, with rustic frames, admitted the light into rooms nine feet high, the floors and ceilings of which were finished alike in wood, while the walls were lined with muslin sized and coated with white lead. The furniture consisted (later, at least,) of very simple little bedsteads with mattresses stuffed with dry herbage, plain wooden chairs, empty boxes for washstands, some tables, a few wardrobes, and many stoves.

Our imagination may fill up the details of the priest's busy life during those summer months. With some hundreds of souls to care for, sick men to tend, workmen to direct, and material to procure, he must have felt that his desire to "do some little for the glory of the Sacred Heart" was being satisfied to the full.

As the work went on, he was cheered by the thought that the Sisters of St. Ann would come to take charge of the hospital; but he was to have the merit of suffering a temporary disappointment in that regard. He tells



THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DAWSON

of this trial in a letter to his Superior. "It was," he says, "a great disappointment for all here, miners and prospectors of all denominations and nationalities, not to see the Sisters of St. Ann on board the 'Alice,' as they expected them for the opening of St. Mary's Hospital. I need hardly say that my disappointment was still greater than theirs; but God knows what is best for us. The hospital is finished, and the Sisters' house and the church are going up rapidly. I still hope that the Sisters will come up this fall. Everything else is going on well, and I look for a prosperous year. There are many Catholics pouring in, so we shall have plenty to do."

The church was rising on the left of the hospital. It was similar in construction to the latter, fifty feet by twenty-four, and it could seat a congregation of about two hundred. The front was made as ornamental as the circumstances would permit. A flight of eight steps, the whole width of the building, led to the entrance, which was furnished with a double door and finished with a triangular cornice. Over the entrance was a circular window, and above the gable rose a modest hexagonal belfry tipped with a simple cross, and containing a small church-bell. It is thus described by a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*: "The first Roman Catholic church of Dawson City was

a large structure built of logs, at the north extremity of the town. The seats were merely rough boards placed on stumps. The pastor made the altar himself, doing most of the work with an ordinary penknife.* At first there was no glass for the windows, but heavy white muslin was tacked to the frames, and though the thermometer was often 60 degrees below zero, two large stoves kept the church comfortable. Like all other Catholic churches, it was always open.

“At Easter, window glass was put in, and an organ-loft, with a simple railing around it, built in the rear. The organ was a small one, sent up from one of the missions down the river; but owing to the many good voices in the choir, the Masses were rendered finely, especially those at Christmas and Easter, when a violinist volunteered his services.”

Thus the summer and autumn were passed in building up the material and the spiritual house of God, as well as an asylum for the Lord's suffering members.

Some letters that Father Judge found time to write in the winter of '97 and '98 throw light on the varied occupations of his life during that time. To his immediate Superior at Juneau he wrote as follows:—

*We must suppose that the correspondent meant the ornamental work.

St. Mary's Hospital,
Dawson City, Nov. 15th, '97.

Rev. and dear Father Superior:

Pax Christi!

I have so much to tell your Reverence that I fear I shall forget at least half of it; but I shall have many opportunities for sending letters to Juneau as soon as the river closes, and so I hope that, little by little, you will get all the particulars you desire.

Although the ice began to form in the latter part of September, which was earlier than usual, the river is not closed yet, and this is something never known before. Since I have been in the country, we have always been able to travel on the river by this time of the year, but now there is open water.

This morning was the coldest we have had, viz., 20 degrees below zero; but it moderated during the day.

The first and most important news is that the Sisters of St. Ann did not get here. They came, it appears, on the "Alice" as far as Fort Yukon, but the water was too low for the boat to pass, and they together with Brother C., returned to Nulato; and perhaps, as I heard, to Holy Cross. In fact, I received nothing from below, not even Mass wine; but, thank God, I have enough of that. . . .

I was obliged to open the hospital towards

the end of August, and I have had ever since an average of twenty sick persons. At first, I took only temporary help; but, when I found that the Sisters were not coming, I made arrangements for a permanent staff of nurses, cooks, etc., and everything is working as well as could be expected under the circumstances. All the sick are most agreeably surprised to find so much comfort, and all are loud in their praise of the good work we are doing, and the great blessing the hospital is proving to the camp.

The fact that the steamers were not able to come up on the last trip has left provisions very short here. Many have gone down the river, not having food enough for the whole winter, and many are paying as much as a hundred dollars a sack for flour, and it is hard to get it even at that exorbitant price. Many also intend to go away on the ice, but I fear some of them will perish. I need not tell your Reverence how people have been pouring in all the summer and fall, as you can see them passing through Juneau, and they are still coming every day. We see by papers and letters, that the whole world is excited over the place, and that tens of thousands intend to come here next spring. There is only one thing spoken of here, and that is "grub." For the last two months everyone has been busy trying to secure enough to eat

for the winter. The Alaska Commercial Company filled all the orders they promised, and luckily I had placed mine in time. . . . I think I shall have enough of the essentials for the year, but many luxuries, in the relative sense of the word, which I expected in case the boats came, will be wanting.

The hospital building is finished, except the doors for the rooms. We had no lumber to make these, but we have curtains, which will do equally well if not better. The Sisters' house adjoining the hospital is also finished and in use. The church is nearly completed, though the windows are not yet made, nor is it lined. We are using it however, such as it is, having covered the windows with white muslin. . . . My own house adjoining the church is also closed in and is used for a carpenter-shop, laundry, and quarters for all those employed around the hospital. After Christmas I shall send you a list of what we need for next summer.

Of late my own health has not been as good, at times, as it might be, but I cannot complain. I had a slight attack of chills a few weeks ago, but I was not laid up at all. I have not missed Mass a single day, nor have I been prevented from attending to my duties. However, the work here is too much for one priest. I know your Reverence realizes the fact, and that you would leave noth-

ing undone to send assistance. There are a great many Catholics here; we have about one hundred at Mass every Sunday. We have High Mass, sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday, and a fair number of confessions and communions during the week.

Of course, besides my spiritual ministrations to the souls of my increasing congregation, chiefly composed of Canadians and Americans of Irish descent, I have many other duties to discharge. For instance, I have to superintend everything about the hospital myself, seeing that the doctor's prescriptions are carried out in regard to medicine, food, etc. Again, the keeping of accounts is added to my other occupations in the temporal order. All these things combined leave me but little spare time. Still, I am happy for all that; and, if God spares me, I hope to keep everything in good order until you come in the spring, when no doubt the Sisters of St. Ann will be up, and some Fathers will come to help me, or even replace me, as you may think best. Recommending myself and my work to your holy sacrifices, I remain ever,

Your humble servant in Christ,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The next day he wrote to one of his brothers:

St. Mary's Hospital,
Dawson, N. W. T., Nov. 16th, 1897.

Dear Brother:

This is the first opportunity I have had of sending out letters since I received yours, as it came too late for the summer mail per steamers. . . .

I undertook last summer to build a hospital here for the Sisters, whom I expected to come in on the first boat. This, as you can easily understand, was no small undertaking. To build a hospital in the wilderness, or rather on a mountain-side, in this part of the world, with wages from ten to fifteen dollars a day, and in the few months of good weather which we call summer, is no small work. But, thank God, all has gone well, and I have a good hospital building, a house for the Sisters, a good church, and a residence for the priest. The buildings all being of logs and two stories high, without doubt I have the finest place in town. The only drawback has been that the Sisters did not succeed in getting up the river. When those outside sent word they could not come, I arranged to get four Sisters from the Indian schools down the river. They came to within four hundred miles of Dawson; but,

on account of low water, the steamer could not get up, so they returned to the schools.

I was forced to open the hospital even before I was ready, August 20th, and we have had about twenty patients ever since. Although it is not as good as if the Sisters were here, all are more than pleased with the hospital, finding it far better than they could expect in these parts. . . .

No one can tell how many will come here next spring from all parts of the world.

The mail-carrier is waiting for this, so I must stop. . . . I will try to send some letters by each mail and you can pass them around. . . . I close with a heartfelt "God bless you!"

Your Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

The Missionary was thus thrown on his own resources, in the depth of an Arctic winter, with sick men to care for and only the necessities of life for them and for himself, but his courage did not fail. The vitalizing power of the Catholic faith and of the grace that accompanies it, is wonderful and often enables weak mortals to accomplish what would else appear superhuman. Our Lord must have powerfully supported his minister during that trying winter, for he not only did not despond, but he was able to aid and cheer others.

People in the States, knowing the extreme difficulty of transporting provisions to the Klondike region, and the number of men that had gone there, feared for the thousands who would have to spend the winter surrounded by almost impassable barriers of ice and snow. Rumors of threatened famine and starvation circulated through the land. Like others, the relatives and friends of Dawson's pastor were seriously afraid that lack of food would be added to his other trials; and it was difficult to obtain news.

Early in February, 1898, a letter from Father Judge reached his Superior and contained these reassuring lines: "My health is pretty good, and I am very happy and so busy that it is almost impossible to get to town once a month. I have a good organist for the church, and expect to have quite an orchestra for Christmas. . . . Pray often for me and for the work you have entrusted to my care. God's blessing seems to be on it."

The "Klondike Nugget" gave, in an able and sympathetic paragraph, this touching epitome of that winter's work: "During the winter of 1897-98 Father Judge's hospital was crowded with the sick and the frozen. The Father's charity was broad as the earth, and none of the hundreds of applicants were

even asked their religious preferences. Nevertheless, the spiritual wants of his flock were provided for in a small church next to the hospital, and we find him adding priestly duties to his many other tasks. By the side of the dead and dying, burying them when none others appeared on the scene for that duty, superintending and personally directing even the minutest detail of the rapidly increasing hospital, cheering the sad, joking the convalescent, devising means of comfort for the irritable sick, coaxing the obstinate, praying with and for the religiously inclined, planning appetizing morsels from an almost empty larder, cheering and encouraging the downhearted and sad—thus we find the good man spending his time until he is himself laid low by the cruel hand of remorseless disease. Delicate in health and frail in body from his earliest youth, it not infrequently happened that those he attended were heartier and stronger and suffered less than himself."

When the long winter was drawing to a close and the first signs of coming spring appeared, the active missionary hastened to dispel the fears of his relatives and to give them, as usual, an account of his doing, in the following letters:

Dawson, N. W. T.,

March 1, 1898.

Dear Brother:

I am sure you and all my dear friends are greatly disappointed on account of my not writing more frequently; but, I assure you, it is not for want of good will that I do not let you know more about things here. We have great laughs at what is printed in the papers about these parts. Everything is so exaggerated, both the good and the bad. The papers have us all dead or starving; and yet, for my own part, I feel as if I were back in civilization again. Beef and mutton are no longer things of the past; although they do cost a dollar a pound wholesale, we have them all the same. So far there has been no starvation, and I hope there will be none; but as the stores have nothing to sell, those who have more than they need, or who are going out on the ice, sell what they can spare at fancy prices. The common price all the winter has been one dollar a pound for provisions of all kinds, and generally one would have to take all the party had — flour, meat, canned goods, salt, etc.— all at the same price. I have been paying a dollar and a half for candles, and I could not get them less.

We have had as high as fifty in the hospital, about half of them scurvy cases, and all new men who came last summer.

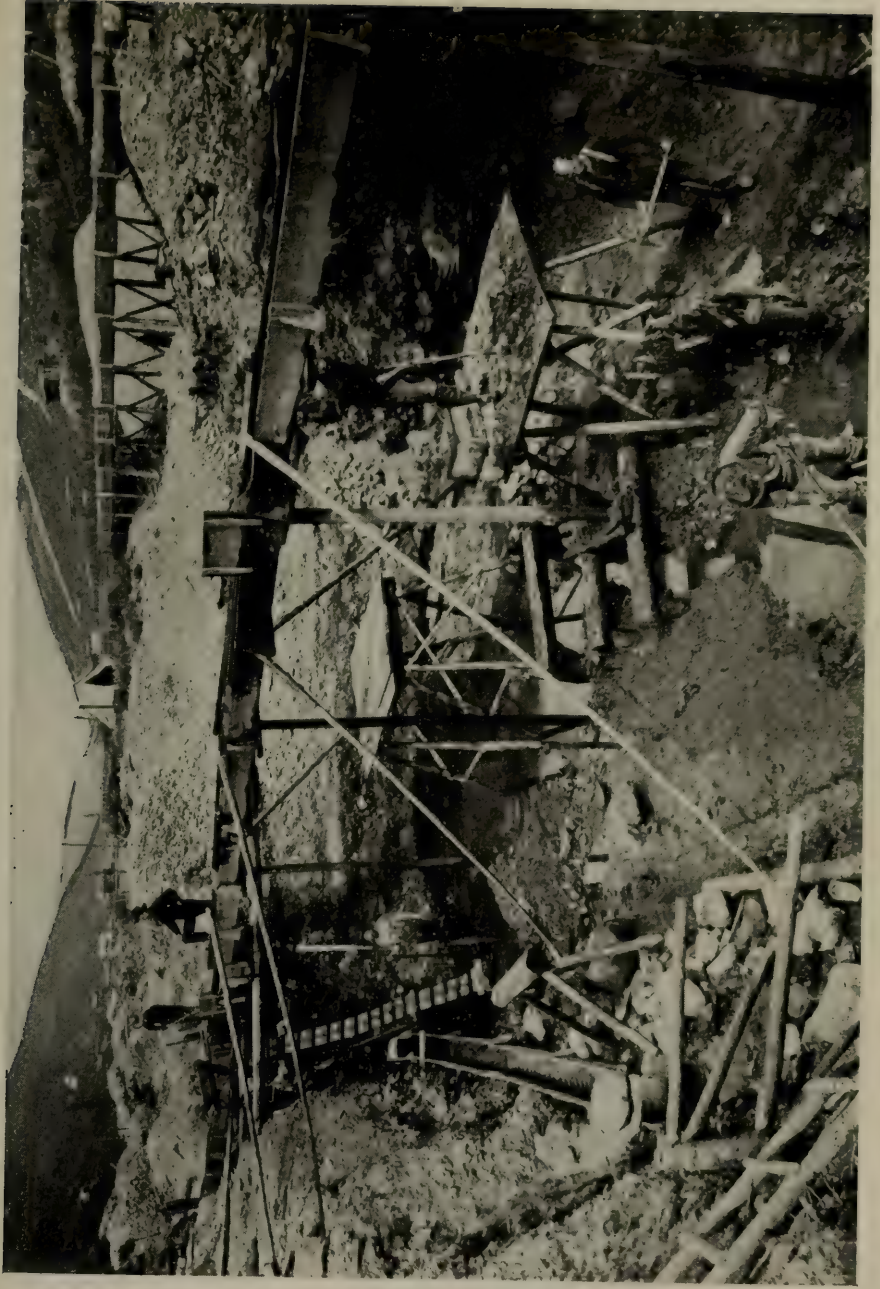
They are finding new gold-bearing creeks every few weeks; the excitement keeps up, and no doubt there will be a great crowd here this summer, and the gold that will be taken out will add fuel to the fire of excitement outside.

The Canadian mail, which should have been here last fall, has just arrived but has not been given out yet, and I cannot wait to see if there are any letters for me, as this must go to-night, for the bearer will leave in the morning.

I am very well, but of course as busy as one can be. Everything however is going well; the hospital is praised by everyone, and it is the means of preventing a great deal of suffering and of doing much good. About a month ago we had a beautiful death. A man well known outside was converted while in the hospital by reading "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." He received the Sacraments with great devotion, and died most happily.

If you want to send me anything, good books, I think, would be the most acceptable and would do the most good. I find those who are not of the faith very anxious to know something about the Church, and glad to read books explaining its doctrines.

But I am not telling you about the country. Well, no doubt there are great quantities of gold here; but do not think that one



SUMMER WORK AT THE MINES

can come and get it without hard work. It is just the excessive hard work necessary to get here, together with the poor food and bad cooking on the trail and while travelling around the creeks looking for the gold, that brings the scurvy on so many. . . .

We have been wondering that none have come down the river for several months; but we hear that the Government has stopped them above, not letting anyone pass who has not a thousand pounds of provisions. . . .

Once more assuring you of my own good health and happiness, and hoping that you are all enjoying good health and making good use of the grace of this holy season (Lent), I must stop with a most hearty "God bless you!"

Your affectionate Brother,

Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

On the 11th of the same month, after speaking of the starvation scare and the failure of the Sisters to get to Dawson, he writes to one of his sisters: "In the meantime, I have been running the hospital myself with hired help. Since we opened last August, we have had one hundred and sixty-eight patients, fifty being the highest number in the house at one time. . . . The hospital has been the means of leading quite a few sheep back to the fold. . . .

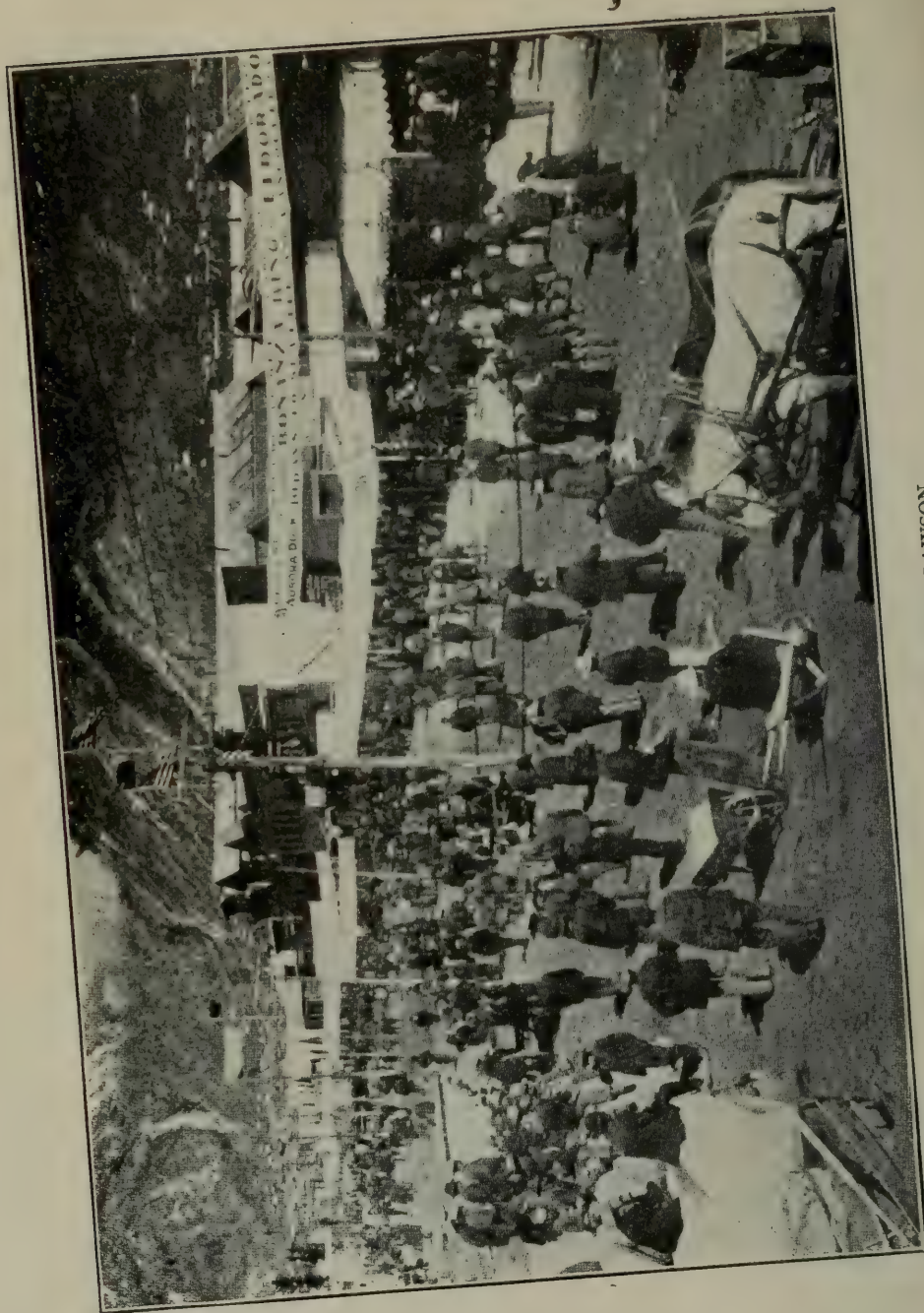
“ I have a good log church fifty by twenty-four feet, which will seat about two hundred. It is not finished yet, but it will be, as soon as the boats come in the spring and bring us some drilling with which to line it.

“ We are using it every day and the Blessed Sacrament is kept there. We had fine music for Christmas and they are now preparing for Easter. God has been very good to me, and has blessed the Mission beyond all that I could have hoped for, sending me so many friends and all the help needed for the hospital, and providing us with everything necessary when there was so great a scarcity of provisions. You must not fail to thank Him for His great goodness to me which I can not help attributing, in great part, to the prayers of my friends, who I know are constantly pleading for me. . . .

“ I am glad that I am here to give some consolation to the great number of Catholics who come among the rest, and to sow good seed among the many non-Catholics whom I meet in the hospital and elsewhere. I have abundant consolation in all my labors.

“ The church goods you sent me have been a great source of pleasure to me, for it makes me happy to be able to keep the church neat and the vestments becoming.

“ I am sure I am not telling you half you would like to know about the country, but



FRONT STREET, DAWSON

you must make allowance for one who has so many things to fill his head. After the Sisters come and relieve me in part of the hospital, I may be able to write more. . . .

“ If men would do half as much for heaven as they do for gold, how many saints there would be, and how much more real happiness in this world! ”

On April 25th he wrote: “ I can send you only a few lines to-night, as the bearer, a great friend of mine, will start in a few hours and he wants to seal the mail he is taking out in a tin box, for fear of water, as the trail is getting bad now. I am kept so very busy that it is almost impossible to write. . . . I am well and happy, and not starved as you feared. Last fall there were fears that we would not have food enough for all; but it all came out right — no starvation nor real suffering, although many had to do without things that they would have liked to have.”

The army of invasion from “ the outside ” now began to swarm into Dawson, adding to the population at the rate of two thousand a month. It is supposed that thirty thousand persons went into the Yukon country that season, but of course all did not settle down in Dawson City.

As the number of new arrivals increased, so did the work of Dawson's pastor. The correspondent already quoted said: “ Only

those who were in Dawson City last spring, and saw the sick constantly cared for, can appreciate the untold good accomplished by Father Judge and his assistants. Men of all creeds, and of no creed at all, helped the good Jesuit priest, for he is greatly beloved for his unselfish and untiring efforts in behalf of the needy and unfortunate."

In the midst of this busy season of labor for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people, there came a calamity that must have sorely tried Father Judge's patience.

Early on the morning of Trinity Sunday, June 5th, the church, which had cost so much thought and labor, was consumed by fire. The event was thus described by the correspondent of the New York Post: "About one o'clock Sunday morning early last June, the people of Dawson City were awakened by the cry of fire, an ominous sound at all times, but especially terrifying in a town of tents and resinous log cabins. There were the sickening roar of flames and the rush of hurrying feet. The first cry was that the hospital was on fire, and hundreds of strong men, trained by a life of danger to think quickly, grabbed their blankets and a pail and ran to the fire. Every one gave a sigh of relief when it was found that the church and not the hospital was blazing so fiercely. But the latter was in danger, and to save the sick

there must be instant action. While some hastily removed the suffering men, others formed a line and passed pail after pail of water to those on the roof of the hospital, pouring it on the blankets stretched over the roof and into the fierce furnace below. It was a terrible fight while it lasted, but it was soon over, and while every one felt sorry to have the church destroyed, a prayer of gratitude went up that the helpless men in the hospital still had their refuge."

What must have made the loss of the church doubly painful to its apostolic pastor, was the fact that he himself was the innocent cause of the misfortune. He had gone, as was his wont, late Saturday night, to say his office in the church. For light, he had a candle fixed on a rude wooden support. While he was thus engaged in offering up the prayers of the Church and communing with his Lord, some one came to summon him to the aid of a patient in the hospital who was very ill. He hastened away immediately, in his eagerness omitting to extinguish the candle which, before he returned, burned down and set fire to the church.

That must have been a dreary Trinity Sunday for both pastor and people, as they gazed upon the smouldering ruins. But not much time was lost in useless regret. A collection was started to rebuild the church, and

a generous response came from both Catholics and Protestants, one of the latter weighing out a hundred dollars in "dust"; but, before the collection was finished, one generous man expressed his desire to assume the whole expense. His offer was accepted, and the amount that had been thus far collected was donated to the hospital.

Work was begun on the new church and pushed with such energy that, in about ten weeks from the time of the fire, a much better church stood upon the site of the old one.

The following letter to one of his brothers, written only two weeks after the fire, shows how bravely and calmly the Missionary accepted both the loss and the new task imposed upon him.

St. Mary's Hospital,
Dawson, June 18th, 1898.

Dear Brother:

Pax Christi!

This is the first opportunity to send letters down the river; and, although I cannot spare the time, I must try to send a few words to let you all know that I am still alive and well.

The crowd of new-comers is increasing every day and giving our little town the appearance of a large city, the street being too crowded to be comfortable.

A large amount of gold will go out this

year and the prospects are good for some years to come; yet the royalty and the heavy taxes discourage many from working their claims, the owners hoping to get the royalty off by next year. This will prevent many new men from getting work, and keep the country back. Many are going to seek their fortune in the American territory, where they will have much more ground and little or no taxation.

My nice church, in which I took so much pride, all the altar furniture, vestments, flowers, lace curtains, and every thing for Mass and Benediction were burned two weeks ago to-day, June 4th.

I was without Mass for a week, until an Oblate Father happened to come with a portable chapel, just a week after the fire.

Tell M—— that all the nice flowers she has been sending, from year to year, are gone; so she must begin again, and send a new supply.

I have not heard yet, but it is likely that the Oblate Fathers will take this place, and then I shall return to Alaska. If I do, I shall send you word of my whereabouts. . . .

Your affectionate Brother,
Wm. H. Judge, S. J.

P. S. I am building a new church three times as large as the old one, and one of my friends will pay for it.

Another of the Father's friends, now a prominent citizen of Dawson, gives us the following graphic account of his first visit to the hospital:

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898. Dawson was a city of tents—and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H——?" was his first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H——? Why I didn't know he was here."

"Yep!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."

"Who is this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the

only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummiest lot you ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a'been sick. And say! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of 'em alive up there, waiting for medicines to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

My acquaintance, B——, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as something funny occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the beg?" I asked, grinning at B——'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me — two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H—— and ask him."

I secured my directions, and started through the thickly crowded single street of Dawson for the hill under the slide, where

tradition says a whole village of Indians was once buried.

I found, perched up on the rocks, a large canvas church — its log predecessor had been burned. Alongside was a log building, extended with canvas tents. I entered at what I took to be the entrance, though there were many openings, with carpenters passing in and out. I was right, and found the "office," a bare room, but clean. I sat down on what I took to be a home-made lounge — it was of hard boards, covered with a clean carpet rug, with a pillow at the head. I touched the bell on the table, and it was answered by a tired-looking, old-young man. I recognized a shabby, priestly garb.

"Is this Father Judge?"

"Yes-s," replied the stranger, eyeing me thoughtfully. "How are you? You don't look sick."

"No, no," I hastened to say. "I'm not sick. I just came down the river. I heard you had a friend of mine here, a Mr.—"

"Just came down the river, eh?" he broke in. Then with his eyes twinkling and the appearance of age gone, he asked somewhat banteringly, but eagerly:—

"I don't suppose, now, you've got such things as potatoes with you?"

"Potatoes!" I echoed, with astonishment. "I suppose you are hankering for a mess of

potatoes after the food famine of the past winter."

"I?" in great astonishment. "Why, bless your heart, no. I don't want potatoes. But I've got a big houseful of fellows here with scurvy, and medicine has been about gone for months. Potatoes would fix 'em though."

He grew thoughtful, and continued as though speaking to himself:—

"There'll be some coming in pretty soon, I suppose, but I expect they will be five or ten dollars a pound, and I'm broke. Well!" with sudden resolution and briskness: "I'll get them if I have to pray for them. Now, whom might you be wanting to see?"

I told him, and received the proper directions. As I started up the stairs he said:—

"You want to cheer him up till I can get some medicine or potatoes for him. We must keep them alive on hope, you know."

I found H——. He was sitting up in bed, smoking. He had been carried to the hospital six months before, and had never been out of bed. In the ward with him were fifteen other scurvy patients. After a hearty exchange of greetings, H—— proceeded to introduce to me every man in the room, after which I sat down on the edge of his bed and talked.

"I don't suppose you've brought any po-

tatoes?" he queried, as soon as the confusion consequent upon my arrival, had ceased.

"Only the evaporated," I replied. "You all seem to want potatoes. I suppose from what Father Judge said to me, that potatoes are medicine to you fellows."

"A sure cure," spoke up everyone at once. Then H—— broke in:—

"So you've seen Father Judge!" Then with a confident smile, as knowing the inevitable answer:—"What d'ye think of him?"

Everyone in the room looked up, as if a well-worn and interesting theme of conversation had been brought up.

"Oh," I replied, diffidently, "I really haven't seen anything of him much. B—— was telling me down town that he is sort of popular about here."

"Popular!" echoed H——, in protest. "Don't use the word 'popular' here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know. He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody."

"I'm sure he's a good man," I replied, sympathetically, for all had joined in silent but evidently hearty approbation of my friend, H——. I continued:—

"You're not a Catholic, H——?"

"O that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us

here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot — unless it's Jack, over there. But Father Judge is making Catholics fast. Never preaches or talks doctrine or forms of faith, you know, unless you ask him or show him your mind is uneasy on that score. No! He just does all a mortal man can do for you, and evidently wishes he could do more. Then he jollies you and goes to church, and you feel you'd give one of your two useless legs if you could follow him. Whist! here he comes."

As Father Judge entered the room with a brisk step and serious mien, every patient that could, raised himself up in bed, while all heads were lifted. Oddly enough there was a smile on every sick face; only the priest looked dull and old. He passed at once to the centre bed, containing the man I had heard named as "Jack." Jack had a rather uncouth, stolid face. He tried to rise as the priest approached, reached out and took one of the priest's hands tenderly in his own. H—— and everyone else had stopped all conversation. All looked on. H—— whispered softly to me:—

"Jack's going to die. The scurvy's got up into his spleen and he's all swelled up. They all die when it gets there. Two died last week that way."

I was sitting nearest Jack's bed. I watched

the priest's solemn face slowly light up as from a glow within. The age disappeared. Patient and priest looked earnestly into each other's eyes for a full half minute. Then in the softest tones ever heard from a man's lips, Father Judge said:—

“I've been praying for you, Jack. If it is the good Lord's will, you're going to get well. The medicine is beginning to come down the river. Nurse will be here in a minute with what you need. Your good old mother is going to see you again if prayers and medicine can avail. Say your prayers, my boy. I'm going down to the chapel again, and I'll leave your case in good hands.”

The priest smoothed back the sick man's hair from his forehead, and then I saw the man was crying. As the Father turned away, Jack raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it fervently, then buried his face in his pillow.

The nurse came in, and the Father, personally administered the new medicine, with thoughtful care. He turned his attention to the rest of the sick men.

“Now, Mr. H——, those pillows don't look comfortable. I've got a better one down stairs. Just got it from a man who is going out. I'll send it up.” “Harry! What are you doing with your feet out of bed?” “Let me make you comfortable, Williams”

—suiting the action to the words, and rearranging bedclothes.

Then taking a position in the very centre of the room:—

“I’ve got good news for you all.” He looked around with a happy smile. “There’s a whole scow-load of potatoes just landed! What d’ye think of that! Now, I do hope the good Lord will not require me to steal them.”

The idea of Father Judge stealing potatoes caused a breach of the silence in a moment. The laughter was infectious. Everyone laughed. Jack had wiped away his tears and spoke up behind the priest’s back:—

“No, don’t you steal ’em, Father. “I’ll steal ’em for you,” at which there was another laugh.

“No, my boy,” answered the priest, “we won’t have to steal them. We’ll just pray.” Then as a merry after-thought, “It’s quicker.”

Then suddenly becoming serious again and speaking softly:—

“I wanted you to know that the chapel downstairs is finished, and there will be services morning and evening. We cannot give too many thanks for what He has done for us this winter.”

He passed quietly around the room, taking temperatures where the cases were most

serious, with a cheerful word to all, and a merry quip for every convalescent, petting the big fellows like great children, and every one of them looking the most profound gratitude.

When a nurse called him away, he hesitated just long enough to assume the most delicious Irish twang:—

“Now, don’t ye all be after getting down-hearted. The boats do be coming in by hundreds, and I’m going out now to have them send ye down what’s good for ye. Goodbye.”

His departure was the signal for the letting loose of a perfect flood of talk. The knowledge that the Father would be presently among the host of new arrivals, purchasing, bargaining, and, when his money ran out, begging for his dearly beloved sick, was almost too much for many bursting hearts present. I have never in all my eventful life listened to such a stream of adulation for a living man. Incidents of the winter were related, in which Father Judge had always figured in absolute self-forgetfulness. His never wavering faith that the Lord would provide for him and his sick was dwelt upon at length. At one time he had accepted charge of twenty more patients than there were beds in the institution, or bedding for. Before dark, three bales of blankets were brought on an unknown sleigh, dumped at

the door, and the driver hurried off. At another time, he had to put his rapidly increasing patients in an upper, unfinished room, with only the ceiling overhead, and no roof to ward off the summer storms, so plentiful in the Yukon. And, as if in answer to prayer, the storms relented, and it was fine for three weeks, or until the last board of the roof was in place. Much earlier, in the dead of winter, he had been unable to get a hole dug in the cemetery for the reception of one of the dead, and had himself worked with pick and shovel, until he was about to give up in despair, when in the semi-darkness, two burly men came in from the creeks with the story that it had been borne upon them that they were wanted at the hospital, and there they were to complete the grave and cover in the coffin.

The experience of another is thus told:—

“In June, 1898, my father and I were mining on No. 21 Below, Lower Discovery on Dominion Creek. One George Hunt was at this time ill in the hospital at Dawson, and, as we had to take a trip in for provisions, while there, we went to see him. It was then I met Father Judge for the first time, and never will I forget him as he looked that day. One felt that his very glance was a blessing.

“The Catholic hospital was then only two

stories high, built all of logs. Dawson at that time was being visited by an epidemic, and all available space was filled. Each room held three or four sick men; the halls and aisles were filled with cots, leaving just enough space for the nurses to move around. Father Judge gave up his own room and bed, and slept where he could. Indeed he hardly needed a bed, for he slept very little those days, and in reply to the nurses' pleading that he take some rest, he said that 'when his work was finished he would have plenty of time for sleeping.' The little ten by twelve office and the kitchen were the only places free from sick-cots.

"We did not see much of him on that trip—there were from four to twelve men dying every day, and his time, with the exception of half an hour for saying Mass, was devoted to cheering and nursing the sick, helping them to die well, and, after all was over, performing the last rites over them.

"There were many men in the Yukon that year who knew nothing and cared less for religion, and yet I felt, from hearing them talk, that the love and respect they bore Father Judge amounted almost to a religion. One man, an infidel, once said to me that the only time he ever felt he wanted to believe was when he was with Father Judge, and he thought if he could only have seen more of

him he would have turned to the Church eventually.

“ During this portion of Father Judge’s life in the Yukon he said Mass in a tent. The church had been burned down shortly before, they having hard work to save the hospital. The tent was built on the side of the hill, which left a large open space underneath. I have seen the attendance at Mass so great that the tent could not accommodate the crowd, and the space underneath would be filled also. Neither fire nor his hard work at the hospital discouraged Father.

“ It was well known in the Yukon that it was only necessary to let Father Judge know you were in need, and anything he had was at your disposal. The only time I heard of his wrapping himself up well, was once when he gave an undergarment to a man, and he was hastening home without it.

“ He once placed part of his own cache at the disposal of my father and myself when we did not have a place to store our goods.

“ It is hard to describe the influence Father Judge had over people who came in contact with him. I always felt as if I were with one who was goodness itself — one who could see right into my heart. He always left with me the feeling that I wanted to go off all by myself and pray. He rarely smiled, and yet

his face was radiant — beaming with an indescribable light.

“I returned from Dawson to the claim, and had been there only a few days when word was passed along that Father Judge was ill. We had hardly become used to the thought, when word was passed along that he was dead. Our claim was about forty miles from Dawson, and we had the news the day after his death. It was wonderful how rapidly the news spread. It travelled faster than a man could, for by the time the man who started with the news had taken his first meal on the road and rested, the news had passed beyond him being passed along by the claim owners. This will give you a faint idea of the love and respect the men had for him, Catholics and non-Catholics. It was a terrible shock — we could hardly realize that the church in Dawson could get along without him.

“I started for the town the next morning hoping to be in time for the funeral, but was a few hours late, notwithstanding the fact that I met a dog team and went through in one day. On my arrival I found the stores all closed as a tribute of respect, and all draped in black, with black festoons on the houses as well. The whole town was in mourning. The church all in mourning looked very sombre with the pillars entwined with black. I

feel sure there was not a person in the Yukon that knew him, who did not feel sorry for himself, but glad for the Father whose hard work was over and who had been called to his rest. Nothing else was talked of. Of course we being Catholics felt it the worst; if the whole town had slipped down into the river it would not have been more of a shock.

"I was told that the Sunday before he died, while apparently in good health, he told the Sisters at the hospital that his work here was ended, and that he felt that God would call him before the week was over. Father Judge's name will go down in the history of the Yukon as one of its heroes, and I feel sure he will never be forgotten by any who knew him."

About a month after the burning of the church, the Missionary had the joy of welcoming to Dawson the Sisters of St. Ann, who hastened to his aid as soon as they could make their way up the Yukon. The sick in Dawson were now to have the service that has been given on many a battlefield and in thousands of hospitals — the ministrations of those blessed women to whom Captain "Jack" Crawford, who was in Dawson in 1898, once referred in these glowing words:—

"On all God's green and beautiful earth, there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-

hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war, I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in camp and hospital, but on the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of dreadful war, where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew madly by with demoniac shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale blood-flecked faces, yet wearing the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field, their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears soon to be deafened by the cold implacable hand of death. . . . How many a veteran of the war, who wore the Blue or the Gray, can yet recall the soothing touch of a Sister's hand, as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of a hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement and cheer when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia, with my sunken eyes, as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer, and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly-

beating heart the fervent prayer: God bless her! God bless her!

“My friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready, at any and all times, to defend these noble women, even with my life, for I owe that life to them.” *

We may say of the life of every Christian, and especially of the life of every Missionary, what the Church says of St. Joseph: “*Miscens gaudia fletibus*”—“mingling joys with tears”; it is an alternation of joy and sorrow.

Thus to the pastor of St. Mary's, after the sorrow caused by the fire, came the joy of the Sisters' coming; this in turn was followed by fresh solicitude, when, at the beginning of August, typhoid fever became epidemic.

Every day new patients were brought to the hospital, so that in two weeks the limited space was filled. What was to be done? We shall let Sister Mary of the Angel Guardian answer. “The charity of Father Judge,” she wrote, “again did wonders. With the aid of devoted and charitable friends, he immediately undertook the construction of an addition to the hospital, three stories high and seventy feet long by twenty wide, and of a wing twenty-three feet long by twenty-eight wide. The work was pushed forward

*“Angels of the Battlefield,” Barton, P. 299.

with vigor. As fast as a story was finished, the sick were transported into it. This lodging, even in its unfinished state, afforded them more comfort than they could find on the damp earthen floor of their tents. The epidemic lasted three long months, and the hospital was always full. Most of the sick found in this asylum, the blessing of health, and a great number of Catholics that of a sincere conversion."

Here was work indeed for the pastor. Happily the Sisters were at hand to lessen his labors in the hospital; and soon the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate were to lend their aid in the parish work, and stretch out their strong arms to help support the growing burden.

Thanks to the generosity of Alexander McDonald, the new church was nearing completion without being a financial burden; but, it was not so with the extension of the hospital and the support of the inmates, to meet the expenses of which, Father Judge was obliged to go into debt.

It must have been hard for him to refuse anyone admission to the hospital; and yet, he had to be prudent and not go too far beyond his means. The difficulty of the situation is thus described by the Klondike Nugget: "Last summer saw the Father adding building after building in an effort to keep

up with the demands upon his charity. At last a point was reached which distressed him sadly — a lack of any more funds compelled the questioning of applicants as to their finances. Hesitatingly and with profuse apology, the good man would ask the vital question and ask them to secure an order of admission from the Government. Nevertheless, as the books of the institution will show, the bulk of the work at St. Mary's Hospital has been done purely in the name of charity; and this in a land of wealth untold."

During the epidemic there were in the hospital, besides six Sisters, thirty-four employees, male and female, whose salary amounted to more than three thousand dollars, with board and lodging.

We may conclude this imperfect account of the work of that busy summer and fall, with the Missionary's own words contained in the last letter received in Baltimore from him, and written from St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson City, under date of Oct. 6th, 1898.

"I have had a very busy summer, the building of our new church in place of the one burned, and a large addition to the hospital, together with the care of providing for the coming winter, was no little work, and the large number of patients in the hospital for the past two months has kept me as busy as I could be day and night. We

have 135 patients at present, mostly typhoid fever, which has been very bad here this summer, but the doctors all agree that we are having unusually good success in the hospital.

“Our new church is very fine for this part of the world, and would do credit to a much older town. It has cost \$25,000, and is the gift of one good man, Alexander McDonald. I said the first Mass in it on August 21st, and blessed it, and then turned it over to the Oblates of Mary, who have charge of the parish now. I still have the care of the hospital, which is as much as I can attend to with the present number, but I expect to turn it over to the Sisters in the spring and go back to Alaska, where I belong.

“We have five or six hundred at Mass every Sunday, so you can understand what kind of town we have. I have a telephone in my office, not only for the town but also to the creeks (the creeks are fifteen miles from Dawson). They are preparing to give us electric light. I think we shall have about 15,000 people in this town this winter. I have met several Baltimore people here lately, and indeed nearly every part of the world is represented.

“It is sad to see how many poor people have left good homes to come here and find themselves without the necessities of life,



Catholic Church

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF DAWSON CITY

without money and without work. I fear there will be much suffering here this winter. There are thousands still in tents, and winter is on us."

Relieved of the care of the parish, Father Judge became Chaplain of the hospital, and concentrated all his devotion and zeal upon the work of that institution.

In all such houses it is desirable to have a chapel for the devotions of the Chaplain and the Sisters, and for the convenience of the sick and convalescent. Father Judge was engaged on the construction and fitting up of a chapel for the hospital when Christmas came with its ever-consoling graces and cheering memories. It was the last Christmas that he was to spend on earth.

December 27th, he wrote to his Superior in Juneau. This letter showed that he was well and rejoicing at the work that was being done. "The hospital," he said, "continues to do much good for souls, and saves many lives." Enclosed was the program of an entertainment given on Christmas night for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital.

We shall let an eye-witness, C. H. Higgins, give the details of the Missionary's life during the latter part of 1898:—

"Winter came on; the last boats for up and down the river left at the beginning of October, and we were frozen in for eight months.

The days became shorter fast, snow had fallen covering the mountain peaks and the entire country. Father Judge liked the winter best. 'This part of the world is so beautiful in its mantle of purity,' he said. Work had begun in earnest on the creeks, and all were settled down to do what they could to be ready with their wash-ups in May, 1899, many to be disappointed, others to succeed.

Let us briefly review one of Father Judge's ordinary days, after looking in at his only private quarters. In the front room on the first floor of the hospital building, which was the office, was a table that served as a desk, a small book-case containing religious books, a wash-stand, a stove, and in the southeast corner a rough board lounge about two feet high. On this were a couple of blue blankets, and a robe. A curtain hanging down the sides of the lounge covered a rough wooden drawer which served to contain his few belongings. This was his room, the lounge was his bed. He thought much of the robe, for it was the one Archbishop Seghers used, and on which he was lying when he was murdered by his attendant.

Father Judge rose between five and six, and the first seen of him was when, with cassock on, he was repairing to the church or chapel to say Mass. We have mentioned before the very spiritual expression he always

had at this time, and the impression made on those who heard him say Mass. After his thanksgiving he went to the office where frequently special matters awaited his attention. He would spend some time receiving patients, hearing poor unfortunates and encouraging them, or perhaps he would be called to a patient very ill, whom he would see, and then carry to him the Holy Eucharist. After this he took off his cassock, and became the manager of a large hospital. He would take a light meal, frequently sharing it with another, and then make a general inspection of all the patients, asking and answering questions. If anyone were dangerously ill, a screen was put around the bed, the priest would again put on his cassock, and return to the sick one, speaking to him those words which in many cases seemed to restore health, or to make death easy and peaceful. This was part of his daily labors. Do you wonder, reader, that all eyes were turned in the direction from which his daily visit came? The poor patients were hungry to see this man of God; even non-Catholics were pleased to see him, and it is well known that a large number of conversions were made on those hospital beds.

His next occupation was to go out and see that the various persons employed were doing their work properly, in the enlarging of

the hospital, the building of the church, and those things necessary for the daily running of the institution.

It often occurred that when a patient was very low his friends on the creeks were advised of the fact, and if he desired services other than those of Father Judge, a minister was called. When a patient died, if he were a Catholic a Mass was said, after which the friends carried the body from the church to the grave. Father Judge, wearing cassock and surplice, led, an attendant carried a lighted candle and holy water, and the remains were buried with solemn ceremony. The bodies of the dead were always carefully washed and as neatly attired as it was possible, Father several times giving part of his scant wardrobe to supply some need.

A large number of persons called daily on various business affairs, Protestants and Catholics alike seeking his advice and direction. He was looked up to as the one person in the gold-fields who would give solid, unselfish, and truthful direction. All knew and spoke of him as 'Father Judge,' their friend.

Thus the entire day was filled up; and, though it was supposed that he retired about eleven o'clock, after he sought his room, no one knew what rest he took. At any hour of the night he might be seen moving quietly

through the private rooms or wards of the hospital, and he always insisted that the nurses should call him if any patient asked to see him, so that none who might wish his priestly services would be deprived of them.

On Sunday, August 21st, 1898, the new church was dedicated by Father Judge, assisted by the Oblate Fathers. Father Judge preached a most striking sermon on the Real Presence; no gestures, no complex sentences, only plain, forcible, convincing words which were understood by anyone who understood English. This was the great beauty of his preaching; it was always plain, and so clearly from his heart that it sank deep into the hearts of his hearers. In concluding his sermon on the day of the dedication, I remember, he used a sentence frequently uttered by him, "Remember man, the end for which you were created." After the dedication of the church Father Judge at once took the two rooms next to his office and bed-room and made of them a small chapel in which he performed his priestly duties until his death. He and Father Gendreau, the Superior of the Oblate Fathers, were close friends, and after he had turned over the church to the Oblates of Mary they insisted that he should sometimes officiate and preach in the new church, which had been erected by Mr. McDonald through love and respect for Father Judge

as well as for the glory and the worship of God. He accepted the invitation and officiated every third Sunday.

Thus things went on. Christmas was approaching, and the arrangements for the minstrel performance were almost complete.* It was necessary to obtain a hall. We expected, taking things at their inflated values in Dawson, that a fair price for a hall with heat and light would be from \$300 to \$400. We went to Mr. Joseph Cooper, owner of the Tivoli Theatre, and explained our mission. He said: 'When do you wish to have it?' As many tickets, at five dollars each, had been sold on the creeks and most of the men would come into town on Christmas day, without consulting Father Judge, we told him, 'On Christmas night.' Mr. Cooper replied, 'You go to Father Judge and say I will give the hall with light and heat free of charge.' This was a most agreeable surprise, and a substantial donation.

In the meantime a few of Father's friends about the hospital decided that he must have for Christmas a suit of clothes that would better become the dignity of his calling. A tailor was sent to get his measure, but he would not consent to that. Then we in-

* To help pay off the debt on the hospital, it had been determined to get up a minstrel entertainment.

structed the tailor to do the best he could to make up a suit, which he did. In addition to this, a fine sealskin coat, reaching to his knees, was procured, with a sealskin cap and gloves. One evening a few days before Christmas, Father was called away from the office by arrangement, and, on his return, he found waiting for him half a dozen friends and his new outfit. He was surprised. Then the spokesman explained.

Father Judge was much moved by their thoughtfulness, but he told them that he could not accept the gifts, that being a Jesuit priest he could own nothing, and he did not feel that he could accept the gifts without the consent or order of his Superior.

This chilled the ardor of his friends for a time, but they urged on him that he needed these things, that his Superior could not be reached without some person risking his life in going out over the ice to see him, and that Father Rene, his Superior, would not arrive possibly for six months. It was at this point that a friend urged on the Father that most of the donors were Protestants, and we think this had much to do with his finally accepting the clothes.

All was now excitement arranging for the great festival of Christmas. Spruce and pine boughs, with which the country abounds, were gathered and the church was decorated.

Father also cheered his poor sick men by decorating the wards. He had an artist paint the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the angels, the Wise Men, etc., on separate pieces of cardboard; and these surrounded a figure of the infant Saviour, in a most beautifully arranged crib, the work of Father Judge and the Sisters. All was now ready, and many were waiting for twelve o'clock Saturday night, to repair to St. Mary's for midnight Mass on the Yukon. Several fine singers were to act as choir; a small reed-organ was accompanied by several stringed instruments. Long before Mass, the Oblate Fathers were busy arranging vestments, etc., for Solemn High Mass, of which Father Judge was to be celebrant. The choir took possession of the gallery, and the body of the church rapidly filled up with many men, and some women, from all over the globe. Owing to the cold weather their dresses were of all kinds. Some had sweaters, some wore furs, others again appeared with their civilization clothes, making altogether an odd sight.

All awaited the coming of the celebrant, who most likely, after seeing his patients cared for, went to his little chapel to prepare for the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice.

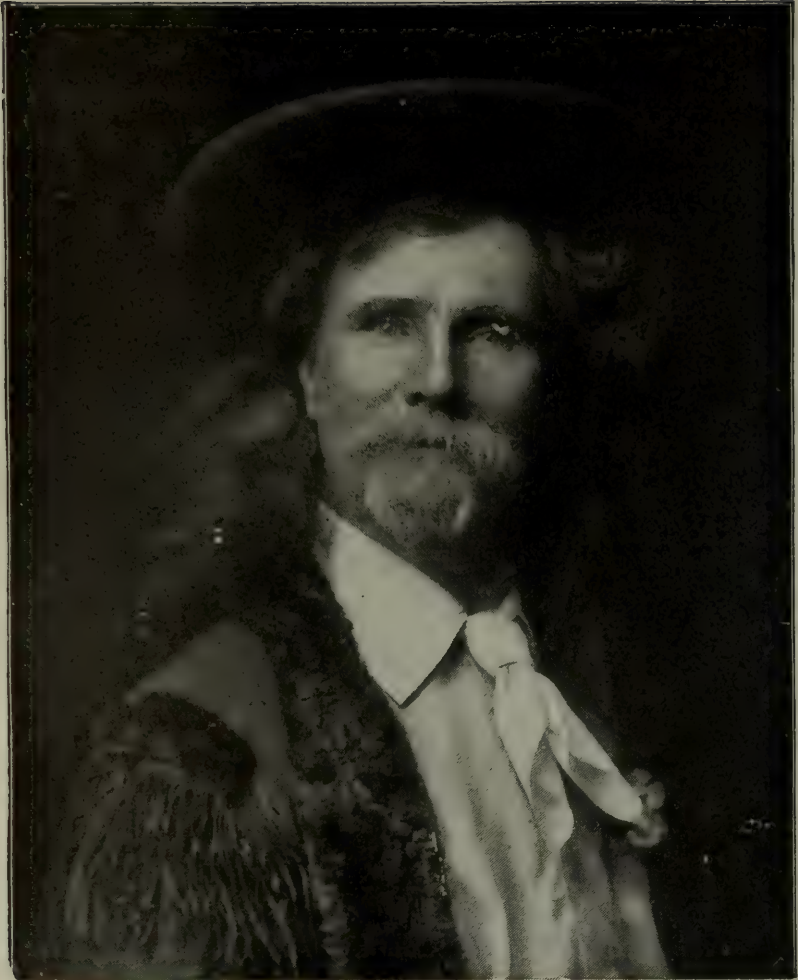
In a few minutes, while all was still, a footstep was heard, and Father Judge was seen

advancing up the middle aisle. Something seemed to illuminate his countenance as he advanced towards the altar, and moved to the Gospel side. The choir sang the *Adeste Fideles*, after which the priests turned towards the altar, Father Judge standing on the very spot that, four weeks later, was to be his tomb. The Mass began with beautiful music, and was devoutly followed by the worshippers. Father Judge read in English the Gospel of the first Mass on Christmas Day, after which he preached a touching sermon on the love we owe to God for His coming on earth to redeem us. Then he drew a vivid picture of the loved ones of his hearers in their widely-scattered homes, where the vacant chair was their one anxiety that day. No one who heard, or was present, could fail to see that all were deeply affected. Strong men wept. Father urged those who had been successful to remember that God had made them simply His stewards, and would demand an account; then to the majority of us he showed that while we might not have been successful in earthly gains, if we kept close to God it would be better than if we had gained not only the wealth of the Klondike, which we knew to be great, but of the whole world. All were benefited by his words, and their sorrow would have been great indeed had they

known that this was to be the last public utterance, at High Mass, of our loved Father.

Father Judge said a Low Mass after finishing the first Mass, and later said his third Mass in the hospital chapel.

The services of the day being over the final arrangements for the minstrel entertainment were made, and several of Father's friends who had engaged boxes for the performance asked him to share them. He did not wish to go, but they begged him in the name of the hospital, for the benefit of which it was being held, to go down for a while. Of course he knew well that there was no evil intention in choosing that day for it, as the parties had not been posted on the matter, and none had thought of Christmas falling on Sunday. Indeed it was like a Christian affair, all saloons and dance-halls being closed. So Father Judge went at their urgent request. The performance was clean, and the persons taking part in it did their parts cleverly. At the end of the first part all the performers withdrew except the interlocutor, Mr. George Noble, who arose and, addressing the audience, pictured our dear Father from the time he turned his face towards Dawson, mentioned the great work he had accomplished, but never once used his name. In concluding his address Mr. Noble referred to him as the 'Grand old man



CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

of Dawson.' This was the signal for the house to go wild with enthusiasm, calling upon Father Judge. He finally came upon the stage, and the cheering continued for five minutes. It would have lasted much longer, but the audience saw that Father was growing embarrassed and they quieted down. Then Father Judge thanked the performers and the audience for their kindness to the hospital. This was the only time we saw him in his new clothes. When he withdrew, the cheering began again and continued for some time. Everybody was pleased, and the hospital was two thousand dollars richer by the entertainment.

One of Father Judge's callers during that eventful winter, was John Wallace Crawford, better known as "Capt. Jack" or "The Poet Scout," whose checkered career and varied experiences are making him to-day a welcome figure on the lecture platform. In characteristic style, the Captain tells us of his visit. Writing to an old acquaintance, he says:

"I was delighted to get on to your trail when I met you at Harrisburg, after our Klondike experience; and my thoughts go back to the bitter cold day in 1898, when it was 40° below zero and I left my little log cabin on the hillside, near the hospital, and

rushed in to open my heart and soul to that martyr for God and humanity, Father Judge.

“ When I told my story of how I was victimized by a hypocrite, who wanted me to get rich and make him rich by endorsing as true his lying prospectus, which claimed twelve million dollars’ worth of property in the Klondike, where there was absolutely not a color of gold. . . .

“ ‘ My son,’ he said, taking me by the hand, ‘ don’t hesitate for a moment. Sit down and expose the whole scheme.’ Then he handed me a roll of bills, adding: ‘ Take this, it will tide you over till you get something to do.’ Well, I was never idle a moment, as you know. I assisted at some twenty benefits for the unfortunate, and gave my entertainment to thousands of the boys out on the creeks, and in all my life I never had so much real pleasure while assisting others. It was not long until I built my own little shack and opened my Wigwam, up near the Barracks, where I sold hay and grain on commission, and made ice-cream in the summer; indeed, I sold baled hay and ice-cream over the same counter, and there was but little difference in the price by weight, for I sold baled hay at 35c per lb., and oats and corn at 30c. . . .

“ Well, as I look back over the Klondike trails and mountains, sorrows and joys, the great kind face appears, and the soul of

Father Judge seems peeping from his honest blue eyes into the tangled brush of my own soul, and I hear him saying: 'My son, don't hesitate, sit right down and expose the whole scheme.' And so this Christmas Day I will let my soul dictate a tribute to one of God's anointed, my friend, and the friend of humanity."

FATHER JUDGE.

Christ died for men and so did he —
The sweetest soul I ever knew,
And when he grasped the hand of me,
His honest laughing eyes of blue
Dispelled the clouds from out my sky
And warmed the chill from off my heart;
And when it comes my time to die
I pray we won't be far apart.

But if there is a gulf between
The Father and the wayward stray,
His love will tell what might have been
And Christ will open up the way.
And true as there's a God above
I know with all my heart and soul
That all who suffer for the love
Of truth, will reach the heavenly goal.

Not for a creed or circumstance
Would he a helping hand refuse;
Nor pomp, nor power, nor grand finance
Could change his broad and noble views.
He saw his duty. Who can tell
How much we loved him in the West?
But He, who doeth all things well,
To his tired soul had whispered "Rest."

When last I gazed into his face —
His dear, dead face, so truly kind,
A halo seemed to light the place
For God had left the smile behind.
And hardy miners bowed their heads
And felons wiped a tear away,
And fever patients in their beds
Were conscious of a loss that day.

God's martyr — His adopted son —
He died, dear friends, for you and me;
He surely died as Christ had done
In love, in truth, in poverty.
I crave not wealth, nor care for fame,
Nor wealth nor fame do I begrudge,
But Lord, permit me once again
To clasp the hand of Father Judge.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."
II. Tim. iv., 7.

NEW Year's Day, 1899, fell on Sunday, and by that time the chapel of the hospital was so near completion that Father Judge was able to say the first Mass in it.

This circumstance must have helped to make the day for him and the inmates of the hospital one of special happiness.

Each day of the following week he offered the Holy Sacrifice in this, the last of the sanctuaries that he was privileged to establish for the God of the Eucharist. On Saturday, January 7th, he vested and went to the altar, but feeling ill he was obliged to forego the consolation of saying Mass. Then followed a week of sickness and pain, the struggle of an enfeebled system against the fever and congestion incident to pneumonia, until, on January 16th at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, death put an end to the labors of Dawson's first pastor.

We shall let the same devoted companion, whom we have quoted in the preceding chapter, relate the incidents of the Missionary's last hours:—

“ Having some business of his to attend to on Hunker Creek, I went to his room, knocked on the door, and was invited to enter. He lay on his rough bed, dressed in his cassock. After giving me instructions about the business in hand, he said he could not say Mass that day.

“ When I returned from the creek he had been put to bed in the second room from the front up-stairs. From day to day he would grow worse, and then rally. Hundreds of inquirers came daily, and wherever one turned the question was, ‘ How is Father ? ’ Any other name was unnecessary. One evening, a few days before the end, the Priests, Sisters, Brother Cunningham, three Indians, a boy and two girls, doctors and nurses, had gathered in the room for what was supposed would be his death. One of the Sisters was reading chapters 23 and 24, Book I, of *The Following of Christ*. Father's breathing was slow and hard, so the doctor made a signal for the Sister to stop reading. Almost at once Father Judge, to the surprise of all, spoke out, saying: ‘ Keep on, Sister, that is what I want to hear,’ and after a half hour he rallied and seemed stronger.

George Mitchell, an old-time friend from down the river, and a Protestant, who was oftener called Skiff Mitchell, came into the room and knelt at the bedside. Father opened his eyes and recognized him, uttering his name. Poor Mitchell cried, as many others about the bed did, and Father said to him, 'George, why are you crying?' Of course, on account of his sorrow, the man could not answer. Father continued: 'George, we have been old friends almost since I came into the country.' Then Mitchell said: 'Yes, and we can't afford to lose friends like you.' Father then replied: 'George, you have got what you came for. I, too, have been working for a reward, would you keep me from it?' No answer was made, as all were filled with sorrow.

"The doctor seeing Father's improved condition told all to leave the room. Only Mr. George Burns, an old down-river friend, and myself remained. About midnight Father said to Mr. Burns: 'George, go down-stairs and make me a cup of tea as you used to, down the river.' Mr. Burns went out, and then I was alone with my good friend. Noticing that he had his eyes closed, and that his lips were dry from fever, I took some glycerine and water and moistened them. He opened his eyes, and said, 'Oh, thank you.' I did not answer, but simply looked at

him. Then he said: 'Kneel down, and I will give you my dying blessing.' After saying that we needed him so badly I did as he ordered, and he raised his hand and blessed me. Soon Mr. Burns returned, and after taking the tea Father dozed until morning.

"During this time inquiries continued and the town seemed as if some calamity were about to fall on it. On Monday, January 16th, when I was returning to the hospital from town, a manager of one of the new commercial companies called me to know Father's condition. I answered him, and he gave me a small case of champagne to take to the doctor, thinking Father's weak stomach would be helped by it. The value of this wine in Dawson was thirty dollars a pint. I mention this simply to show that the friendship of the giver was practical. When I reached the hospital, I noticed the noiseless moving about near his room, and seeing Priests, Sisters, and all gathering there I followed and knelt with the rest. It was nearly two o'clock, and gloomy, as we had not seen a ray of sunlight since November. All were sad and dared not look at one another, for grief was pent up in all. Suddenly the rays of the sun shot into the death chamber for a moment and again were gone, and with them went the pure soul of Father Judge.

“ It is impossible to describe the feelings of those present. The good Oblates of Mary had lost a brother Priest, the Sisters one who was a real father to them and who had prepared the way for them to perform the duties of charity they so cheerfully took up. The Indians lamented him pitiably. His companion, Brother Cunningham, had lost his master and guide, the physicians and attaches of the hospital their devoted friend and helper; but what of those who for two weeks had watched in vain for that morning visit of their protector and comforter? I think no sadder place could be described than the rooms and wards of St. Mary's Hospital, when the inmates learned that Father Judge was dead. Long afterward they would speak of their ‘ friend in need.’

“ About the hospital all hearts were heavy, yet the necessary arrangements for the burial had to be made. The question was where should the grave be? In a short time it was decided that Father Judge should be buried on the Gospel side of the altar, so that those whom he loved and who loved him could offer their prayers to God, and invoke our dear Father's help in their trials, which he knew so well. It took Tuesday and Wednesday and part of Thursday to dig the grave. Mr. George Burns, of whom mention has been made, arranged for the casket in which

Father Judge's remains were interred. It was a magnificent one, considering the possibilities of the place, and he would not give any information about the cost. I learned positively that it cost a thousand dollars. . . . On Thursday night the remains were moved from the chapel to the church, for the funeral. Mr. John Mattler of Denver, Colorado, and I took turns in watching that the burning candles should do no damage. His turn was up at 11 P. M. and I remained until 4 A. M. It was bitterly cold, and to keep comfortable it was necessary to walk up and down the aisle. Besides, at that time, we had but a couple of hours of faint light at mid-day, and one might say it was continuous night. During my watch the weird howling of wolves and malamute dogs was constant, yet there seemed to be nothing to fear; for there, with that strange dignity on his face, lay our good friend who seemed only sleeping, and ready to answer our call for assistance, as he always did in life."

As we said in the beginning of this narrative, God has not ceased to speak to men, and we know not how often He gives some warning or presentiment of the approach of death. We know that to the Saints the knowledge of the time of their death has been frequently granted. St. Stanislas Kostka, two weeks

before his death, asserted that he would certainly die before the end of that month; a few days later he expressed the hope that he would spend in Heaven the feast of the Assumption (the 15th of August); on the 14th, in the morning, he said that he would die that night, and in fact he did die very early in the morning, August 15th.

It seems very clear that Father Judge had a presentiment of his death. He said during his illness that he would die on Monday, the 16th. When the Sister who attended him said, "Oh, no! Father, you are not going to die; we shall pray hard, and you will not die," he answered with a sort of cheerful assurance, "You may do what you please, but I am going to die."

By a strange coincidence, thirty-three years before, his mother was taken ill on January 8th and died on the 16th, and this loving son began his struggle with death on the 8th and expired on the 16th of the same month.

It is interesting to note how firmly convinced were the friends or attendants, who heard him speak of the day of his death, that it was the anniversary of his birth. This error can be explained only by supposing that, when the worn-out missionary spoke of that day as his "birthday," he was using

the language of the Saints, and we may say, of the Church; and that he meant to say, perhaps half playfully, that it would be the day of his birth to a better life.

He could not have forgotten that he was born on April 28th; for, in his family it had been the custom to celebrate and make much of "birthdays;" and that custom contributed to impress the dates indelibly on the minds of the children.

Divine Providence surrounded the faithful priest in his last illness with all the consolations of religion. For some years, Father Judge had passed months without seeing a fellow priest; and, if death had overtaken him then, he would have been deprived of the helps that the Church affords her children in their last hours. But, when his time came, though in a place where, three years before, there would have been no hope of seeing a priest, he found not only the affectionate ministration of the priest, with daily Communion during his illness, but also the gentle and solicitous care of devoted and pious Sisters.

Is it not easy to see here the realization of the beautiful thought expressed by a holy soul in these words?—"Give yourselves unreservedly to God, love Him and seek for nothing out of Him, and the day will come

when you will fall asleep on His Divine Heart, to waken in His glory.”*

The first announcement to the outside world of the Missionary's end, was a paragraph in the daily papers of February 11th, 1899, which read: “Father Judge is Dead. An Associated Press dispatch from Dawson City, Alaska, via Seattle, announces the death from pneumonia of Rev. Wm. H. Judge, S. J.”

Owing to the lack of telegraphic communication, it had taken twenty-five days for the news to reach Seattle; and the meagreness of the information left relatives and friends in a state of suspense until, some ten days later, the following letter was received from the Prefect Apostolic of Alaska:—

Juneau, Alaska, Feb. 12, 1899.

To Rev. Father C. J. Judge, S. S.,
St. Charles College,
Ellicott City, Md.

Rev. and Dearest Father:

The last letter I had from your dearly beloved brother, Father William Judge, was dated Dawson, December 27th, 1898. He was well then, and rejoicing at the work done at St. Mary's Hospital. “The hospital,” said he, “continues to do much good for

* Mother M. of St. Euphrasia Pelletier.

souls, and saves many lives." He enclosed in his letter the program of an entertainment given there on Christmas night, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital.

Great, therefore, was my sorrow, and painful my surprise, when the mail from Dawson brought us today the unexpected news of the sickness of your brother on January 8th and his happy death on January 16th. The Holy Will of God be done! It is a hard blow to all his relations and friends, and especially to our Mission. We have all suffered an immense loss, but God knows better than ourselves what was best for our dear Father, and for our Mission. Our Lord was satisfied with his good works in this world, and called him to his reward and to a better life, where there are no more toils, and hardships, and trials of all kinds, but everlasting joy and peace.

As a matter of fact, reverend and dear Father, when I visited him last summer, I was very much struck by a change which had come over him and gave to his words and actions a calm and serenity, which appeared to me of a supernatural character, and resembled the heavenly peace of the blessed. I made the remark to many of our Fathers at the time. In the midst of his toils and fatigues, day and night, he felt perfectly happy and contented, and superabounded

with consolations. I see by the particulars which have just been forwarded to me from Dawson concerning his death, that this condition of his soul was, by a special grace of God, the same up to his last moment; for he was conscious up to the end, and all his utterances expressed the happiness of his soul. Therefore I say, we his friends and brothers in Christ, weep not over him without consolation, like those who have no faith and consequently no hope. Let us pray for him, but at the same time thank God for such a death after such a life of heroic deeds of charity.

Our beloved Father, according to the letter of one of the employees in the hospital, was suffering from congestion of the right lung and pleurisy accompanied by fever. On January 12th, Dr. Barrett, his physician, said that his fever had fallen from 104° to 101° ; also that the inflammation was subsiding and his condition somewhat improved, but owing to his poor general health he was not entirely out of danger, and in case of any further complications arising, the result might prove fatal. Your brother thought it prudent to constitute a board of trustees, to look after his affairs, and appointed a board of directors to conduct and manage the hospital, under the supervision of Sister Mary Zephyrin, who was superintending the institution dur-

ing his illness. He expressed himself as fully resigned, and remarked,—“ If our dear Lord is about to call me to my reward, I am prepared.” Our Father was very happy, despite his sad affliction. Yet all sincerely hoped and prayed that God would spare him a little while longer, as Dawson could ill afford to lose him. All seemed fully to realize it, as there were constant inquiries, both in person and over the telephone, soliciting news of his condition. He has erected a monument to God and dedicated to man a hospital, which has been a haven of refuge to the poor afflicted sick of Dawson.

Father Desmarais, O. M. I., prepared him, in the absence of the Vicar General, Father Gendreau, to receive the Holy Rites of the Church, and he had the happiness every morning, a little after midnight, of receiving Holy Communion as Viaticum.

On January 16th, a further communication was forwarded to me, as follows:—“ It is with great sorrow that I inform you of the sad news of the death of our much lamented Father William H. Judge, which occurred at ten minutes before two o'clock this afternoon, he receiving the Holy Rites of the Church, surrounded by Father Desmarais, O. M. I., Brother B. Cunningham, S. J., and the Sisters of St. Ann, who were in constant attendance, anticipating every desire; a service

which was performed with such grace and gentleness, as only they possess. He suffered considerably during the last three days, but rested comparatively easy from about seven o'clock this morning until our Divine Lord was pleased to release him from the life which he so nobly sustained through his magnificent character, strong religious zeal, and great faith in God.

Rev. Father Gendreau arrived about four o'clock this afternoon, and greatly lamented being too late; he was on the creeks visiting the various missions, and unfortunately the news did not reach him until yesterday, when further travel was impossible."

Father Gendreau himself wrote on January 18th, to explain how, when he started for his visit to the mines, nothing had led him to suspect that your beloved brother would fall sick, as he did on the following day. The Oblate Fathers had invited him to dine with them on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6th. Father Gendreau had informed him that he intended to start for a visit to the Missions in the mines. Our Father had approved of his plan, and lent him his own sleigh and dogs for the journey. At the moment of starting, Father Gendreau went to shake hands with your brother, whom he found in good health. Thus you see how unexpected was the approaching de-

cease of our dear Father, and how friendly all the Missionaries were living together.

The same Father Gendreau, in a letter dated January 20th, gives the following particulars of the funeral services of the Apostle of Dawson: "Every day, from Monday up to Friday, the Office of the Dead was recited at 8 P. M. around his remains. They were brought up to the church on Thursday evening, and people watched over them the whole night. There was High Mass at eleven o'clock on Friday, with deacon and sub-deacon: Father Gendreau was celebrant, Father Desmarais, deacon, and Father Corbeil, sub-deacon. Father Lefebvre directed the choir. The crowd was immense; many people could not find room inside. At the end, Father Desmarais spoke in praise of the lamented Missionary, who had done so much and given his life for the welfare of the miners in the Klondike. Father Gendreau also spoke. The government officials, all the prominent citizens, and even the Protestant ministers were all there. The church was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The mourning was general; flags were at half-mast and stores were closed on that day from 9 A. M. to 2. P. M."

Allow me to enclose in this letter the leading article of the local newspaper in Dawson.

Your beloved brother was buried in a vault

near the altar, on the Gospel side, in that church which was erected by his indefatigable zeal last summer, on the same lot as the former one, but of larger proportions. I forward you a copy of the photograph of that church, that you may form a better idea of the place where lie the remains of your saintly brother.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

J. B. Rene, S. J.,

Pref. Ap. Alaska.

The article in the Dawson paper, the Klondike Nugget, to which the Very Rev. Prefect Apostolic alludes, thus described the sad event:—"Rev. Father Judge is Dead—He yields up his life surrounded by many of his friends—His splendid work in Dawson—'Charity, Sweet Charity,' his ruling motive—A good man's work—A living faith.

"The Rev. Father Judge is no more. 'Father' Judge, as all loved to call him, Catholics and Protestants alike, died at the hospital he has cared for so long and lovingly, on Monday afternoon, January 16th, at 1.50. The Father's faith was as real as his Christianity, and almost his last words to the friends around his death-bed were: 'This is the happiest moment of my life; I have worked for this many years; I am going to my reward.' Each spasm of pain during his

last excruciating illness, was welcomed devoutly as the wish of an all-wise and chastening Father; and calmly and serenely the good Missionary glided into the eternity, which has occupied so much of his thoughts here upon earth.

“The day of his death, strange to say, was his forty-ninth birthday,* and it was upon the same day thirty-three years ago that he lost his mother. Four years ago, on the same day, he nearly lost his life from freezing. To his intimate friends, during his illness, he confided the fact that he hardly expected to live over that fateful day; and, as the time arrived, the more certain of this he became. Friends were summoned and ‘good-bys’ were said—the Father as cheerful and contented as at any time in his history, and himself speaking words of comfort to the big, yet weeping pioneers, whom he had known so long and served so faithfully. . . .

“Of his private life there is not much to tell. On a hard couch in his office, by the front entrance to the hospital, he spent the few hours devoted to sleep, ready at an instant’s notice to respond to night-callers and to the querulous calls of sickness. A standing order with nurses and watchmen was that, no matter what the hour, or how un-

* We have explained above the source of this error.

necessary the call, he was to be instantly awakened if patients desired his presence.

“Loved sincerely and genuinely by everyone attached to the institution, the ‘Good Father Judge,’ as he was affectionately known to all, will receive the last sad rites of his church on Friday next at eleven o’clock in the forenoon, and his remains will be laid to rest in a vault constructed under the sacred building, in which he has so often led the services.”

A Seattle paper of February 17th, thus referred to the peculiar circumstances to which we have called attention: “The deceased was forty-nine years of age, his death occurring on the anniversary of his birth.

“A strange circumstance connected with the death of Father Judge was his prediction of the date on which it would occur. From the beginning of his illness he felt that he would die; and, to intimate friends, he said his death would take place on his birthday, January 16th.”

Nobody could better tell us of the death of the Pastor and Chaplain than the devoted Sister Mary Zephyrin, who attended him during his illness. With a delicate charity she wrote to the youngest sister of the departed priest, while his body was still lying in the hospital. From that letter we extract the following lines: “Never were prayers

more fervently offered for a devoted Pastor's preservation, than ours were for him; and it was only two hours before he breathed forth his pure, noble soul, that our hopes were blasted. . . .

"Of his holy sojourn here below, all that we could say would be but the faint shadow of the reality; for his was certainly an ideal life. The spirit of self-sacrifice, that actuated him in every word and deed, proved how zealously he strove to attain that degree of perfection, which has been so eagerly sought after by the Saints, in whose footsteps he trod as closely as possible. . . .

"Could you have shared our happiness, as we all knelt by his bedside, in receiving one of the many blessings he gave; in listening to the pious words addressed to many of his most intimate friends, who called to bid him 'farewell'; in witnessing the look of peace and happiness portrayed on his countenance, as he spoke of his desire to be called forth from this world to enjoy for evermore the company of our Blessed Saviour, whom he loved so ardently, and his entire submission to the Holy Will of God, which was one of the faithful maxims of his life, you would be consoled and fully convinced of how well prepared this loved brother was to meet the Creator." . . .

The following account from the "Klon-

dike Nugget " of January 21st, will best describe the funeral of Dawson's first Pastor: "All Dawson mourns the death of Father Judge. There is scarcely a man in the entire community, who, at some time or other, has not come into personal contact with the work of that noble priest, who, on Friday morning, amid the solemn services of his Church, was laid to rest beneath the edifice which stands as a lasting monument to his efforts as a philanthropist. The esteem, in which the benevolent Father was so universally held, is well attested by the great throng which assembled to witness the last sad ceremony.

"At an early hour groups of sorrowful mourners began to arrive; and, long before the hour for the funeral, the large church was crowded to overflowing. The sides and ceiling of the church were beautifully draped in mourning, as were also the pillars which support the roof. Around the altar and forming an effective background for numerous waxen tapers, the sombre black and white were gracefully intertwined.

"Before the altar, in the centre of the broad aisle, was the beautiful casket containing the remains of the departed Father. Surrounding the casket were tall standards bearing lighted tapers, which threw a soft light upon the peaceful features of the dead. Perfectly serene he lay and with every indi-

cation of having fallen into quiet restful repose.

"The solemn and impressive requiem Mass of of the Catholic Church was performed by Rev. Father Gendreau, who succeeds Father Judge as pastor of St. Mary's Church, assisted by Fathers Desmarais and Corbeil. At the conclusion of the ceremonial portion of the services, Father Desmarais addressed the assembly with touching words. He reviewed the life of the departed from childhood, when he first manifested an interest in spiritual matters and indicated his desire for the priesthood. During school and college days, he was held in high regard by masters and fellow students alike. Since his ordination as a priest, important duties had been assigned to him, and all were fulfilled in a most worthy and creditable manner.

"His work as a Missionary at Circle City and Forty Mile was spoken of with great feeling, and many an old-timer went back in his memory to the days when Father Judge was ministering to the spiritual wants of the miners in the lower country. His efforts and successes among the Indians were also referred to by the speaker, whose personal affection for Father Judge was made manifest in every word spoken.

"Father Desmarais dwelt at length upon

the work of the deceased since his arrival in Dawson. Almost through his own unaided efforts St. Mary's church was founded; and, in connection with it, Father Judge realized a long-cherished wish, when he found himself enabled to proceed with the construction of the hospital.

"The fire of last spring, which entirely destroyed the first church building, in no wise discouraged the zealous priest; and he set to work with renewed vigor upon the plans for the present structure, a building far more commodious and better adapted for the purpose.

"Through his untiring energy and zeal, the accommodations of St. Mary's Hospital were extended until its present capacity was reached: but the accomplishment of the heavy tasks he had set himself, proved too heavy a drain upon a naturally weak physical organism; and at length his life was laid down in the service to which his best years had been consecrated.

"With a touching tribute to the dead, and a rehearsal of his own intimate relations with him, Father Desmarais concluded his address.

"Father Gendreau, successor to Father Judge as pastor of St. Mary's, then spoke briefly in reference to the many virtues of the deceased; and told of his own feeling of re-

sponsibility in taking up a work begun by such able hands. His remarks impressed themselves deeply upon all.

"The audience were then invited to pass up the aisles and view the remains, while the choir in the gallery filled the church with the sweet harmonies of 'Nearer My God to Thee.'

"The music throughout the ceremony was beautifully rendered. The pall-bearers were Messrs. M. J. Sullivan, Geo. Burns, Thos. Chisholm, Dr. McFarlane, Dr. Barrett, and Mr. Stevens."

When the news of the Missionary's death was verified, steps were taken to have suitable funeral services in Baltimore, while many private Masses were offered for the repose of his soul.

On March 6th a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Ignatius' Church, which the departed priest had loved so well.

The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. C. J. Judge, of St. Charles' College, a brother of the dead priest. Rev. J. H. Richards, of Frederick City, was deacon, and Rev. Lawrence Kelly, of Loyola College, sub-deacon.

Rev. John A. Morgan, President of Loyola College, preached. In referring to the life of Father Judge, he said: "He was an honor to Maryland, to the city of Baltimore, and, we might say, to this special congregation. . . .



Tomb of Father Judge
INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DAWSON

He was unquestionably a born Missionary; and, in conjunction with Father Barnum, also of this city, has accomplished a great work, which will be felt in the future."

When, in the summer of 1899, the Oblate Fathers decorated the interior of St. Mary's Church in Dawson, space was reserved on the wall of the Sanctuary, at the Gospel side of the altar, for the following inscription:

Hic est sepultum, donec resurgat,
corpus P. Guil, H. Judge, S. J.
viri charitate pleni,
qui primus, in civitate Dawson,
aegris habitaculum
Deo templum
cunctis cooperantibus erexit
universaque plebe lugente
pie decessit in Dno.
Die 16 Jan. 1899

CHAPTER X.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

“Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—*John xv.*, 13.

MEN are often ungrateful; so great is self-love, so strong the instinct of self-preservation, so deep-rooted the love of comfort, that benefactors are sometimes forgotten; but there is scarcely a human heart that can hold out in cold disregard of spontaneous, cordial, and disinterested charity. Especially does the heart of man respond to kindness and good offices, corporal or spiritual, bestowed at the expense of the giver, above all when those gracious acts cost the donor pain, sickness, or death.

Human experience confirms the wisdom of God's plan of redemption. He has undertaken to win the heart of man by love, showing that love by benefits and by personal suffering even unto death. This is the mystery of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which we have seen Father Judge had so tender a devotion. By loving the Heart of Jesus, this

whole-souled apostle had come in some degree to imitate It, in kindness, devotion, and self-sacrificing charity. And now that this work of love was finished, men realized how beautiful, how sweet, his charity had been. Since his death, many heartfelt tributes have been given to his zeal and charity, the most noteworthy of which we reproduce in this closing chapter.

The Klondike Nugget of January 21st, 1899, voiced the sentiments of Dawson's citizens in these strikingly earnest words: "The sudden end of the much-loved Rev. Father Judge was not only a distinct shock to the community, but an irretrievable loss also. There are good men in the world plentiful enough; but there is no one here who can take up the Father's good work with the disinterestedness and unselfishness of Father Judge, or can, in less than a decade, win such individual trust as all felt for this physically feeble, yet charitably strong man.

"Innumerable instances of the devoutness of his faith, broad-minded charity, and great benevolence, could be cited, if any there were in our midst to be convinced; but there are none. We all knew him, and an enumeration of his virtues would appear needless.

"The following resolutions by the Citizens' Relief Committee show something of

the esteem in which he was held: ' At a meeting held by the Citizens' Relief Committee, at the office of the United States Consul at Dawson, January 18th, 1899, it was resolved:

" That we, the members of the above committee, desire to express our keen sense of the irreparable loss, which this committee, in common with the entire community, sustained in the death of its esteemed member, Father Judge.

"We feel our absolute helplessness when we attempt to adequately express our appreciation of such a career as his, consecrated to the cause of humanity; so sublime an instance of a life's devotion to the amelioration of distress, with no sordid ambition or hope for earthly reward, but simply doing good and loving virtue for its own sake. With a childlike simplicity of heart was combined a nobility of character which entitles him to rank with the world's benefactors.

" With a wide Catholic charity, that embraced all creeds and conditions of men, his ear was ever open and his door never closed to the cry of pain and suffering.

" The hospital, which he established as a haven of refuge for the sick and helpless, remains as a monument to his herculean labors in the cause of duty; but his best monument will ever be in the hearts and the memory of his fellow citizens.

“His buoyant and cheerful spirit struggled manfully under a load of debt and grave responsibility incurred for others; but the task was too great, and his death cannot but be regarded as a voluntary martyrdom in the cause of charity. His life-work deserves from us, and from all men, the verdict of ‘Well done!’ Now, therefore, be it

“Resolved, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends, and to the Church of which he was so long a faithful servant; and that this resolution be spread upon the minutes, an engrossed copy thereof transmitted to St. Mary’s Church and copies furnished to the press.

“Thos. A. McGowan, Chairman; Al. Bartlett, Treasurer; N. W. Bolster, Secretary; O. V. Davis; Ensign McGill; J. C. McCook.’”

John L. Rees, editor of the Klondike Miner of Dawson City, paid the following graceful tribute to the memory of Father Judge, in an article contributed to Donahoe’s Magazine for December, 1899:

“On arriving in a strange city, after the first general impression has been formed, one begins to single out striking personalities and mentally associate them with the work for which their presence stands in the community.

"That worth commands respect from all classes, even in a mining country, was evidenced when a Missionary priest died in Dawson City. . . . So closely was he identified with the highest interests of the Klondike region, and so wide-spread was his influence, that no description of the place would be complete without reference to his career.

"Probably no other event occurred in Dawson City that caused so general a sorrow to be felt and expressed, as the passing away of Father Judge, the good man who founded this hospital, and whose warm heart, good deeds, and effective works of relief of the poor, sick, and afflicted, will ever be remembered. . . .

"Father Judge had been building a chapel in connection with the hospital, and his whole heart was in its completion. On Sunday, January 1, 1899, the New Year, for the first time, he was able to say Mass in the chapel, and for six days he celebrated the sacred ceremony. On the seventh day, Saturday, January 7, he began the Mass, but was taken ill and obliged to discontinue. He never rose from his sick-bed, and never complained, although suffering excruciating agony during a considerable part of the time. To his most intimate friend, George Burns, who had been with him ever since his arrival on the field, and whom he loved as a brother,

he said that he would die on Monday, the 16th, that his mother had died thirty-three years ago on the same day; that his birth anniversary fell on that day, and that he felt his life would close then. He died on the day he predicted. In the hearts of thousands of the people of the frozen North the good he has done will live after him."

In the "Semaine Religieuse," of Montreal, for April 2nd, 1899, appeared this expression of the sentiments of the Sisters in charge of St. Mary's Hospital:

"The life of the lamented dead was, especially since his arrival in these remote regions, but one series of heroic acts performed with the most admirable simplicity and the most complete forgetfulness of self. Hence his death causes, among both Catholics and Protestants, profound regret; and every tongue joins in the unending concert of praise, that tells of his piety, his lively faith, his unbounded charity, his apostolic devotedness, his humility, the admirable qualities of his heart and mind, and his ability in matters of business.

"The funeral of the 'Good Father' took the proportions of a public demonstration of respect and gratitude. It was amidst sentiments of indescribable emotion, that his mortal remains were deposited in the crypt of the church, in which he had so often exer-

cised the priestly functions, after having himself drawn the plan, superintended the building, and paid all the cost of it."

After referring to the hospital as Father Judge's "work of predilection," the writer continues: "It was there that he lived, sleeping upon a hard couch, in a poor, cold, little room; it is there that he died, in the odor of sanctity, in the midst of his dear patients, Catholic and Protestant, men who had come from every corner of the globe in quest of the gold of the Klondike.

"In that house, how many souls Father Judge and his helpers, the Sisters of St. Ann, devoted religious from Canada, have brought back to God and to the practice of their religious duties!"

A lay Brother of the Society of Jesus, who was a companion of the Missionary, thus recalls some of their experience:

"Father Judge's death impressed me in a special manner, as I was his companion in Alaska for three years. He was a man of faith, courage, and charity. The tender care he took of the sick could hardly be surpassed. In the winter of 1892, Rev. Father Tosi was sick unto death. We all thought, at Holy Cross, that we were going to lose him, and also our boy Andrew, who died afterwards. Father Judge and I took turns night and day nursing them; and he edified me greatly by

his watchfulness. His great faith seems to have come from the thought, which was always in his mind, that he was doing God's work. I remember many a time when some accident would happen, or there was some difficulty which we could not overcome, he would say: 'This is God's work, and we must succeed; he will help us out.' The way in which God did help us at these times seemed to me almost miraculous. I cannot forget the night and day we spent in a storm in which we had been caught on Bering Sea; he speaks of this in one of his letters. The tow-rope tore away the guard work over the wheel at the beginning of the storm, and it had to be repaired in the heavy weather. The Father in his concern about me, who was on top of the wheel doing what I could to repair the damage, forgot all about himself and his own danger. Often I had to call on him to hold tight, as the water came over us; for, sometimes when the steamer would rise on the crest of a wave, her wheel timbers where he was standing would go under water. But the good Father forgot himself, and stood there passing me boards, ropes, nails, etc., and again and again exposed himself to the greatest danger. His courage and confidence in God—for he often called on me to put my trust in God, who would help us—encouraged me very much. When the storm

was over, he gave thanks to God and said, 'Brother, I thought sometimes, when I saw the big seas coming over the steamer, that we had to go to the bottom.' As he was not a man to spare himself, I think he must have shortened his days by excess of labor. . . . He will, I feel sure, greatly help the poor mission of Alaska, which he loved so well, and will be a guardian angel to all who labor on it."

The Very Rev. Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, in one of his letters, gave this honorable testimony:

"It is needless to say that the sudden death of our beloved Father Judge is a severe loss to our mission. We had hoped that he would live to settle everything in Dawson and return next spring to our territory, ready for new combats and new victories. He was not yet 49 years of age. But the will of God be done! He has lived long enough to do a great and heroic work, which will last, thanks to the zeal of the Oblate Fathers and the charity of the Sisters of St. Ann*;

*The fulfilment of the hope here expressed is happily shown in this simple statement taken from the Catholic Directory.

VICARIATE - APOSTOLIC OF MACKENZIE — YUKON DISTRICT.
Dawson, St. Mary's, Rev. A. Lebert, O. M. I., Rev. G. Eichelsbacker, assistant. St. Mary's Hospital and Academy—
11 Sisters of St. Ann, Sister M. Zenon, dir.; pupils, 64;
patients, 165.

Atlin, B. C., attended from White Horse.
Bonanza, Rev. Father Lebert, O. M. I.

and the memory of this noble son of St. Ignatius, cherished by all, will be a credit to the Catholic Church, to the Society of Jesus, to the province of Maryland, and to the Mission of Alaska."

The Paris review "Etudes," in its issue of April 5th, 1900, gave this interesting communication from a writer who was in Dawson City in July, 1899:—

"First of all, we must speak of the founder of this Mission, Father Judge, S. J., who, although only forty-nine years old when he died, January 16th, 1899, was nevertheless called the 'old Father' or the 'old Priest;' so much had he worn himself out in the service of his dear miners. All, Catholics and Protestants, are unanimous in extolling his zeal and charity. When he arrived at Dawson (March, 1897) with the first pioneers, he had to organize everything; not only what was needed for religious services, but also

Dominion, Rev. Father O. Corbeil.

Forty Mile, attended from Dawson.

Gold Run, attended from Dominion.

Hunker, attended from Dawson.

Lake Bennett, attended from White Horse.

Last Chance, attended from Dawson.

Selkirk, attended from White Horse.

Stewart, attended from Dawson.

Sulphur, attended from Dominion.

White Horse, Rev. A. Lefebvre, O. M. I. School, 3 Sisters.

of St. Ann, Sister M. Didace, dir.; pupils, 45.

Missions with chapels, 9.

Stations without chapels, 4.

Catholic population, about 8,000.

what was required for the care of the sick; for, in these 'stampedes,' as they are called, these races for gold, how many poor fellows fall victims either to the cold or to privations of all sorts!

"With the aid of the miners, Father Judge founded a hospital, which he placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin; then, thanks to the experience that he had gained before he entered the Society of Jesus, he set to work to build a church, which is quite beautiful.

"During- the Winter of '97 and '98, the hospital was full of sick men, of whom the good Father himself took care; he made himself all things to all without distinction of Catholic or Protestant. And how he was loved! For his sake, anyone would have given anything he had. One day, a messenger from the hospital went to a store and asked for an article that was the last on hand and could not be had elsewhere. The price was very high, but the thing was necessary and the man was going to pay for it, when the store-keeper said: 'Is it for Father Judge?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'O, then, you may have it for nothing.' And there are many cases of the kind. When the Father made the round of the wards, how well he was received! It is true that he scarcely took care of himself;

he always wanted to see that the sick had all that they needed. 'You see the old Priest,' said a Canadian, 'it is eleven o'clock (at night); he is going to make the round of the ward, and to-morrow morning at three o'clock he will come again.'

"When he died, the mourning was general. 'I had been on the Creeks, Father,' said a "Boy" to me, 'and I was returning; when, from the top of the hill, I saw the flag of the hospital at half-mast. I asked what was the matter; and, when they told me that Father Judge had just died, I left everything and ran to try to see once more him, whom we all loved so much.'

"And now his brother missionaries are reaping the fruits of the friendship that he gained. He rests beneath the church which he built and which is the most prominent building in Dawson City; but the remembrance of him remains deeply engraved in all hearts, and the Catholic Church is honored as having such servants."

Mr. John Mattler, now of Denver, Colorado, having heard somewhat late of the preparation of this work, wrote:

"It was with a feeling of mingled pleasure and regret that I heard this: pleasure, because of the promised opportunity of reading this book which will naturally possess an extraordinary interest for me, and regret,

because of being deprived of a coveted opportunity of contributing, in my humble way, some interesting data that may now be wanting.

“It was my sad but highly esteemed privilege to excavate the grave, by the side of the altar in the church built by Father Judge, in which his remains were interred. This loving task, I would fondly conjecture, was assigned to me, because of my known devotion to this godly man of most saintly character.

“It was my proud privilege to meet Father Judge, for the first time, in Dawson, in the spring of 1898. From that time until his lamented death, I met him almost daily, and learned to ardently esteem and love him, as assuredly did all who had the inestimable fortune of knowing him at all intimately. Not one sentiment have I ever heard uttered relating to Father Judge, that was not couched in the warmest terms of love, veneration, and praise.

“The universal love and admiration that was entertained for his noble character was abundantly manifested at the time of his funeral by the community among whom he had lived and for whose well-being, spiritual and temporal, he had so devotedly labored. All business was suspended during the celebration of the funeral services, and the inhabitants of Dawson and the adjacent min-

ing-camps ardently vied with one another in honoring his blessed memory.

“Probably nothing could serve to so strikingly and justly exemplify this universally esteemed and beloved priest’s grandly simple and simply grand character, as did his demeanor during the progress of the fire that destroyed his church building (in the month of May, ’98, was it not?) and his childlike simple remarks at a later hour on that same day.

“During the period of my acquaintance with Father Judge (always, I believe, in repose) his countenance ordinarily wore ‘a strikingly serious and somewhat sad expression, due, presumably, to the pain caused by his impaired health, and the very arduous duties of his self-imposed tasks; he could not be prevailed upon to spare himself in the least, and those nearest to him were well and painfully aware that he habitually denied himself the rest necessary to recuperate the physical powers he so devotedly and lavishly spent in ministering to the well-being of all who came to him in need or distress. In conversation and his intercourse with the public, he always bore himself in a most edifyingly cheerful demeanor, but my several weeks’ acquaintance with him previous to the event last above mentioned, had led me

to regard him as a man of an uncommonly serious temperament and disposition.

“When I arrived at the scene of the fire alluded to, the situation was alarmingly critical. The church, a comparatively commodious structure of thoroughly seasoned spruce logs, was completely enveloped in the fiercely devouring flames, and the hospital, of similar construction, was in imminent danger of speedy destruction. The two buildings were joined to one another by a corner of each, and when it is considered that there was, at the time, absolutely no means available for combating the ravages of the flames, save the very primitive and crude one of fetching and applying water by pails, it will be easily appreciated that the hospital was only and barely saved by the most devoted and strenuous efforts of the entire populace, which had turned out for the purpose, almost to a man.

“The countenances of this assembled mass of sturdy men, who were heroically battling with the destroying element, forcibly depicted the awful solicitude and anxiety that filled their minds and hearts. Imagine, then, my great surprise and perplexity when, espying Father Judge, I beheld the only gleam of tranquillity and unconcern—yea, even mirthfulness—to be witnessed in that entire assemblage. Indeed, the dear

Father's features seemed radiant with emotions of glad cheer, as he flitted about among the almost panic-stricken attaches of the hospital (principally young American physicians who supplied, in their persons, the no inconsiderable corps of nurses) and, by words and actions, made light of their intensely anxious concern.

"To be sure, the wise and noble motive that dictated this heroic attitude was not difficult to discern; but, the situation was none the less suggestive of the superlatively marvelous.

"I am positive that no occurrence of a purely temporal or material character,—affecting the interests of Father Judge ever so disastrously,—was more likely to strike consternation to his devoted heart than was the destruction of his church edifice, and with it all his vestments, altar vessels, &c., thus depriving him of his ardently cherished privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Particularly as the fire occurred on Saturday night, one naturally expects to find this most fervent priest heart-broken on the ensuing day. However, approaching him at about noon on that memorable Sabbath day, I again beheld his lovable countenance wreathed with the same cheering and winsome smile—and greatly did I marvel.

"It may be remarked, and quite justly so,

that he had then good reason to congratulate and felicitate himself upon the fact that his hospital had been saved as if by a miracle, and upon the most fortunate escape from the slightest injury of the more than a score of more or less seriously ill inmates, notwithstanding that it had been deemed necessary to hastily remove them from the threatened building.

“Accosting the Father and commenting upon his surprisingly cheerful mood, both at the time that the fire was at its height and at the (then) present moment, he promptly and with apparent light-heartedness remarked: ‘Ah, well! I had promised our Lord to erect for Him a more commodious temple, and he probably thought I would fail to keep my promise unless the old and inadequate building were destroyed.’ Such, in substance, were the words in which he, almost playfully, explained his heroic and edifying resignation in the face of the fact that no one at all acquainted with his financial affairs at that particular period, could understand how the funds for the erection of a new building were to be realized within any reasonable period of time.

“One more very unusual fact is, in my opinion, worthy of special mention. During Father Judge’s pastorate in Dawson, there was not one penny of pew-rent collected, nor

did he take up a collection at any of his church services, except in a single instance, which was in pursuance of a special request of members of his parish. When Father Judge's successor in the pastorate (an Oblate Father from Canada) proposed a departure from this unique policy by inaugurating the practice of renting the church pews—the practice that is almost if not quite universal throughout this land—the former viewed this course with a pronounced aversion, remarking to the writer that he himself would gladly pay for all the pews, if the new pastor might thus be persuaded to abandon the idea of collecting the same from his congregation.”

The next tribute is from the pen of a Religious, who, perhaps, never met Father Judge, but who seems to have realized vividly his generous spirit.

IN SACRED REMEMBRANCE OF REV. WM. H. JUDGE, S. J.

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

Not in annals penned by men
Such deeds as his are known;
Angels of God rehearse his works
Before the eternal throne.

’Tis said he died; but no, he lives
Where fadeless joys abound:
Celestial bliss is his reward,
His mighty works are crowned.

The prayer we frame dies on our lips,
His life was so sublime:

Self-sacrifice from morn to night
In a far-off sunless clime.

The savage horde on every side,
What claim had nature there?
Toil, toil, his incessant lot,
His only solace prayer.

Fit comrade for a Xavier he:
But saints have passed through fire;
So, we will pray: Eternal rest,
Rest, rest where naught can tire.

The following expressive poem, by Arnold F. George, of Dawson, was written not long after the Missionary's death, and published in the Yukon Catholic. It was reproduced in the San Francisco Monitor:

The world was in a fever, men mad with tales of gold.
Crowned heads were raised to listen; and timid hearts grew cold.
And college savants stopped the class—discussed auriferous sand,
And preachers dropped their Bibles for the journals of the land.

And doctors cheered their patients with the tale so widely told,
Of where the rushing rivers were banked by banks of gold.
And bootblacks, princes, magnates, restless tossed by dreams of wealth,
On the altar to Dame Fortune cast their youth, their fortunes—health.

By Pelly Banks, past Ramparts, o'er Chilcoot's stormy height,
The snow was black with moving men, like locusts in a flight—
An exodus more mighty than that by Moses led—
A miracle but second to Elisha, raven-fed.

And listen to their speaking, as they draw their loaded sleds,
With 'feeble frames so famine pinched; and note their low-bowed heads.

Not one but deep is thinking — with a heart as black as
 night —
 How he'll leave the "other fellow" by his prowess and his
 might.

How he'll pass him in the night-time; how he'll neither eat
 nor sleep;
 How he'll get there first, "by heaven!" if he run or if he
 creep.
 Not one a kindness showing; not one with aught to spare
 To prove the God in human nature — reciprocate our Father's
 care.

Not one! but we are hasty. See yon form all dressed in
 black;
 Sled ropes over shoulders, and weakly bended back.
 Observe that halting figure, eyes ablaze, but not with greed,
 Fearful — anxious — half-provided with the goods which he
 will need.

On the frozen, darkened river, silent wends this halting form,
 Southward, mile by mile, it travels, never heeding cold or
 storm;
 On that face a holy smiling — holy purpose in that heart;
 Not a gold-mine he is after; not dreams of wealth his pulses
 start.

On those lips a prayer is trembling: "Grant me strength,
 Lord, for my task,
 "Thy lost sheep I fain would succor, a few days more is all
 I ask.
 "Nerve this feeble, failing temple; gird me, Lord, with
 strength Thine own,
 "Thine, O Lord, the glory ever; Thine, O Lord, and Thine
 alone."

Then with strength that's more than human, Dawson finds
 him there at last;
 Hundreds sick and dying round him, sands of life are ebbing
 fast.
 In a tent, without assistance, moves he fast from man to
 man;
 Knows no creed and knows no color, be he black, or white,
 or tan.

Mines of Monte Cristo round him — wealth by millions to be
 had;
 Not one thought of earthly treasure — for the gold that makes
 men mad
 Takes healing unguents, wholesome tonics, soothing potions
 from the sled.
 He's cook and launderer, nurse and doctor, prays for the
 sick, inters the dead.

See those buildings rise around him — five hundred beds and
 each one filled;
 See him give his life for sick ones. Day, or night, when all
 is stilled,
 On his couch a moment lying, but no sleep for wearied eyes;
 See him sink at last exhausted — welcome rest — the good
 man dies.

Died! Yes, dead; and how we miss him, miss his heartsome,
 cheery voice;
 Miss this simple, earnest Christian, over whom the saints
 rejoice.
 Priest he was, but more than priestly; man he was, but more
 than man;
 Christ-taught pity played his heart-strings — fill his place no
 other can.

That the sentiments expressed in Mr. George's last stanza, have not been blotted out even by the great destroyer Time, is evidenced by the articles with which we shall end this narrative. They are taken from the "Yukon Catholic" of November, 1903, and "The Northern Light" of Dawson, July, 1904—five years after the close of the good priest's life—a fact that has its significance.

From the "Yukon Catholic":—

"FATHER JUDGE MONUMENT.

"The memorial stone of the late Father Judge has at last come to destination. Distance and delays on the way have caused the public to wait for it much longer than was at first anticipated. In fact, it was in 1901, on St. Patrick's day, that a concert was given for the purpose of having some monument erected to the memory of the devoted and beloved priest, whose mortal remains are lying under the chancel in St. Mary's Church. However, although at a late hour, his numerous friends and admirers will be pleased to hear that a fitting monument now marks his last resting-place. It will remain there to speak to future generations of his love of the miner and of the gratitude of the latter.

"The monument consists of a solid white Italian marble, cut in the shape of a cross. A beautiful lily is carved at the intersection of the arms of the cross, and at the base the old epitaph is engraved in gilt letters in Latin, the translation of which is as follows:

"'Here lies the body of Father Wm. H. Judge, S. J., a man full of charity, who, with the co-operation of all, here first erected a house for the sick and a temple for God; and who, being mourned by all, died piously in the Lord, the 16th of January, 1899.'"

From "The Northern Light," Dawson, July, 1904.

"A TRIBUTE TO REV. FATHER JUDGE.

"No pantheon of grained marble received his remains. Instead, he rests beneath the bitter, marbled skies of the North-land. No shaft of gray marble, no sculptor's masterpiece marks the spot where tenderly we laid him away. Yet were tears jewels, his grave amid the Dawson boulders were a mound of sparkling brilliants, gem vying with gem in flashing fire to speak of some good deed of him who lay beneath. If deeds of kindness were stone, Father Judge's mountainous memorial were even then inadequate. Neither 'storied urn' or 'animated bust,' a thousand times repeated, would express the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of this man's Christian self-forgetfulness, nor a tithe of the love borne his memory by the twenty thousand early Klondikers who enjoyed a momentary acquaintance. This army of Klondikers, wandering over the face of the earth today with the endless unrest of the gold-seeker, too often, alas! cherish in their breasts but a single gentle recollection of their struggle in the icy North. But that memory shall be his monument; an adequate reward must be left to a higher power.

"Father Judge—his is a much more pre-

tentious title—but it is as Father Judge his memory is treasured by so many sorts and classes of men stampeded to Dawson. His flock of Alaska miners moved in a body up-river to the new gold-fields of the Troandik. A pale-faced priest, drawing a heavily loaded sled like the miners, might have been seen trailing wearily behind, on the ice of the frozen river. The frail figure bended over the ropes as eagerly, but with far less strength, than was to be seen in the miners ahead. We know now that the mark of death was upon him. It is understood better to-day what that stampede cost the black-robed figure traveling along in the darkness of the Arctic winter to the place already named Dawson. Arrived in Dawson, sleds were hastily unpacked of their treasures, for food was very scarce. Then it was seen Father Judge had loaded himself up with bottles and boxes—medicines, potions, salves and bandages, with scarcely sufficient food for himself to last a week. Scarcely anything for himself; those medicines and remedies were too valuable for the shepherd's use; all were for his flock.

“Rapidly a tent was erected where now stands St. Mary's Hospital. Hasty work was necessary, for already the sick and dying were beginning to pour down from creeks and hills, needing quick assistance before

death should claim them prematurely. Father Judge's tent became two tents, and then three, and all filled, with but a weakly, yet luminous-faced priest, half the time alone, to act in the capacity of cook and launderer, nurse and doctor, to pray with the sick and inter the dead. Yes, it was the feeble pick of Father Judge that more than once made the grave, he who sledged the remains of some unfortunate thither, prayed fervently over them awhile, whether they were the remains of Catholic or anti-Catholic, covered the rough box with the frozen chunks of dirt mingled with snow, and with the sign of the cross, left the remains alone with an Arctic winter and their God. Yes, it was Father Judge who, night and day, without rest, ministered from tent to tent, sometimes with help, but oftener alone, cheering the dying, jocose with the convalescent, feeding the food prepared with his own hands, and towards the end of the winter administering the simple remedies gathered from bushes and boughs; for the sled-load of drugs was exhausted by the scurvy which beset the illy-prepared miners everywhere. It was he who, when time could be snatched from prayers at the bedsides, begged from cabin to cabin over the new town for the flour, the blankets, and the grave-clothes needed at the tent hospital on the hill.

“So we built him a hospital of logs, and having covered him and his patients with a roof and provided them with stoves, begged him husband his failing strength, and grow robust once more, as before he froze himself going to the headwaters of Forty Mile to hold services. He consented to occupy a board couch with a piece of carpet for a rug—the beds were all needed by the 500 patients now lying about him. Night and day he passed from bed to bed as ever, demanding of his nurses that they call him whenever he might be wanted by any patient, no matter how unreasonable or irrational the demand for his presence, and then suddenly he went to bed himself—to die. He had been nearer death throughout it all than had been ninety of every hundred of his beloved sick. His loving ministrations had been more often than not to great fellows nearer rugged health than himself. The Angel of Death had been his constant companion every hour and every minute while he had wrestled for the lives of others. And he who had not lain in a bed for years, went to bed to die. Cheerful and cheery to the last, he forbade tears at his bedside, and himself comforted those who had come to sympathize with him in his sickness. They gathered to pray with him; he prayed for them. In almost his last breath,

he asked for his sick ones, and his last rejoicing over things worldly was for the unexpected recovery of some of his more hopeless cases.

“His epitaph should be:—‘Here lies a simple, earnest Christian. Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friends.’”


THE END.

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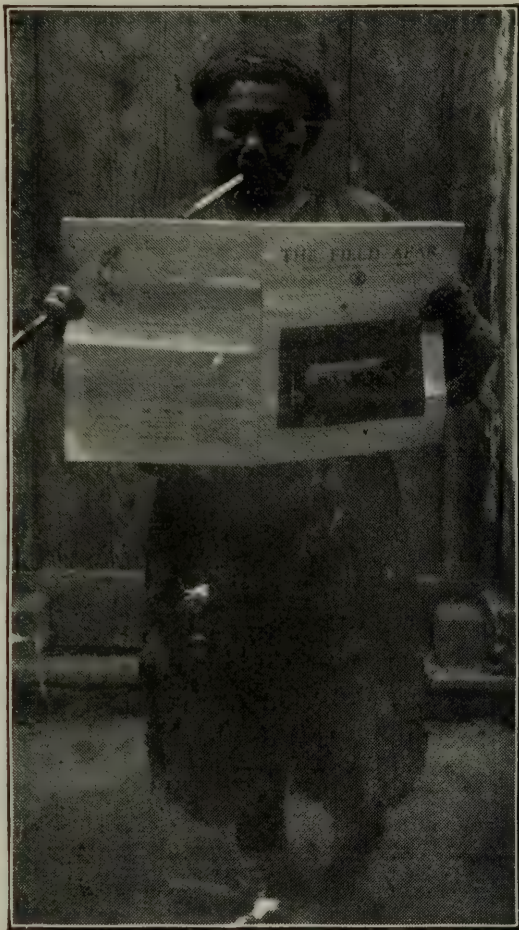
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I have not had to endure torture like many of my friends. A slight sabre-stroke will separate my head like the spring flower which the gardener cuts for his pleasure. We are all flowers planted on this earth, which God gathers in His own time, one a little earlier and one a little later. One is as the purple rose, another as the virgin lily, another the humble violet.

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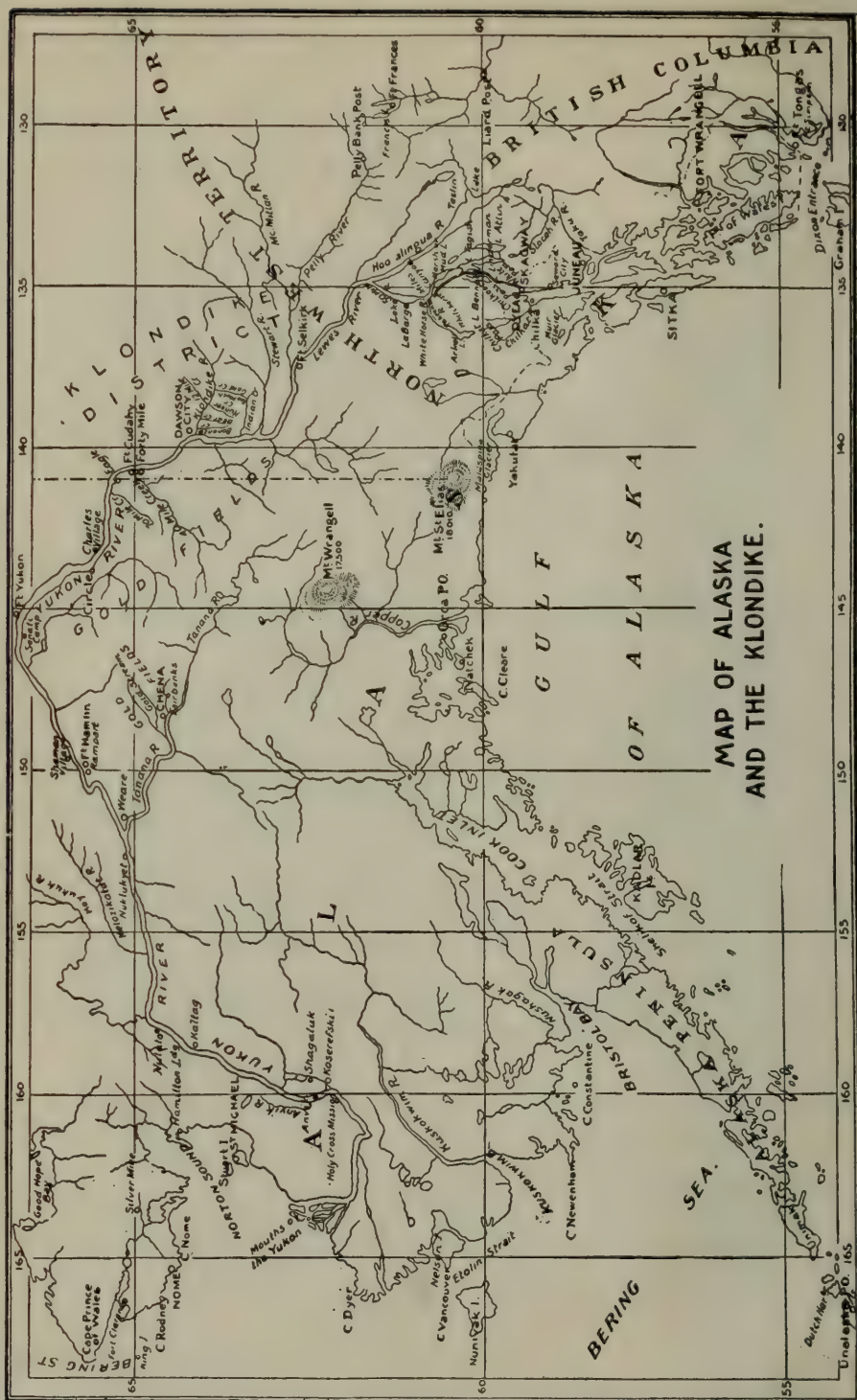
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